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THE BONAPARTES IN THE NEW WORLD

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

MARIE LOUISE

NAPOLEON II, KING OF ROME



ELIZABETH PATTERSON BONAPARTE

THE BONAPARTES IN THE NEW WORLD

BY
(E. M. ODDIE)

E. M. O'Donoghue

ILLUSTRATED

BLACK GOLD



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To
ALEXANDER JAMIESON, R.O.I.

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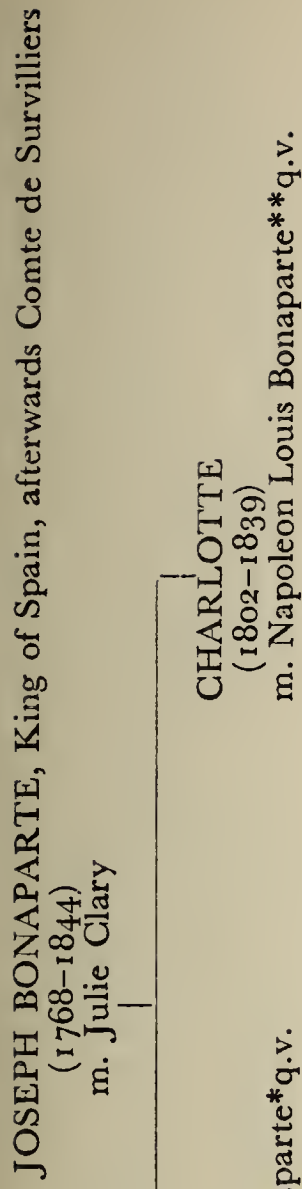
NOTE

THE Bonapartes were confusingly conservative in the christening of their children, and any record dealing with more than one generation becomes involved with a number of people bearing the same names. On this account it has been found more convenient to distinguish some of them with the nicknames they acquired either in childhood or later on in life—especially in the case of Jerome's branch. The genealogical tables attached may help to place the Bonapartes connected with the New World mentioned in the book. They include Jerome Bonaparte's American wife, his son and his grandsons by her; Joseph Bonaparte and his two daughters, Zenaïde and Charlotte, who were at one time figures in Philadelphia; three sons of Lucien Bonaparte who crossed the Atlantic, one of whom became a famous American ornithologist, whose name survives in Bonaparte's Sandpiper (*Erolia fusicollis*), a bird sometimes seen in England and Ireland; and Louis Napoleon, the future Napoleon III, whose passage through the United States, though brief, left a permanent mark on his career and later contributed largely to the tragedy of Mexico. There were also a number of American Murats, two of the Queen of Naples' sons having emigrated in youth, one of them marrying a niece of George Washington, and the other a Miss Fraser who supplied the court of the Tuileries with a number of American Imperial Princes and Princesses whose names pattern the background of the Second Empire.

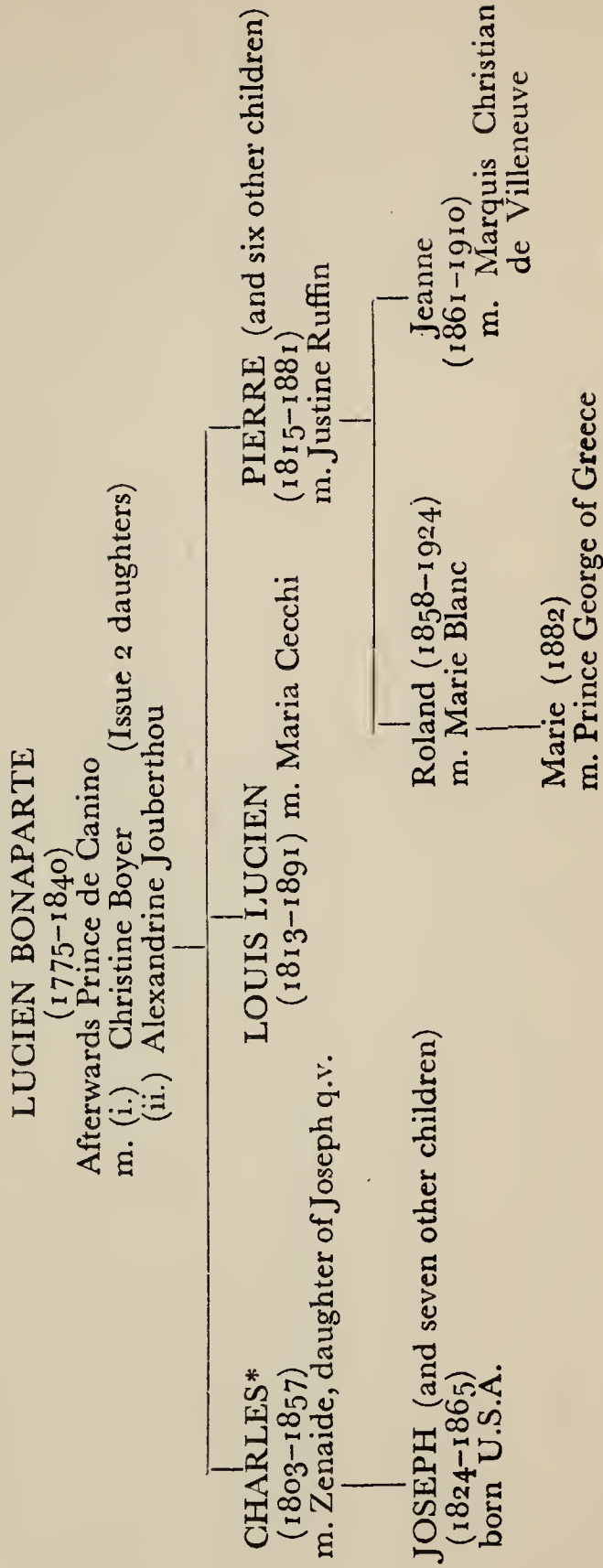
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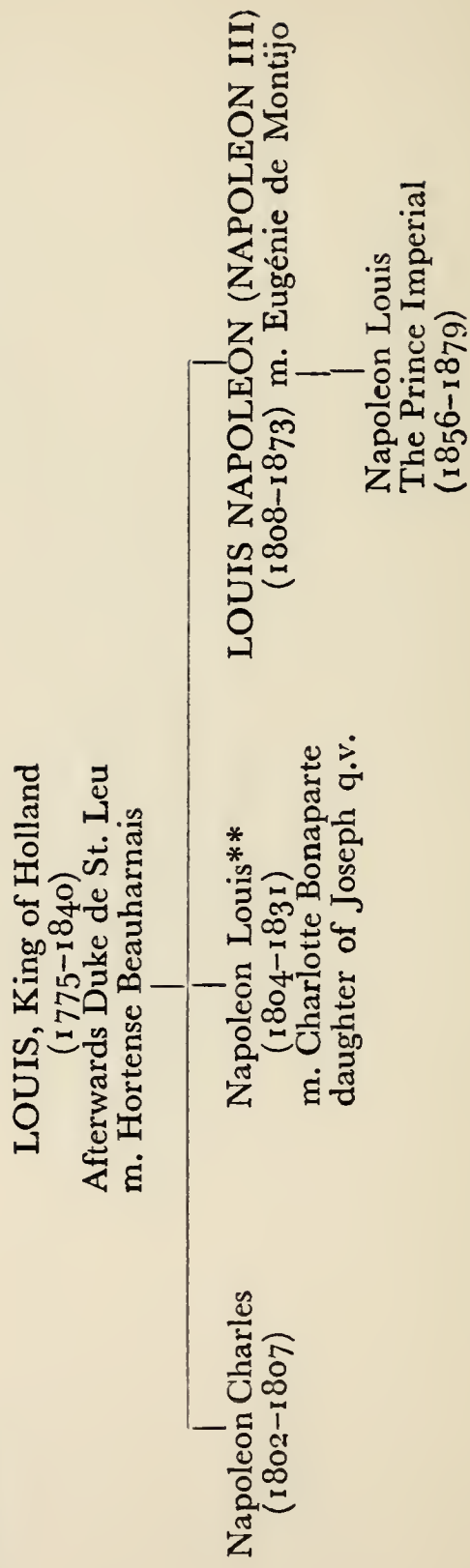
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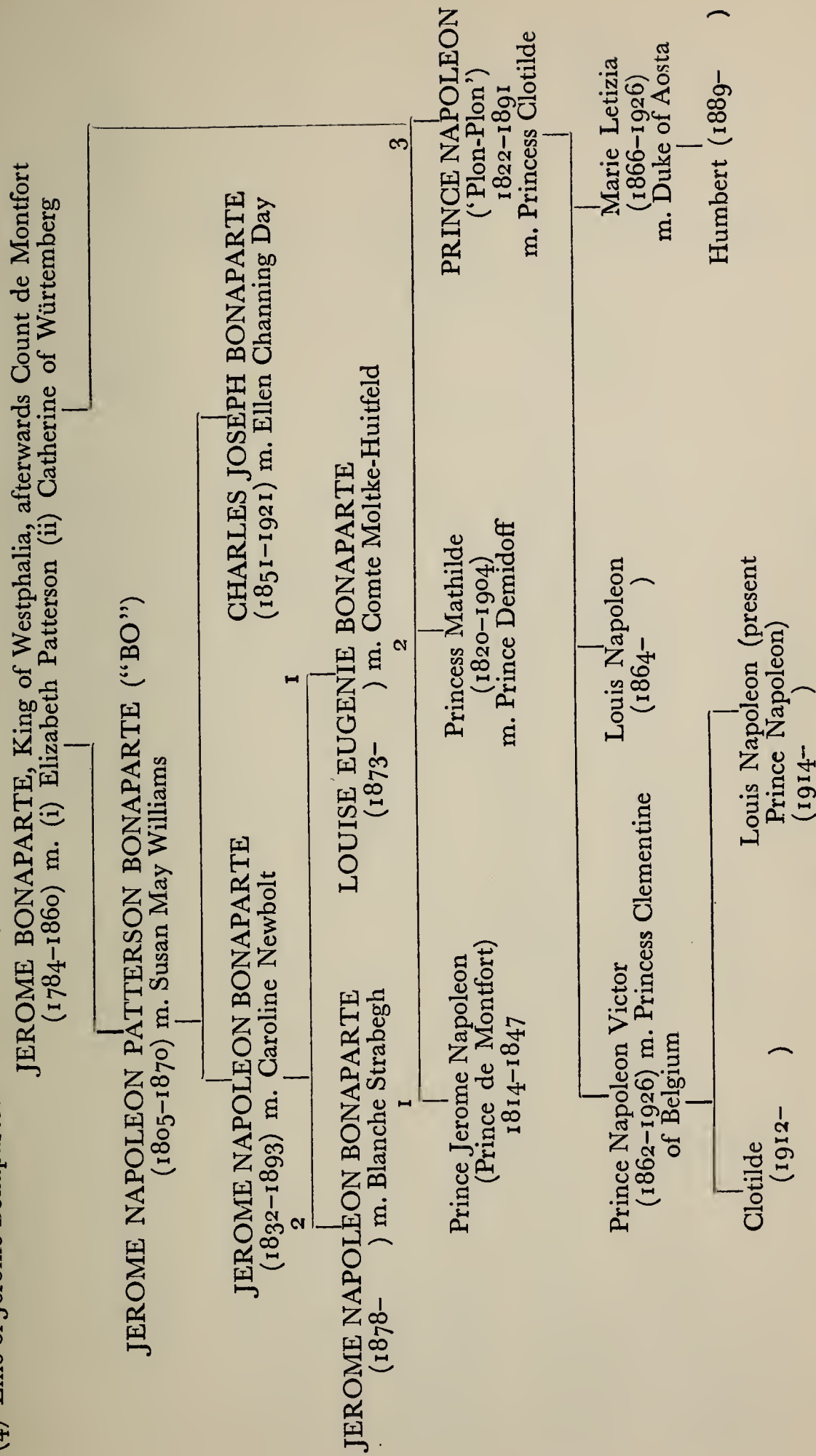
(2) Line of Lucien Bonaparte:



(3) Line of Louis Bonaparte:

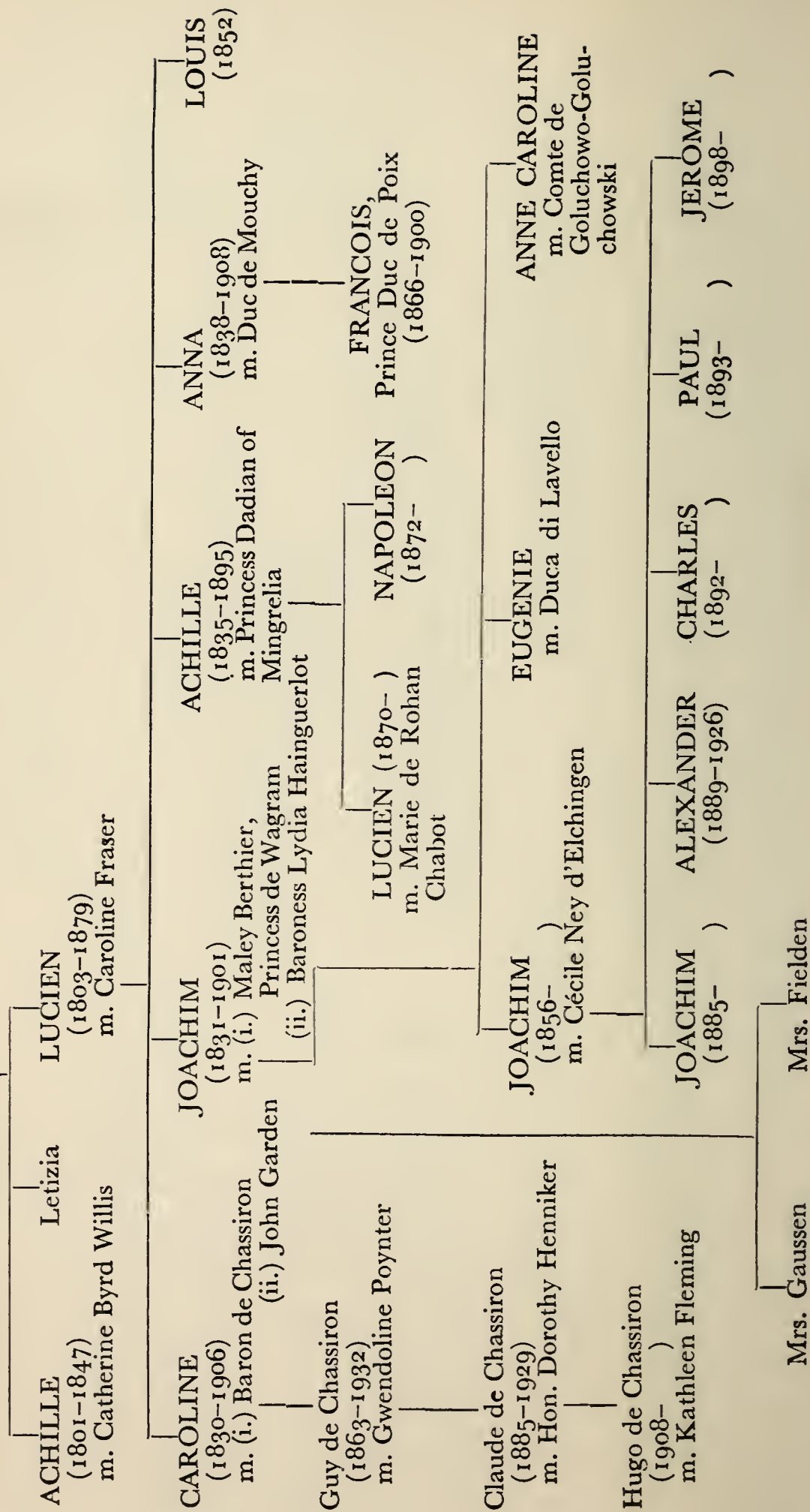


(4) Line of Jerome Bonaparte:



During the Second Empire Jerome Bonaparte, the only surviving brother of Napoleon I and uncle to Napoleon III, was known as Prince Jerome, and made Marshal of France.

CAROLINE BONAPARTE, Queen of Naples (afterwards Countess de Lipona)
(1782-1839) m. (i) Joachim Murat (ii) General Macdonald



THE BONAPARTES IN THE NEW WORLD

CHAPTER I

THERE was a time when there rolled between the Old World and the New a vast and terrifying expanse of water, under the bosom of which the Lost Continent lay submerged. The Atlantic was an awe-inspiring ocean, the compassing of which was a matter of six or seven weary weeks, and not a mere channel between New York and Southampton to be skimmed by fleet liners in a brief five days, or hopped by bright birds of steel in a few hours. The epic of its conquest has been written side by side with the great melodramatic tragedy, which has been called "The Celtic Exodus"—a tragedy played on the shores of Ireland between the waning of the eighteenth century and the dawning of the twentieth—the tragedy of the emigration of the Irish in search of the Promised Land—a tragedy to the heartrending and terrible scenes of which no pen has ever done justice.

The Jews left a "house of bondage" when they set forth in quest of a land flowing with milk and honey. The Irish left the land of their love with all its dear traditions, its wild passions and its foolish prejudices. They left a land unsurpassed in the rugged grandeur of its beauty—a land flowing freely enough with milk

and honey for the stranger, though its own sons could scarcely subsist on the skim and scrape that were their portion. They left home and friends and everything they held dear, hoping that Fate would compensate them with gifts of fame and fortune in the bleak, raw, new continent of their exile. How could they have faced the future had they not viewed it through the veil of illusion?

If the sad epilogue to "The Celtic Exodus" is inscribed on the case sheets of the madhouses of the United States, and summed up in the terse word of scorn given to the denizens of the slums of their great cities—"the Micks"—there were among the early immigrants a few marked out for favour. One of them was a barefoot lad who left the lean pastures of his father's moorland farm under the shadow of the blue hills of Donegal in 1766, and turned his face to the West in search of bread. At the age of fourteen his soul was thirsty for a draught of the heady wine of success, and there raged within his breast the fierce fire of an ambition which the soft rains of Ireland could not douse, and the hungry soil of Donegal could not satisfy.

William Patterson was not a pure-bred Celt. He was an offshoot of the Scottish settler class. His father's folk were descended from the "planters" who had swarmed into Ulster when the Flight of the Earls left the lands of the Northern Chiefs open for an alien race to till. His mother's family—her name was Elizabeth Peoples—were alike sprung from the invaders, but, like the Pattersons, they had intermarried with the natives, and in William's veins the bluer blood of the Irish kings and peasants thinned the coarse red blood of his Caledonian forbears.

He began his career in the New World as an office boy—the orthodox way for a future millionaire. Penni-

less when he put in at Philadelphia, he had in his pocket an introduction to an Irishman in the shipping business there. He made use of it and accepted a berth at the bottom rung of the ladder pitched between poverty and the narrow platform at the top from which the gods dispense the glittering prizes of wealth, popularity and power.

An earnest, hard-working lad, he crystallized at one-and-twenty into a dour, dogged business man with an eagle eye on the main chance. He was of the breed who make a corner in that elusive commodity which is called success. One of the founders of the great New World dynasty, the Kings of Commerce, he was already making good when the commotion about the Boston Tea Party blared the noise of the approaching drums of the battle for American Independence. He forgot to be a loyal Orangeman, owing adherence only to his most gracious Majesty, King George III. He was ready to sing "Up with the rebels and down with the King." It was better business. He turned his attention to gun-running. Perhaps he had learned the knack of it in Donegal.

He embarked on the enterprise in a practical rather than an adventurous way, though he staked his all on fitting out a couple of boats to trade with France. Boarding one of them, he went down to the West Indies, and from this point of vantage began to deal in gunpowder and ammunition. When the first shots were fired at Lexington, he became one of the patriots of the Revolution. If he did not actually handle the guns in battle he supplied them to the stalwarts who did. Washington was indebted to him for the supply of gunpowder which saved the situation at Boston when supplies were running low. When the Declaration of

Independence was flung in the teeth of the English in 1777, William Patterson stood out from the ruck of the immigrants a promising American citizen. In 1778, after two years' commerce in guns and gunpowder, he had garnered a fortune of a hundred thousand dollars. His patriotism to the land of his adoption had paid a remarkable dividend.

Baltimore was a rising, but not too healthy, town standing between the river Patapsco and Gunpowder River—a name of good omen for a young man who had made a fortune in high explosives. It had an excellent harbour for the development of its sea-borne trade, and as William proposed to invest half his fortune in shipping, he decided to settle there and turn his back on Philadelphia with its clerkships and counting-houses. He sank the rest of his money in real estate. At twenty-three he had all life before him and plenty of capital to draw upon. Land in Baltimore increased in value daily. Shipping was one of the town's most prosperous industries. While still in his early twenties William became one of its wealthiest inhabitants.

All doors were open to him when he looked about him for a bride in the city whose inhabitants had decided it was already an "Athens of the West." He chose Miss Dorcas Spear, a young lady of exemplary character. Her family had a certain social and intellectual status. One of her sisters married a General Smith, who had fought with the Maryland men in the Revolution, and who subsequently became a member of Congress. Another sister, Nancy, was a well-known figure in Washington political circles, one of the women who availed themselves of the custom which allowed women to promenade the House during the sessions of Congress.

It was an excellent match from every point of view.

Dorcas settled down happily enough in William's fine house in South Street. In due course she fulfilled the main duty imposed upon her by the marriage contract, and increased and replenished the earth with a supply of young Pattersons in the most exemplary style. She bore in all thirteen children—one for each of the original states of the Union. Loyalty to State and scriptural ethics could go no further. The most important of her children was her eldest daughter, who was born in Baltimore on February 6th, 1785. They called her Elizabeth after William Patterson's mother in far-off Donegal.

When the late Sir William Orpen began a portrait, his first step was to superimpose upon the canvas the colour he thought most suitable as a background for the sitter. Against this he painted the face and figure unforgettably. Had he painted Elizabeth Patterson he would have splashed upon the canvas the rich green of the hills of his native country against which her vivid beauty would have glowed and gleamed with the vitality which characterizes his "Roscommon Dragoon." He would have painted a girl about whom there was little of the Scot or Saxon planter—a fellow countrywoman in whose veins there coursed the regal blood of some bygone Donegal chieftain. The emerald background would have set off the clear skin and sparkling eyes and the shadow of the sooty finger with which they had been set in a perfect oval face. Against it her dark hair would have shone like the wing of a raven with the weight and value that were his own.

At the time of the birth of his eldest daughter William Patterson was the most important man in Baltimore. His friends were people of position. His wealth increased from day to day, but he had little joy in the

spending of it. With advancing years the claws of Ulster gripped his soul and he became a dour, self-righteous, God-fearing man who liked laying down the law sententiously to his fellows, and keeping his household in order. It was his proud boast that he never left home on business or pleasure, because he considered it his duty to his family to have them as much as possible under his own eye. He never, he said, "sought public offices for honour or profit," which may have been true, though he accepted those which came his way as a good citizen should, "provided he could do it without too much loss or inconvenience to himself." When the Bank of Maryland was founded in Baltimore, he became its first president.

During Betsey's unadventurous childhood, the face of America changed slowly and the face of Europe rapidly. King Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were sacrificed on the altar of freedom in France. A new republic was spawned in a sea of blood, and the citizens of the United States sent their congratulations to their fellow-citizens across the seas. A Baltimore man, named Joshua Barney, accompanied James Monroe to Paris in 1794 and bore the American flag to the National Convention. He entered the service of the French Government, and received a captain's commission and the command of a squadron which set the seal of respectability on a riotously adventurous career.

It had begun like William Patterson's at the age of fourteen with a transatlantic voyage, but its early chapters had been more picturesque, for, young as he was, Barney had commanded the vessel in which he had crossed to Europe. He was one of the hardy breed of brigands who fitted out privateers to prey on British shipping during the War of Independence—one of the

men who helped to develop that type of American ship known as the Baltimore clipper. His adolescence had been spent upon the ocean, running the gamut of one naval engagement after another. He had tasted the bitterness of captivity. He had known the wild thrills of dramatic escapes. Prize vessels he had taken in plenty, and the Pennsylvania Legislature had acknowledged his services with the gift of a sword. In his home town he was a hero—a hero who was to play a minor part in Betsey Patterson's life. When he left the French service and returned to Baltimore in 1800, Barney had witnessed the rise of General Bonaparte to the position of First Consul. That year Napoleon's brother, Joseph, negotiated a treaty of peace and commerce with America and thus made contact with the United States, in which, fifteen years later, he was to seek a refuge for a crownless head.

Joshua Barney invested some of his prize money in hotels and furnished houses in Washington. He had an attractive residence in Baltimore, where, not unnaturally, he was an important figure. He was on intimate terms with the Maryland men who had signed the Declaration of Independence. He had married the daughter of one of them, Samuel Chase. The other signer, Charles Carroll of Carrolltown, whose wealth was untold, was the only man with a bank balance bigger than that of his friend William Patterson. He had known Baltimore when it was a hamlet with only seven houses.

Betsey was brought up, like the daughters of most self-made men, on an educational diet which included all the genteel accomplishments which had been missing from her father's curriculum. She went to a convent school run by French nuns. Her mind was nurtured

carefully on Young's "Night Thoughts," and she learned to recite poetry prettily at an early age. She could read and speak French fluently. She enjoyed the crisp maxims of La Rochefoucauld, whom Byron was to curse "for being always right." If the standard of education fell short of the best schools in England and France, it was less cramping to her intelligence than the system Madame de Campan was applying to the minds of her contemporaries in Paris.

The daughter of the President of the Bank of Maryland stepped into the niche that awaited her in local society somewhere in 1803. All are agreed that at eighteen she was alluringly lovely—a typical Irish beauty with the regal carriage of a Donegal peasant and the exquisite hands and feet said to be the prerogative of the aristocrat. She had regular features, large, laughing dark eyes, vivid colouring, and a perfect figure. She was the acknowledged belle of Maryland. She had a reputation for humour and wit, and she was quite ready to reign in her own right as a queen of Baltimore society. William Patterson could have wished that she were a little less arrogantly sure of herself. He would have liked a daughter more docile and less typical of Donegal; for she was headstrong and impetuous, and often came into fierce conflict with him when it was a question of which of them should get his or her own way.

In 1803 the world was Betsey's to conquer. She could have married any man in Maryland, but before she had tried her wings properly the youngest of what was now a world-famed Corsican family had discovered America and in August arrived in Baltimore.

Jerome Bonaparte was not yet nineteen, though he held a commission in the French Navy. His career had

been chosen for him by Napoleon, who had dreamed of making the Benjamin of his tribe a French Nelson who would achieve at sea at the expense of England the triumphs a young Napoleon had achieved on land. It was a foolish dream born of illusion such as men cherish about those whom they hold dear. Jerome was of *pâpier maché* fibre. The tough sea-dog side of him did not exist.

He was not the product of Letizia Bonaparte's lean years in Ajaccio. He had been weaned from hardship young and let loose in Josephine's scented salons, where he had acquired a taste for the soft things of life. He had been educated, like Eugene Beauharnais, at Mr. McDermott's *Collège Irlandais*—a brother school to Madame de Campan's Academy for Young Ladies. Henri de Campan was one of the pupils and a friend of Jerome's. Together they went to the dancing-class at Madame's on Saturday evenings. Budding romances were not discouraged between the girls who were to be the great ladies of an unborn Empire and the boys who were to graduate to be its grandees, and when Mr. McDermott retired from the scholastic world, Madame de Campan's pupils wept and lamented loudly, for the co-education in the matter of dancing had been one of the pleasant features of their school days.

Jerome learned at an early age all there was to know about love-making. Left to himself he would have favoured the gay life of Paris rather than the stern life aboard a man-of-war. He was given no choice in the matter. Whether he willed it or no he was sent to sea to become a Nelson. Napoleon longed to hear of him scaling the rigging, and excelling all the other cadets in physical training, enthusiasm and efficiency, but the name of the young naval lieutenant was connected less

frequently with gallantry afloat than with gallantries ashore. His career was patterned with indiscretions at the various ports where the fleet put in from time to time.

Jerome was in the *Epervier* in 1803 when an English frigate captured her off the coast of America, and Fate gave him the opportunity he had wanted to visit the United States. He had been unable to make Admiral Villeneuve, under whom he had served in the West Indies, see eye to eye with him about the desirability of putting in for a little at New York or Philadelphia, and he welcomed an adventure which might at first sight have seemed a catastrophe. The officers of the *Epervier* boarded a pilot-boat and headed for the coast of Virginia.

Conscious of his importance as the brother of the First Consul, Jerome had already acquired a small suite of three. There was young Lecamus, who like the Empress Josephine, was of Creole birth, to act as secretary. Meyronnet, as lieutenant, aide-de-camp and adjutant, arranged his official affairs. There was an attendant satellite named Reubel. The cheerful quartette landed at Norfolk, where they discovered that American people were hospitable, American girls friendly, and that to be the brother of the First Consul was a passport anywhere. The local Virginian belle, the very pretty daughter of Mayor Wheeler, was flattered and fluttered at being singled out by Jerome, who had delightful manners. At a period when an observant writer was complaining that in America "any particular attention to a lady is readily construed into an intention of marriage," she was convinced that he meant matrimony. When eventually the little party of Frenchmen went on to Washington and no engagement was announced, it was assumed in Norfolk

that Miss Wheeler must have refused the offer of Jerome's heart and hand. She did not deny it. She enjoyed the reputation of having had the chance of accepting him all her life. When later she married Stephen Decatur the glow of the earlier romance still hung about her. But at this time Jerome had never had serious intentions towards any young woman. He did not at first find American girls at all alluring. When Reubel was swept off his feet by a Miss Pascault and wanted to marry her, Jerome was full of disapproval—a fact which did not concern Reubel greatly, for he made her his wife just the same. Jerome was very sure he himself would never commit such an indiscretion.

His expensive tastes and his love of glitter propelled him out of Norfolk towards the capital, where he meant to draw upon the French Minister for funds to maintain him in the lavish style to which, at eighteen, he had already accustomed himself. Arrived in Washington he sent a peremptory message to the *Chargé d'Affaires*, bidding him wait upon him at once at his hotel. M. Pichon, who was almost unaware of the boy's existence, obeyed the summons and was immediately drawn upon for a large sum. Anxious to do what he could for the First Consul's brother, Pichon made the necessary disbursement, though he had no precedent to guide him as to the correct procedure. He went further, and, in a misguided moment, arranged for Jerome to change his quarters from the hotel, in which he had settled, to a furnished house where he would be more comfortable.

The hotels of 1803 were not the decorative establishments which to-day typify more than any other social institution the outstanding characteristics of the American nation. Private suites were unknown. It

was customary for the guests to dine at a common table with the hotel-keeper and his family. If they showed any signs of being exclusive and keeping themselves to themselves in a European way, they were thrown out unceremoniously. A certain Colonel Charles Williams, who kept a hotel at which Louis Philippe was said to have stayed when visiting America in 1800, reigned as "King Charlie" in his local town for life, because he declared he had applied the toe of his boot to the royal posterior and flung his fine visitor down the steps into the street as the retort courteous to elevated Orleans eyebrows at the suggestion that a prince should eat at the same board as the landlord of an inn. It was obviously more *convenable* that the brother of the First Consul of France should be protected from these democratic indignities, but Pichon often regretted the impulse that prompted him to take for Jerome a house belonging to Commodore Joshua Barney.

Barney was just the type of picturesque adventurer to make an irresistible appeal to Jerome. He was a man of the world, easy-going, gay and amusing. There hung about him the glamour of his early romantic achievements. He knew Paris, and had taken his fun where he found it. He was not the man to fling moral lectures at a headstrong naval lieutenant not yet nineteen. Jerome, tired of being admonished by his superior officers, found in him a kindred spirit, and soon adopted him as the ideal guide, philosopher and friend; after a day or two in his society, he was writing carelessly to Pichon that he had decided to send his lieutenant, Meyronnet, to Philadelphia to charter a ship to take him and his suite back to France, and intimating that the Charge d'Affaires would be expected to meet his expenditure in due course.

Pichon was nettled by the high-handedness of the proceeding, but, having no instructions from the Minister of the Marine at home as to how this young Bonaparte ought to be treated, he was at a loss what to do. The French Consul in Philadelphia wrote within the next few days and reported that Meyronnet had commissioned a ship called the *Clothier*, and drawn upon him for ten thousand dollars to pay for it. Pichon refunded the money, and hoped to hear the last of Jerome and his party any minute.

But after three days in Barney's society Jerome decided he was not at all anxious to leave America, though he had by this time exhausted the delights of Washington, which was, according to a contemporary visitor, "the strangest place ever seen. . . . Nothing but dogs and negroes, and the few ladies who pass for white are the most unlovely pieces of crockery I have ever seen." Barney was lyrical about the delights of Baltimore. He invited his young friend there for a prolonged visit. Jerome, regardless of the fact that he had commissioned a ship to take him back to France, accepted with enthusiasm. He wrote to Pichon stating that he did not want the *Clothier* after all, and on the fourth day he left Washington for Joshua Barney's delightful country house.

If his object was to see life in the United States, Jerome saw it from an exceptional angle. The local residents broke out into an epidemic of entertainments when they learned the identity of Barney's handsome young guest. One ball succeeded another. The house of Samuel Chase was thrown open, and under its roof, on a fateful summer's evening, Jerome met Betsey Patterson.

The attraction was mutual. Betsey at eighteen was lovelier than anyone Jerome had ever seen in Europe.

She had charm and sweetness and wit, and her convent French was fascinating. Jerome was handsome and polished and gallant. Beside him the boys of Baltimore appeared boors. He had the glamour, too, of the gilded salons of the statelier old world the girl had never seen. His manners were courtly and elegant. Betsey found them irresistible.

Though it is generally accepted that their first meeting took place in the decorous precincts of Judge Chase's solid house, in after years Betsey herself told of an earlier meeting at some races, when she had treated Jerome with frigid dignity, having heard that he had declared American women made no appeal to him. She described the gown she wore—it was chamois yellow, trimmed at the neck with a broad lace scarf, and cut to reveal rather than to conceal her lissom young figure. She dwelt reminiscently on the large hat which had rested on her dark, glowing hair—a Leghorn affair, trimmed with pink gauze and sweeping ostrich feathers. There is a touch of verisimilitude about the details, but whether they first set eyes on each other on a racecourse, or whether the pretty story which stated that Betsey's long chain had got enmeshed accidentally in the layers of gold lace on Jerome's splendid uniform during the Chases' ball, their acquaintance dated from the summer of 1803, and it ripened into love as easily and inevitably as the ripening of the hips and haws in the hedges of Autumn.

CHAPTER II

HE called her his *chère Elise*. About her beauty and her sweetness he was lyrical. She reminded him sometimes of Pauline, the gayest and the loveliest of his sisters. The likeness gave Betsey an additional charm, for Pauline who had recently married the Prince Borghese was already famous not only for her looks but for the ease with which she lured lovers to her side. The other Frenchmen in his suite commented on Betsey's striking resemblance to a Bonaparte.

The course of their love had the headlong rapidity of a spring-swollen stream. Before Jerome realized whither he was heading, he was proposing marriage to the daughter of a Baltimore merchant, and Betsey was promising to be his for ever. Romance, with all its gorgeous trappings, coloured her dreams, and the smooth veneer of Jerome's exquisite manners concealed his lack of moral fibre. . . . And who cares for moral fibre at eighteen?

William Patterson was faced with the accomplished fact after a whirlwind wooing. Betsey was in love. She was engaged to be married. It was to be as simple as that. At first sight the match was, from the Patterson point of view, quite a desirable one. If the suitor himself had done nothing remarkable up to date, he was, after all, the brother of the First Consul of France. . . . And the First Consul of France was known to favour his own clan in the allocation of important

appointments. Jerome was only eighteen and a junior naval officer, but he would obviously rise to higher things. The careless ease with which he scattered money about suggested that the source from which he drew his income must be inexhaustible.

Mr. Patterson had raised up many sons. His daughter's influence might obtain them useful posts in Europe. Betsey's aunt, Mrs. Smith, was swift to point out to Mrs. Patterson the advantages of such a marriage. Already General Smith saw in the offing the post of American Minister at Paris—a coveted official plum. Miss Nancy Spear encouraged what seemed a delightful romance for her favourite niece. Young love was smiled on for a day or two.

Meanwhile in Washington Pichon, whose balance sheets had been seriously affected by Jerome Bonaparte's invasion of America, gave a good deal of thought to the possible reactions on a young man's life of his friendship with Commodore Joshua Barney. It was not, considered from any angle, a desirable connection for the brother of the First Consul of France. In the record of Barney's reckless past there were too many questionable episodes. His father-in-law, Samuel Chase, at whose house young Jerome was apparently an honoured guest, was himself at the moment the subject of a certain amount of discussion with reference to his alleged "highly indecent extra-judicial" reflections upon the national administration, and some irregularities in connection with one or two trials, notably those of Fries and Callender, who had been tried for sedition a few years earlier. Chase's political opponents in Congress were already compiling the long list of offences for which, for all that he was the Chief Judge of the Maryland Court and a signatory of the Declaration of

Independence, he was to be impeached the following year. It was obvious that this sort of social circle was not at all a suitable one for Jerome Bonaparte. In addition Barney himself was in no sense a good friend or counsellor for a wild naval officer absenting himself from his duties.

After some deliberation Pichon wrote to Jerome, and pointed out that, taking everything into account, his new friendship was in many ways undesirable, since Barney's reputation was not of the best. Apart from his political position he was in no sense popular even in his own country, and Pichon advised Jerome to cut adrift from a connection from which he could derive no possible benefit.

Jerome's plumes were ruffled by the implied criticism of his judgment of character. He wrote with the outraged dignity of eighteen to an official whose impertinence in criticising the brother of the First Consul called for a curt reproof.

"I thank you very much, citizen, for the interest you have taken in all that concerns me, but I have a principle from which I never swerve, and that is to judge men only by their conduct. On what the citizen Barney is I base my opinion, and I shall not change it because of what he has been in the past. I have enough discretion, I believe, to choose the society which suits me, and although I know little of the language and customs of this country, I shall know myself, as I have always known, how to direct my conduct."

The sentiments were admirable. Pichon was put in his place, but though he could not interfere further in Jerome's friendship, he could not help being anxious about him. The little episode of the commissioning of the *Clothier* had cost his department 10,000 dollars. Jerome's presence in the United States was a constant

drain on the official funds. Altogether it would be a very good thing if this young man, whose business it was to conquer the seas and make the Britons slaves, would attend to his duties and leave America alone. Jerome had other views. Pressed for some information as to his future plans, he stated that he had sent Meyronnet back to France, and was awaiting personal instructions from the First Consul. And all the time the newspapers chronicled the social activities of M. Bonaparte in Baltimore.

In October, a French frigate, the *Poursuivante*, put into the harbour there. In his official capacity Pichon arranged that the officers aboard should come to Washington to be presented to the President of the United States. He wrote to Jerome, and suggested with becoming deference that it would be an excellent thing if he could accompany the party and be introduced to President Jefferson at the same time. It was the thin edge of the official wedge for dislodging Jerome from his comfortable quarters in Baltimore, and shipping him back to France.

Jerome had no objection to gracing an official function with his distinguished presence. He went to Washington and was received by President Jefferson, whose opinion of the Patterson family was a very high one. The ceremony over, there was an interview with Pichon, who now pointed out that the arrival of the *Poursuivante* solved all Jerome's problems of transport to Europe. He could return to France when the frigate left Baltimore. Jerome was disquietingly emphatic about the impossibility of availing himself of this unique opportunity for ending his stay in America. He had sent Meyronnet to France for a ruling from Napoleon, he explained, and, in the circumstances it would hardly be advisable

to leave before his ambassador returned with the official mandate. In the course of argument he gave further excellent reasons for his decision to remain in America, and Pichon's peace of mind was shattered with the bombshell of the engagement of the First Consul's brother to Miss Elizabeth Patterson. The romance, the very existence of which he had been unaware, had flowered so freely that already the date of the marriage had been decided upon. It was to take place in nine days' time in Baltimore.

Pichon cursed the ill wind that had blown the youngest of the Bonapartes across the seas. Instinct told him that Napoleon would consider the proposed alliance of his brother with a Baltimore merchant's daughter extremely unsuitable. He hinted at possible objections to Jerome, but they only amused the eager lover. There was no time to do anything now. The marriage was to take place on the 3rd of November. Pichon had better look pleasant and come to the wedding.

The French Chargé d'Affaires was a very agitated man. He accepted the invitation with a tactful tongue, but his mind busied itself with the possibility of holding up the proceedings and awaiting advice from France. He had only nine days in which to act. When Jerome had departed, treading on the rosy clouds of his love-dreams, Pichon refreshed his memory about the articles in the *Code Napoléon* which had reference to the marriages of minors. He found, to his relief, that parental consent was necessary to legalize the marriage of any citizen of the French Republic who had not attained his twenty-fifth year. Had Jerome communicated with Madame Mère? Pichon knew very well that he had done nothing of the kind. He wrote a tactful note, pointing out the legal position to the ardent lover. At no loss to under-

stand just how his communication would be received by the young man himself, he took the precaution of sending the extract of the *Code Napoléon* to the French representative at Baltimore, and he wrote personally to Mr. Patterson at the same time.

Jerome acknowledged the receipt of his communication with an arrogant recommendation to Pichon to mind his own business and cease meddling in the affairs of his betters; the French official filed the correspondence for future reference; but William Patterson pored over his letter and weighed its contents against anonymous budgets with which he had been troubled for many days. Unknown correspondents had written warningly that Jerome Bonaparte was not the sort of young man to have honourable intentions by any man's daughter, as many a father knew to his cost. Episodes in Nantes and in Martinique were cited, and Mr. Patterson was advised that if he cared at all for Betsey's future, he would forbid the banns.

"Will he marry your daughter in the Catholic Church?" wrote one gentleman, "I tell you he won't, because such a marriage would be binding. . . ."

Mr. Patterson could hardly have ignored such a communication about a proposed son-in-law. Another correspondent, also anonymous, suggested that Jerome's extravagance was such that his proposal to marry a wealthy man's daughter could be explained quite easily by his anxiety for a comfortable home while in America. The young man was worthless, weak and unreliable, and not in the least likely to be a faithful husband. Pichon's suggestion that the validity of the marriage might be questioned coming on top of it all, so alarmed Mr. Patterson that he nipped the romance in the bud.

The engagement was broken off. Betsey wept rebellious tears. Jerome protested his undying love. Mr. Patterson decided to remove his daughter from the society of the fascinating Frenchman, and against her will she found herself whisked off for a holiday to Virginia. A holiday without Jerome was a bleak thought. But she could write to her lover without her father's knowledge—and she did.

Pichon heard what had happened when Jerome wrote disconsolately from New York, where he was trying to drown his sorrows in whatever pleasures that comparatively small and unimportant city had to offer in 1803. As the business of drowning woe necessitates money, he was obliged to appeal for 100,000 dollars at once. Pichon had no objection to helping to heal a broken heart by placing French funds at the disposal of the First Consul's brother. He sent a draft with a promptitude which suggested his anxiety to make amends for any pain he had been obliged to cause Jerome in the execution of his duties as a loyal *Chargé d'Affaires*. Jerome scattered the gold about the streets of New York. He had a riotous fortnight, at the end of which Baltimore lured him afresh. He was there when Betsey came back, her father's opposition having fanned into a flame her determination to marry her Prince Charming in the teeth of the parental edict.

Why should the free-born citizens of a great Republic be hampered and hindered by obscure clauses in the document they called the Code Napoléon? Jerome was no child on leading-strings but an independent young man, responsible enough to hold a commission in the navy. He had had the necessary residence in Maryland. The Roman Catholic prelates, when consulted, conjured up no impediments of any kind. The Church

sacrament would be binding all the world over, whether solemnized in Baltimore or in Paris.

The First Consul of France was an important man, but he was not a reigning monarch, and, in permitting the publication of the banns of marriage between Elizabeth and Jerome and consenting to officiate personally at the ceremony, Bishop Carroll of Baltimore was certain that the validity of the contract would never be questioned. He was a man of the world, who knew something of the ways of princes. In his youth he had been a tutor in the Weld family, and at Lulworth, in far-away Dorset, where he had been consecrated, he had met a woman whose marriage to the Prince Regent of England was now an open secret. He was one of the few people indeed who knew that Mrs. Fitzherbert had given birth to a son. There was perhaps a suspicious connection between this event and the Bishop's interest in a certain mysterious "James Ord," who had been sent out from Spain to America with an alleged uncle under the protection of the Bishop's nephew, Mr. Brent. Though the people in Baltimore were probably unaware of the fact, Bishop Carroll was paying "James Ord's" fees at the college where he was being educated.

But there could be no parallel between the case of Maria Fitzherbert and Elizabeth Patterson. Jerome Bonaparte was in 1803 a very ordinary young naval officer, of undistinguished ancestry, and he was quite a suitable husband for the daughter of William Patterson. Betsey's importunity wore down her father's resistance.

"I would rather be the wife of Jerome Bonaparte for one hour than the wife of any other man for my whole life," she declared dramatically.

Being eighteen and optimistic, she did not expect Fate to call her bluff.

When William Patterson gave way at last under the impetus of her entreaties, he took every possible precaution to protect her interests. The marriage contract was drawn up carefully by Alexander J. Dallas, then the leading legal light in Baltimore. He saw to it that no loophole was left through which Betsey might later be victimized. He recognized the possibility of objections from the Bonaparte family by embodying in the document certain articles which laid it down that in the case of any difficulty being raised about the question of the validity of this marriage, "either in the State of Maryland or in the French Republic," Jerome Bonaparte undertook, at the request of either Betsey or William Patterson, to have everything put in order without delay. There was a business-like clause, too, covering proper financial provision for the bride, should the incredible happen and the marriage be annulled. She was to be entitled to her proper share in his estate, "one third of the real, personal and mixed property of her future husband."

Pichon, who had proved himself by his intolerable officiousness to be a dangerous obstacle to the course of young love, was not again consulted. In Baltimore on Christmas Eve, while the bells chimed out messages of peace and goodwill to men on earth, Bishop Carroll united in the indissoluble bonds of Holy Matrimony Elizabeth Patterson and Jerome Bonaparte.

They were married in the bride's home. The most important residents witnessed the marriage. The Mayor, the Carrolls, the French Consul, and other leading officials of the day were present. The Patterson Presbyterian principles had been thrown overboard, and the marriage was celebrated according to the rites of the Church to which Jerome belonged. It was

safer so. The Catholic ceremony was, as the anonymous correspondent had pointed out, more difficult to ignore than any other, and it would take some wriggling on the part of the Bonapartes to unloose the knot tied by the Bishop who was one day to be the highest prelate in the States.

Jerome wore a coat of purple satin, lined with white and embroidered and laced with gold. His slender limbs were encased in knee breeches. His shoes were buckled with diamonds. His hair was powdered and his magnificence was a little overwhelming. Betsey, declining to wear any of the gorgeous silk dresses he had brought her from New York, wore an embroidered muslin frock trimmed with old lace and pearls. It was so diaphanous that a prurient observer remarked that she wore beneath it but one garment, and that the bridal gown itself was so slight an affair that it would have fitted into his pocket.

There were two bridesmaids, the Misses Brown, important young ladies in Baltimore society, but Jerome was attended by no groomsman. His suite stood by, however, and the presence of the French representative seemed to set the seal of approval on the day's proceedings.

The bride and bridegroom left for an estate of the Pattersons, named Homestead, just outside Baltimore, to begin their honeymoon. Lecamus had instructions to write to Pichon and break the news to him with a demand for further funds. Pichon's Christmas was ruined by the reception of a communication which told him that all his precautions had been in vain. Jerome had had his way. The *Chargé d'Affaires* could do nothing now but report on the affair to France and remit to the bridegroom the money, which drained his coffers at Washington almost to emptiness.

Official channels of communication are narrow and tortuous things. Long before the news reached France, travelling slowly along the route of orthodoxy, the Press had forestalled the politicians. The London *Times* was the first with the sensation, having gleaned it when the February mail brought in the New York papers up to the end of the old year.

"We received yesterday the New York Papers to the 31st December," ran the editorial notice on the 4th February, 1804. "They contain nothing interesting. It appears that Jerome Bonaparte is at length married. The circumstance is mentioned in the New York *Advertiser* of the 31st in the following terms:

"At Baltimore, on Saturday evening late, by the Rev. Bishop Carroll, Mr. Jerome Bonaparte, youngest brother of the First Consul of the French Republic to the agreeable Miss Elizabeth Patterson, eldest daughter of Mr. William Patterson of Baltimore.'"

In the course of a few days the news was noised across the Channel and the *Débats* quoted the English papers on February 18th: "We read in the English papers that Jerome Bonaparte, youngest brother of the First Consul, has married, at Baltimore, Mademoiselle Elizabeth Patterson, eldest daughter of M. Patterson, a wealthy merchant of that town, and that the ceremony has been performed by the Bishop of Baltimore. . . . We have heard so much false news of Jerome Bonaparte during the past twelve months," added the cautious editor, who had taken care to delete the "agreeable" from the description of the bride, "that it may be permitted to doubt this."

Learning something which so closely concerned his family in this casual way was naturally galling to Napoleon. That Jerome should, after months of un-

official absence from his naval duties, add to the list of his many follies the crowning one of this indiscreet and undesirable marriage without notifying any of his relatives as to his intentions was a bitter revelation of his inability to live up to the Napoleonic standard. He was in any case already out of favour. The list of his colossal expenses, for which he had drawn without any authority from his brother on the French officials in every port he touched, ran into several thousands. Added to this, he had absented himself from his duties without leave for months now. Meyronnet had just been sent back to America bearing messages of censure and reproof and an injunction to Jerome to return to France in a French vessel without delay. He had only just left when the news of the Patterson marriage came to hand.

This latest escapade was, of course, Jerome's most heinous offence. Napoleon could not forgive it. It outraged all his *bon bourgeois* family conventions, and its secrecy ignored the articles of the *Code Napoléon* as if the promulgations of the First Consul were of less account than the Ten Commandments. It imperilled, too—though this the prodigal could hardly have foreseen—the future plans of a man who already saw himself as an embryo emperor, about whose person it would one day be necessary to create a royal family who would consolidate the power of his throne by alliances with the offspring of the legitimate rulers of Europe.

The news of Jerome's romance—it came, rather unfortunately, immediately after Lucien had married his mistress, Madame Joubberthou—produced in Napoleon the symptoms usually associated with bulls who have been introduced without warning to red rags. From the very outset Betsey was doomed. Mr. Dallas's fine

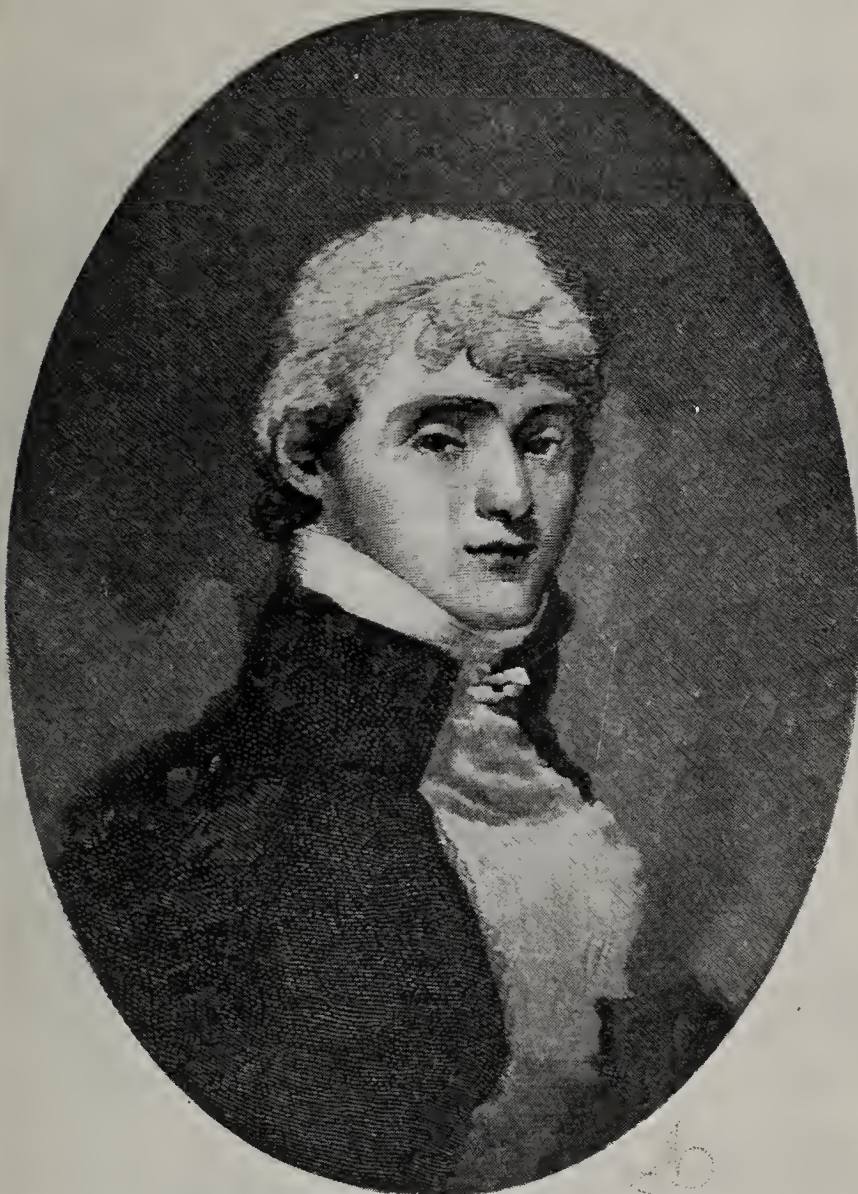
legal caution in the drawing up of her nuptial contract availed her nothing. For Napoleon the marriage was as if it had never taken place. He spoke of Jerome's affair caustically and informed the world that his youngest brother and the "agreeable Elizabeth" were "no more man and wife than any other couple of lovers who united themselves in a garden, pledging their vows at the altar of love, in the presence of a witnessing moon and stars."

CHAPTER III

MONSIEUR and Madame Bonaparte left Homestead in due course and set out on a wedding tour which brought them first to Washington. The French Minister there, M. Thureau, had no precedent to guide him in the matter of correct procedure. He had to choose between entertaining the bridal pair in a manner suitable to the family of the First Consul and ignoring them, awaiting a cue from home. He decided on the more hospitable course of action. Since Bishop Carroll had himself married the young couple, there seemed nothing to be done but to accept them in French official circles, and entertain them as the Bonapartes ought to be entertained.

The President of the United States had no qualms about making them welcome at the official residence, which was not yet known as the White House. It derived this name from the coat of paint with which it was restored years later after its walls had been blackened by British fire. It was in 1804 merely the President's House, and Thomas Moore has left a description of its tenant, Jefferson.

"The President's House, a very noble structure, is by no means suited to the philosophical humility of its present possessor, who inhabits but a corner of the mansion himself and abandons the rest to a state of uncleanly desolation. The grand edifice is encircled by



JEROME BONAPARTE.

JEROME BONAPARTE, 1804
(*From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart*)

a very rude paling, through which a common rustic stile introduces the visitor to the first men in America."

The Irish poet, who just missed meeting Monsieur and Madame Bonaparte in Washington—he was to meet Betsey years later in Paris—was one of the first of that long line of European writers who visited America in the early half of the last century and lampooned its inhabitants and its institutions.

"If there is less barrenness of soil here" (than in other places visited), "there is still more barrenness of intellect, taste, and where the heart is concerned. The only gentlemen I have met in America are the Indians, who are far less savages than their supposed white conquerors."

Moore took a dislike not only to the President himself but to all the official set whom he met under the auspices of the then British Minister, Mr. Merry. They were, he said, rude-looking statesmen "insufferable both in manner and appearance, and the noise they make when greeting friends would not be tolerated in any other community except this much yawped-of 'land of the free'. This coarse familiarity is something unheard of; for instance, when I was introduced to several of them they deliberately clapped me on the back and squeezed my hand with so villainous a grip that I was fain to scream out at the torture. Needless to state there is no poetry in the souls of these fellows, and they did not know that I wrote verse even after they had heard my name called out. . . ."

Jerome and the agreeable Betsey were not so squeamish at this period of existence. They enjoyed to the full the hospitality of the worthies of Washington, and people were inclined to make more than a fuss of the beautiful daughter of the wealthy President of the

Bank of Maryland. She had made the most romantic marriage that had been celebrated in the United States since they had ceased to be British Dependencies. After a delightful stay in the capital the bridal pair proceeded to Boston, where they flamed like comets across the social sky. All doors were flung open to them. They were popular and sought-after. They sat for their portraits to Gilbert Stuart, the American Reynolds, who in Europe had painted George III, George IV, and Louis XVI as well as Benjamin West, under whom he had studied for some time, as well as Sir Joshua himself. He put Jerome on canvas in the powdered hair and gorgeous garments he had worn on his wedding-day. Of Betsey he made some studies from which he hoped one day to produce a masterpiece. Actually owing to his habit of undertaking more commissions than he could possibly execute, Stuart never finished Betsey's portrait, but the canvas on which he had sketched in her head in three different positions remains her accepted likeness. It hangs with that of Jerome in the Rooms of the Maryland Historical Society in Baltimore.

Pichon, disapproving and much alarmed as to his own responsibility for the young pair's lavish expenditure, was beset by demands for funds to oil the wheels of their travelling coach. In Baltimore Mr. Patterson devoted much thought to his daughter's future. Ever since Pichon had interfered and anonymous correspondents had cast aspersions on Jerome as a man of honour, he had been against the match. Now he was increasingly anxious for some assurance as to the official view of Betsey's marriage.

Europe was a long way off. Letters took weeks—sometimes months; and the Bonaparte family had not

yet made a move. Determined to be first in the field with his presentation of the facts, Mr. Patterson indited a business-like letter to Livingstone, who was then the American Minister to the French Republic and stated his case.

"I can assure you with truth that I never directly or indirectly countenanced or gave Mr. Bonaparte the smallest encouragement to address my daughter, but on the contrary resisted his pretensions by every means in power consistent with discretion," he wrote carefully.

Mr. Livingstone would, however, understand, he went on, that though his consent to this marriage had been forced from him against his will and better judgment, since the young people's mutual attachment had been such that nothing short of violence could have prevented their union, he must, since it had taken place, do his parental duty and protect his child's interests. He enclosed copies of letters from the President and from the Secretary of State at Washington. Both communications testified to the pre-eminent respectability of the Patterson family. Livingstone was directed to forward these to Napoleon. They were glowing enough to reassure anyone about Betsey's position in the land of her birth.

Letters were uncertain things, however, in 1804, when the Atlantic was crusted with British men-of-war and the official communications to France relative to the Bonapartes were not immune from the prying fingers of spies and secret agents. William Patterson was too shrewd to leave anything to the chances of a haphazard Atlantic mail service, and, to make assurance doubly sure, he sent an ambassador to France in the person of one of his sons.

Robert Patterson was an enthusiastic champion of his sister's rights. He went gladly to Europe to further her cause. Early in the New Year, having arrived in London, he called on the then American Minister, James Monroe, before proceeding to Paris. Monroe's daughter had been at school with Hortense Beauharnais, and she gave Robert a letter of introduction to this old schoolfellow, who was now an Imperial Princess and Betsey's connection by marriage. He was also given a letter for Madame de Campan. Apart from the fact that her son was Jerome's friend, this preceptor of queens had American sympathies, for her brother, M. Jenet, who had been French Minister in the United States for some time, had brought home an American bride. She was very friendly too with Napoleon, and the Monroes thought it possible she might interest herself in the case of young Betsey Bonaparte.

Robert arrived in Paris on the 11th March, full of high hopes. On the 12th, when he sat down to write a letter to Baltimore, some of his assurance had been deflated. He had seen Mr. Livingstone, who had been grave indeed as he spoke of Napoleon's wrath. Jerome was completely out of favour, and if in his foolish make-up there was a leaven of even a grain of wisdom, he had better stay at the other side of the Atlantic until the storm had calmed down a little. If, however, Mr. Livingstone's prudent counsel proved unpalatable and Jerome dared in spite of it to risk the journey, then Betsey must on no account be left behind. Her cause would be lost if her husband set foot in France without her. Robert's young hopes were chilled as the first bleak wind of political complications fluttered about Betsey's radiant romance, but he found in Paris an old friend of the family, who was more optimistic of the future.

Captain Bentalou who had served with Count Pulaski's hussars in the American fight for freedom was very interested in the story of the Patterson romance. He volunteered to act as interpreter for his young American friend at any interviews with French officials.

The first of the Bonaparte family to hold out the hand of friendship to Robert was Lucien, but its grip, though heartening, brought no promise of a link with Napoleon. There was more than one black sheep in the Corsican fold, and Jerome was not the only member of his family who had strayed in the year of grace 1803 beyond the bounds of Consular matrimonial convention. Lucien, whose first wife, Christine Boyer, had died in 1800, had in the course of time recovered sufficiently from his grief to take an interest in other women. His most serious affair concerned a certain Madame Alexandrine Joubberthou, whom he had met in 1802, and who had become his mistress with as little delay as possible. In 1803 when she was pregnant he promised her that if she bore him a son he would marry her. On the 24th May Alexandrine had been delivered of a male child. On the 25th Lucien kept his word and the marriage service had been performed in the greatest secrecy when the child, who was automatically legitimized by the belated ceremony, had been registered. It was suggested that Alexandrine was not too certain that Joubberthou was dead.

They had not broken the news to Napoleon until October, with results that were disastrous. The First Consul protested with official fire at the disgrace Lucien had brought upon his name. That he should have an amorous arrangement with Alexandrine was quite in order and perfectly normal—but to marry his mistress and bring her into the ranks of the family

was disgraceful and dishonourable. Lucien replied bluntly that he personally thought it more honourable for a man to marry his "own mistress than to marry somebody else's"—which was not the sort of reference to Josephine that could be easily forgiven or forgotten. Napoleon refused to have anything to do with his brother until Alexandrine was disposed of. Lucien remained impenitent, and his obstinacy in cleaving to the wife of his choice cost him his place on the roll of Imperial honour. It was partly because this affair still rankled that Napoleon felt so strongly about Jerome's American marriage.

Bentalou accompanied Robert Patterson to his interview with Lucien, and interpreted into good English the flowing speeches which were studded with expressions of noble sentiments. Lucien was delighted, he said, to meet the brother of the agreeable and lovely Elizabeth, and the whole Bonaparte family with one exception were more than gratified by Jerome's choice of an American bride and ready to receive her with open arms. The exception was, however, the only member of the family who mattered—the First Consul himself.

"The Consul, it is true, does not for the present concur with us," Lucien explained tactfully, "but he is to be considered as isolated from the family. Placed on lofty ground on which he stands as the first magistrate of a great and powerful nation, all his actions and ideas are directed by a policy with which we have nothing to do. We will remain plain citizens, and from all we have heard of the young lady's character and the respectability of her family and friends, we feel highly honoured by the connection. . . . Our present earnest wish," he added, "is that Jerome

should remain where he now is and take proper steps to become as soon as possible a citizen of the United States."

But this was not in the least what Jerome wanted or Betsey either. None of their plans—and they had many—embraced the possibility of a long and unadventurous sojourn in America while the First Consul scattered his favours about the rest of the family in France. Unfortunately the fact that the "agreeable" Miss Patterson had business-like male relatives, who looked like defending her name, did not endear her to her august brother-in-law. It was an additional outrage. Napoleon ignored the worthy Robert. The letter from the President assuring him that the Patterson family had a standing second to none in the United States failed to impress him. He stood relentlessly by the clause of the *Code Napoléon*. Jerome had sinned against the commandments of the Almighty of France and, like Jehovah of old, the giver of the commandments belched forth fire and fury and consigned the transgressor to the exterior darkness. 1202954

Decrès, the Minister of the Marine, was instructed to convey the sentence of damnation to the delinquents through the department of M. Pichon at Washington. Jerome had ceased to exist as a member of the First Consul's family. Financial supplies from the French funds were no longer at his disposal, and, as an officer in the French Navy who had absented himself without leave, the bridegroom was ordered to return at once to his naval duties. All French vessels were warned that on no account was the "young person with whom Jerome had entangled himself" to be allowed to set her impertinent, aristocratically arched instep upon their decks. Decrès wrote at considerable length to Pichon—and at even more considerable length to the

culprit himself. He was one of Pauline Borghese's lovers, and he felt he was almost part of the family into which Miss Patterson was intruding so inopportunately. . . .

He told Jerome in a voluminous and avuncular letter that he had just fulfilled, reluctantly, the duty imposed on him by the First Consul—and prohibited Citizen Pichon to supply him with money, and had further circularized the captains of all French vessels with a notice that Betsey was not to be received on board. It was the intention of Napoleon, he stated, that she should on no pretext whatever come into France, and should she happen to present herself that she should be re-embarked at once for the United States.

"If I loved you less—if the sentiments with which you have inspired did not so perfectly accord with those which I owe your family—if there were not between you and me a sort of companionship in arms, and of intimacy which I delight in keeping up I should confine myself to the despatching of the orders given me and to an official correspondence. . . . Instead of this I am going to talk to you. . . .

"War is in progress and you are living in peace and quietude 1,200 leagues away from the theatre in which you ought to be playing a great part. If you refuse to obey orders and decline to come back on the first French frigate, and remain in France until after the peace what dignity will accompany your return? Will any one recognize you as the brother of the Regulator of Europe? In what sort of temper can you expect to find that brother, who, eager after glory, will see you destitute even of having encountered danger, a man without energy yielding to effeminate passions, incapable of adding a single leaf to the heap of laurels

with which he invests his name and our standards—and this when all France is ready to shed its blood for him. . . . This reflection alone, Jerome should send you hurrying home to us. The sound of arms is heard in every quarter preparing for the noblest enterprise. They ask for you, and I, vexed that I am at a loss what answer to give, declare that you are just at hand. Do not make a liar of me I beseech you. . . .”

He outlined the part Joseph was playing “the father of a family that he adores, possessed of a fortune proportionate to his rank and invested with the highest honours in the state, known throughout Europe for his high diplomatic ability, who wishing to add to all his own glory that of sharing with the First Consul the dangers of war, has just taken his place at the head of one of the regiments. . . .”

There was Louis “known by his military services as a general of a division who desirous of adding more glory to the great name of Bonaparte had entered the Council of State. . . .”

There was Lucien in whose fate Jerome might read a stern lesson of what awaited himself. Lucien had just left France having contracted a marriage in defiance of Napoleon, and though in the past he had rendered high service to his brother and made a name for himself as a Senator, he had been cast aside relentlessly. If Napoleon could be so stern with a brother whose record of service was honourable, how could Jerome, young and inexperienced who had never contributed anything to the glory of France, expect to be taken back into favour?

But Jerome when he sought in the fate of Lucien an insight into his own future treatment if he failed

to put Betsey out of his life, focused his attention not on his brother's second marriage, but on the first. Once Christine Boyer had been the despised and rejected of Napoleon but time had taken the edge off his antagonism and he had come to like her almost the best of his sisters-in-law. . . . There was comfort in the thought that Christine had been a very ordinary girl while Betsey was a queen among women. Napoleon had only to see her and he would be at her feet like every one else.

Decrès gave the context of a recent conversation with Napoleon:

"The marriage into which you have entered has deeply affected him. 'While I' said he, 'am doing everything for glory, for my name and for the happiness of the people who have put their fate in my hands, by whom can I hope to be seconded if not by my brothers? And yet, the youngest of them forms an inconsiderate connection, about which he never even asks my opinion! He has disposed of himself as a private individual and it is as a private individual I must consider him. What claim has he on my benefactions? None! Instead of being useful to me he takes a route diametrically opposite to that I wished him to follow! . . . I will, however, receive Jerome if, leaving in America the young person in question he shall come hither to associate himself with my fortune. . . . Should he bring her with him, she shall not set foot in France, and you, Decrès, will be responsible for carrying out the order forbidding her to land. If he comes alone I shall never recall the error of a moment—the fault of youth. Faithful service and the conduct which he owes to himself and to the name he bears, will earn him my love and good will again!'

“Such, my dear Jerome, are the words of the First Consul. Remember, my friend he is only your brother and a brother does not feel the yielding condescension of a father who can identify himself in some measure with his son. . . . Believe me I am frightened when I think of the regrets you are laying up for yourself. . . . Passion will die, and you will reproach yourself with all that you have lost—you will even blame, involuntarily the young person responsible. If you listen to reason, even she will tell you that you have not been entirely blameless in failing in respect for a brother who has earned the love and veneration of all France and the respect of Europe, and you will realize the wisdom of coming home at once by the first French frigate to beg his pardon. It would be inconsistent with your personal dignity to bring with you a woman who will only be exposed to the mortification of not being received. I don’t know whether you can ever hope to overcome your brother’s unfavourable disposition towards her—frankly I doubt it—but your only hope of it must be by your presence here, by your compliance with his wishes and by proofs of your devotion to him. . . .”

Thus and much more from Decrès, and a thousand kind wishes, but the letter was intercepted by an English ship on the high seas and it was a long time before Jerome read his reams of advice. William Cobbett was able to publish it in his *Annual Register* which roused English interest in the love affair of the youngest of the Bonapartes. Meanwhile Jerome remained in America far from the field of honour and glory, happy in the thought that no man could look at Betsey and resist her, and that Napoleon had but to see her to be her slave. What he never anticipated

was that Napoleon was determined to run no risk of a personal interview with the American bride.

Mr. Patterson grew more and more anxious. From Paris Robert sent reports of his sad lack of progress. French registrars had now been circularized with a prohibition against 'recording the alleged marriage' of Jerome and Elizabeth Patterson, this having been contracted without the consent of the bridegroom's parents while he was yet a minor, and in a foreign country, being declared null and void. Events speeded up in Paris to the advent of the Empire. The name of the youngest of the Bonapartes did not figure among the princes of the blood. The Press hinted too that though Jerome might have a mistress in America,—and by all accounts, he had a very alluring one,—he could not have a wife since he was as yet under age. Not all Bentalou's optimism could blind Robert Patterson to the trouble that lay ahead for Betsey.

The evil day of reckoning could not be postponed for ever. Jerome decided to cross the ocean and brave the thunder of the Tuileries, but despite the warnings of Pichon, Decrès and those members of the Bonaparte family who were kindly disposed towards himself, he ignored their warnings as to the futility of Betsey's putting in an appearance in Europe. Robert Patterson and the American officials who had taken an interest in the case, had been too emphatic about the inadvisability of leaving her behind as if he were willing to desert her, and Betsey, who was all agog to see Europe and not as yet really alarmed about things, took her brother's view as to the wisest course of action.

It was one thing to make up their minds to face the music, quite another to get within hearing distance

of it. Across the broad bosom of the Atlantic there were death-traps in the way of British men-of-war on the look-out for French vessels. The capture of the Emperor's brother would be a prize of some magnitude, and it was important to run no risk of such a catastrophe. A French ship in harbour searched the horizon before taking the bridal pair aboard, and reported the presence of English sloops and frigates in the offing. Reports ran riot as to the number of men-of-war lurking about the coast. Jerome postponed his departure yet a little longer and sought distraction for himself and Betsey in a tour of the eastern coast and a visit to Niagara.

In August Mr. Livingstone was superseded in his official capacity in France by General Armstrong, and the new minister offered to assist the young pair by taking Betsey to France in the ship in which he was sailing to take over office. Jerome could then return in the ordinary way in a French man-of-war. This seemed an ideal solution of the problems of transport. General Armstrong changed his mind, however, and decided against starting his official career in France with the millstone of the Patterson affair about his neck. Betsey was disappointed but undaunted.

Madame Mère had not yet disowned the prodigal. She was even inclined to accept the inevitable in the shape of her American daughter-in-law, for Cardinal Fesch was among those who realized that there could be no hope of undoing a marriage solemnized by the Bishop of Baltimore. Jerome felt he could rely upon his mother's support. She advised him to return to Europe without his bride, or, if Betsey must accompany him, to see to it that she came no nearer Paris than Amsterdam. Joseph Bonaparte wrote an affec-

tionate but cautious letter, offering everything he had at his disposition to his younger brother. About Betsey he was wary. "Tell Madame Jerome from me that as soon as she arrives and is acknowledged by the head of the family, she will not find a more affectionate brother than I. I have every reason to believe, after what I have heard of her, that her qualities and character will promote your happiness and inspire us with an esteem and friendship that I shall be very much pleased to express to her."

As soon as she was acknowledged by the head of the family, the whole world would be at her feet, but the difficulty was to get in touch with the Emperor. Deciding to risk everything, they arranged to sail in the Autumn of 1804, and, boarding the ship *Philadelphia* in the harbour from which she took her name, they embarked for Cadiz. The party, which consisted of Betsey's aunt, Nancy Spear, and the bridal pair, were more or less prepared for the buffetings of Fate, but they did not anticipate that their adventures would begin with a shipwreck in the Delaware before they lost sight of America. All escaped with their lives, Betsey, floundering in the water, greatly hampered by her best clothes, was the first to be rescued and hauled into a boat.

They were rowed ashore and one of the residents at Lewes offered them hospitality and shelter. Miss Spear fell on her knees and thanked Providence for their merciful escape from death. Betsey was too concerned about the possible damage to her trousseau frocks for prayer. She scandalized her aunt by running backwards and forwards to the yard where her fine clothes had been hung up to dry, in a state of considerable agitation as to how much elegance had been soaked

out of them. But neither the adventure nor her anxiety about her wardrobe impaired her appetite for the roast goose and apple sauce which was served for dinner. After this adventure they decided to postpone the departure until the winter was over, since Betsey's health now necessitated some care. She was pregnant.

They were back in Baltimore when in December Napoleon was crowned Emperor of the French, and the Bonaparte family-tree grew imperial. Its offshoots were Princes and Princesses, but two branches had been lopped away—Lucien and Jerome. The position was serious. Funds were low. Supplies were cut off. The prospect of crossing to Europe in a French vessel in the teeth of the Imperial prohibition became more difficult. At home crowns were being given to the good brothers Joseph and Louis—one beginning his experiment in kingship in Naples, the other going with Hortense to Holland. Jerome and Lucien remained in outer darkness, while obscure people like Joachim Murat and Eugene Beauharnais shone as lesser stars in the firmament of Napoleon's creation.

Came the promise of spring, and the culprits were still in Baltimore. Betsey was advanced in pregnancy, and she was vaguely uneasy about the future. Her father was irritable and surly and inclined to be critical. He was a little tired of the son-in-law whose fine manners and reckless extravagance he found equally foreign and infuriating. He had no patience with a young man who piled up debts he had no hope of acquitting honourably as things stood at present. . . . And there was never a sign of a thaw in the ice of Napoleon's attitude. The desirability of an interview with the Emperor was obvious. The possibility of staging it grew daily more

remote unless Jerome went back to Europe alone, leaving his wife with her people. And that, friends in Europe had warned them, would be fatal.

Down in the harbour was a fine fleet of Patterson ships. Among them a lovely clipper called the *Erin*. It was one of the finest vessels in the whole of America. After endless argument, the tone of which was often acrimonious, Betsey's father agreed to place the *Erin* at her disposal so that she could accompany her husband to Europe. Despite her condition Betsey was quite ready for the adventure of crossing the Atlantic. The dauntless Aunt Nancy promised to stand by her and her favourite brother Edward was spared by her father—who had little faith in Jerome as a man of honour—that her interests might be protected in case of necessity. A Mrs. Anderson was engaged as a companion to look after Betsey, and a day came when the party set out from Baltimore and headed for Portugal.

After many weary weeks of lumbering and lurching across the ocean the *Erin* came proudly up the Tagus to where the river widened into a broad pool just above Lisbon. From a world of water and clewed up canvas Betsey saw for the first time the Europe of her dreams. Its beauty with its towers and spires and castles and old stucco houses rising high on the terraced shoulders of the hills enchanted her. The *Erin* swung lazily at anchor while Jerome set about procuring the necessary passports for Paris. Mrs. Anderson and Miss Spear had everything in readiness for the journey. Betsey and her brother waited expectantly for the French official.

He came. He was a courteous gentleman named M. Serrurier. He was very sorry, he said, but the Emperor had given instructions that 'Miss Patterson' was on no account to land.

He was sorrier still when Betsey used her lovely eyes on him. He placed himself at her disposal and offered to do anything he could for her. Her request was however an impossible one.

“Tell your master,” she said sweetly, “that Madame Bonaparte is ambitious. She wishes to claim her rights as a member of the Emperor’s family.”

But this was something beyond Serrurier’s power. He reasoned with the young couple. Jerome, he insisted, must report for duty at once and make his peace with the Emperor alone. “Miss Patterson” must go back to her own country. Betsey did not see it quite like that. She remembered Madame Mère had once given some advice about the possibility of her staying quietly in Holland while her husband made his peace with the Emperor. Jerome realized that he was in disgrace. He was indeed threatened with arrest if he did not return to his duties without delay, and thus trapped he had to recognize defeat. Come what might, he would have to face Napoleon alone and plead the cause of his young wife and their coming child with what eloquence he could. They made feverish plans for the future, while French warships nosed dangerously round the *Erin*. They clung to each other, while Jerome vowed that no power on earth would induce him to forsake her. Life without his “*chère Elise*” would hold no meaning for him. He would meet her in Amsterdam in June, he told her. He would be with her for the birth of their child in July. He loved her. He would love her always.

He meant every word he said as he held her in his arms on the deck of the ship that had brought them from Baltimore. He was so sure of his own strength of character—so pathetically convinced of his ability to sway Napoleon to his way of thinking. They parted full

of hope for a joyous future. Spring was in the air. They were young. Life stretched before them like a golden track to glory and greatness. Napoleon had only to see Betsey to be at her feet, like every other man who had ever set eyes on her beauty.

But Napoleon was never to see the Belle of Baltimore. Fate had called her bluff. She had had her hour as Jerome Bonaparte's wife, and the price she was to pay was to be out of all proportion to the worth of the treasure which had once seemed the only thing in the world worth having.



ELIZABETH PATTERSON BONAPARTE

(From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart in the Maryland Historical Society)

CHAPTER IV

NAPOLEON'S wrath was swifter than the fleet winds that bellied the sails of the *Erin* as she steered her course from the Tagus to the Texel roads. The long arm of his rancour preceded Betsey to Amsterdam. Europe was a Bonaparte preserve wherein Jerome's partner in guilt might not trespass. His edict went forth, and the harbours of Holland were closed against her. Not even the fact that she was within two months of bearing a child weighed with him as a recommendation to mercy. She was the woman for whom Jerome had defied him—the woman in whose arms he had forgotten his duty to France and the fleet—and as such she had put herself permanently beyond the pale of his pardon. Relying on Schimmelpenninck, his agent in Amsterdam, to take the necessary steps when the *Erin* appeared there, he turned his attention to Jerome, with whom he knew how to deal. He wrote to Madame Mère and enlisted her help in bringing the rebel to heel.

“M. Jerome Buonaparte has arrived in Lisbon, with the woman with whom he lives. I have ordered this prodigal son to proceed to Milan, passing through Perpignan, Toulouse, Grenoble, and Turin. I have informed him that if he diverges from that road he will be arrested. Miss Patterson, who lives with him, has taken the precaution of bringing her brother with her. I have given orders that she is to be sent back to America. If she were to evade the orders I have given, and to come to Bordeaux or Paris, she would be brought back to

Amsterdam, and put on board the first American vessel. I shall treat this young man severely if he shows himself unworthy of the name he bears during the only interview I shall grant him, and if he persists in carrying on his liaison, if he shows no inclination to wash away the dishonour with which he has stained my name, by forsaking his country's flag on land and sea, for the sake of a wretched woman, I will cast him off for ever. I may make him an example which will teach young soldiers the sacredness of their duty, and the enormity of the crime they commit when they forsake their flag for a woman.

Write to him on the supposition that he will go to Milan. Tell him I have been a father to him, that his duty to me is sacred, and that the only chance of salvation remaining to him is to obey my instructions. Speak to his sisters, so that they may write to him too. For, once I have pronounced sentence upon him, I shall be inflexible, and his life will be blasted for ever."

In the face of this determination to wreck his marriage, Jerome found that he was not after all the tower of strength he had imagined himself before facing Napoleon for that memorable interview. All the high hopes he had cherished on the road from Lisbon wilted before the blast of his brother's venom. He was subjected to a tongue lashing that took the stiffening out of his resolution to cling and cleave to Betsey. He left the presence of the Emperor shaking and agitated, as a man who had been flayed with many whips. Gone was his assurance that all would be well—gone his independence of spirit and the bright hopes that one sight of Betsey's radiance would thaw the ice of Imperial wrath. So far from being able to appeal to the Emperor in her beautiful person, the girl whose state of health entitled her to every care and tenderness was being driven across the sea away from her husband's side. Jerome was a young man sadly in need of discipline. He got it now with a vigour that bruised him body and

soul. He loved Betsey. His duty to her and his unborn child tore at his heart though he had hitherto had no interest beyond himself.

That he suffered there can be no doubt. He was not in his relations with Betsey the old Jerome who had loved lightly many times and as lightly ridden away. On the way from Lisbon he had met the Junots, who had been greatly surprised to find him so much changed for the better. His visit to America had, they said, improved him beyond recognition. His obvious devotion to his young wife, his genuine anxiety to save her any pain had impressed them deeply.

It had been easy to enlist the sympathy of the Junots. Laura was an old friend, and Junot had long been an ardent admirer of Pauline's. Jerome had showed them with pride a miniature of Betsey he carried close to his heart, and they had commented at once on the amazing likeness between the Princess Borghese and the Baltimore bride. It was good to hear a young man who had come near to being spoilt in Josephine's immediate entourage glowing about the woman he had married—boasting proudly that no power on earth would ever induce him to forsake her. The Junots, who knew better than he the intensity of Napoleon's wrath on the subject, had been dubious about his ability to play the heroic part he was allotting to himself, but they were touched with his sincerity and his enthusiasm.

"I will never yield," he had declared. "Strong in the justice of my cause, I will do nothing which I might afterwards regret. . . ."

It was not a question of yielding. He was just trampled under foot. Napoleon swept Betsey and her claims aside with a ruthlessness there was no with-

standing. He had his own matrimonial programme for his youngest brother—a programme which was to link the Bonapartes with royalty. No punishment could be too severe for Betsey, who had dared to come between him and his ambition. From Holland, Schimmelpinninck reported that he had done his duty and stopped the American invasion. Jerome's plans for meeting his wife in Amsterdam were circumvented. Napoleon waited for Betsey to move back to Baltimore. He waited in vain. When next he heard of her, she had added to her list of unforgivable crimes the heinous one of seeking a refuge in England.

Madame Jerome Bonaparte had been made to realize, when the *Erin* came into Amsterdam, that she was up against forces, the magnitude of which she had underestimated when she had sailed light-heartedly from Baltimore. Forbidden to land, the Patterson ship was surrounded by ominous-looking war-vessels, and it had taken all the diplomacy of the American Minister, Mr. Bourne, to secure the release of his innocent compatriots, Mrs. Anderson and Miss Spear.

On the eve of her confinement Betsey could not face another long voyage across the stormy Atlantic. All continental ports being closed to her, she turned to the only sanctuary remaining—England. Lord Hawkesbury, when appealed to, raised no objections to allowing the *Erin* to put in at Dover, and the necessary passports were sent down to Deal. That the wife of one of the terrible Bonapartes should set foot on English soil was not an event that could pass unnoticed. With Pitt's sanction, the regiments stationed in Kent turned out to protect Betsey's person, and the peace if necessary, but she was not anxious to create any commotion. She moved out of Kent with as little delay as possible, and

in due course settled herself at Camberwell, a quiet Surrey village, which had not as yet been sucked into the maw of London. There she awaited events.

Communication with Jerome was necessarily difficult. Letters sent via Bentalou were intercepted, but the news of Betsey's residence in the heart of an enemy country was noised abroad. In June, Napoleon was writing furiously to Jerome:

"Miss Patterson has been in London and caused great excitement among the English. This has only increased her guilt."

The newspapers reported occasionally on the movements of Madame Jerome Bonaparte. Had she wished, she might have been entertained in London society, for there clung about her name the roseate glow of young romance, and an injured heroine was as good as a literary lion as far as hostesses were concerned. Betsey was much too astute to jeopardise her chances with Napoleon by snatching at an easy social success in England. She remembered that she was a member of the Imperial Family of France, and she kept herself aloof, as befitted her position and her condition. The Monroes were kind and helpful. At the end of June she had a letter from Jerome from Geneva sent by the hand of the Marchioness of Donegal. On July 8th *The Times* announced the birth of the founder of the American Bonapartes. It had a paragraph to itself in the social column:

"MADAME JEROME BONAPARTE

"Madame Jerome Bonaparte was yesterday safely delivered of a son at her residence in Park Lane, Camberwell. Mr. Aveline was the accoucheur."

THE BONAPARTES IN THE NEW WORLD

The formalities at Park Place had a Napoleonic flavour. There was a formal *Acte de Naissance* and if the Arch-Chancellor was not there to witness the birth of this latest and least of the Imperial family, the Patterson suite recorded the great event with all the solemnity possible.

“Those present have been directed to certify that Madame Jerome Bonaparte, whose signature is affixed, has been happily delivered of a healthy male child, in Camberwell, in the County of Surrey in the Realm of Great Britain, on the 7th July, 1805. In witness whereof those present at the said birth have signed.

ELIZABETH BONAPARTE

CHARLES AVELINE (*Accoucheur*)

HAN HORIC

ELISA ANDERSON

ELIZABETH ORTON

CHARLOTTE CROUCH (*Servant, X her mark*)

All certified by BENJAMIN LANE, *Public Registrar*, who has attached his seal. *Quod attestor.* 22nd July, 1805.

A son bearing the name of Bonaparte ought to have been a trump card for Betsey to play against Napoleon, who demanded children and more children from his relatives that his position as Emperor might be consolidated by their future alliances, but for once it failed. Betsey had clashed swords with Napoleon by taking her stand by the justice of her cause. In the battle between them one party or the other must give way. Napoleon was not likely to swerve from his ruling that the marriage was void. Betsey had no intention of swerving from hers that it was valid. She was Jerome's wife and the mother of his legitimate son. Napoleon set himself to prove to her and to the world that she was but Jerome's mistress and the mother of his bastard.

Having published as widely as he could the fact that the marriage was illegal according to the laws of France, he approached the Pope with a golden crown, and recorded in a letter full of concern for the interest of his Holy Mother, the Church, some details about his younger brother's lamentable entanglement with an American Presbyterian. The fact that some ill-advised, ignorant Spanish priest had performed a sort of ceremony was rather unfortunate, but His Holiness would doubtless in the interests of the Holy Catholic Faith set in motion the necessary formalities for undoing the mischief as expeditiously as possible—it was hardly necessary to appeal to Rome indeed since the Gallican Church did not recognize such a marriage. He pointed out that it would look better if the decree came from the Vatican—it would be such a useful lesson for the Protestant princelings of Europe. The alleged marriage had been celebrated when Jerome had hardly had a month's residence in the United States and was, of course, impossible from the legal as well as the ecclesiastic viewpoint.

What the letter left unsaid the jewelled diadem said eloquently enough—so eloquently that it gave the lie to the fulsome epistle and drew attention to the many misstatements folded away in its fluent phrases. The marriage, so far from being the hole-and-corner indiscretion of an ignorant Spanish priest, had been performed by the Bishop of Baltimore. It was in no sense the sort of ceremony which could be cancelled by a stroke of the Papal pen. Even Jerome's length of residence in the States had been misrepresented. He had been there five months.

The Pope reported in due course to his Imperial Majesty. There was not alas in the marriage-tie be-

tween Betsey and Jerome a single weak link which could be broken. It was true the Church disapproved of mixed marriages—deplored them, indeed, but disapprobation alone could not invalidate a solemn contract. His Holiness was very sorry to disappoint the Emperor, but the marriage was valid and indissoluble. The golden diadem had failed to lure the Papal fish into the Imperial net—and Napoleon took it back some years later, when he imprisoned Pius. Meanwhile he did not allow the verdict of the Vatican to deflect him from the path he wished to pursue. Come what might, he was resolved to break Betsey's marriage, so that his brother might be free to take a royal bride.

Jerome wrote anxiously and lovingly to Betsey, but he was young and temperamentally unable to resist the pleasant things of life. There were distractions in Genoa—women, who, if they were not as lovely as Betsey, were ready enough to while away a gay hour or two with the youngest of the Bonapartes. In the bright glitter of the Empire, with its promise of dazzling prizes for the dutiful and obedient, the image of Betsey, far away beyond the shining radius of the Court circle, grew a little dim. After months of the society of stolid American merchants, there was a glamour about the company of the Kings and Queens and Grand-duchesses of his brother's making, and the reflection that, had he been less precipitate in his wooing, he, too, might wear a crown on his foolish young head made him pause prudently before transgressing the laws of the Emperor again.

And so the months rolled by, while Betsey waited in England for a summons to her husband's side. In August she was anxious but not despairing, for since Jerome's meeting with Napoleon he had not written to her. The non-arrival of a letter was not in itself

evidence of anything except the uncertainty of the post in a foreign country, but the absence of news made her position difficult. When the baby was five weeks old, Mrs. Anderson, her companion, grew restive and expressed a wish to return to Baltimore. She sailed in the *Robert*, but Betsey, with Miss Spear, remained at Camberwell. She felt strongly that to return to the United States would be a hauling down of the flag. Doubts were dimming her bright certainty of Jerome's fidelity, but as she wrote to her father she would not condemn him until she had proof that he meant to forsake her. She heard from Genoa from a Dr. Garnier, who had been Jerome's doctor in America, that her husband's most urgent wish was that she should return to her people, since her presence in England could only give offence to the Emperor. Betsey, who knew instinctively that if she crossed the Atlantic, she would lose ground she could never regain, was reluctant to accept this advice. Also she doubted Garnier's sincerity. Napoleon had put forward a tentative proposal to pension her off with \$12,000 a year on condition she returned to America and dropped the name of Bonaparte. She ignored the offer.

When at last Jerome wrote, his letters were full of assurances of his love and undying affection. Life, he told her, had no meaning without her. Nothing would induce him to give her up. He sent messages of love and affection to his small son, Jerome Napoleon Patterson Bonaparte. . . .

"I love my country—I love glory, but I love them as a man who, accustomed to fear nothing, never forgets that he is the father of Jerome Napoleon, and the husband of his *Chère Elise*. I embrace you as I love you, and I love you as my life."

In October, however, he wrote and confirmed the message he had sent via Dr. Garnier. It was his earnest wish that she should go back to America and there await events. He would never, never forsake her. Of that she could rest assured. If he had not the certainty that he would one day rejoin his adored Elise, he would cease to live. At the same time, she was accomplishing nothing by staying in England, and it would be better for them all if she returned to Baltimore.

"If you go back to the United States as I wish," he wrote, "these are my orders, that you stay in your house and that you keep four horses and that you live in a *convenable* style. Tell your father I regard him as my own. You must not, however, if the Emperor offers you money, refuse it. It would irritate him, and I should suffer by the refusal. I am full of hope. Rest assured, my dearest, that I work only and suffer only for you and my son. Let people say what they will. Adieu, Elise. A thousand embraces. . . ."

In the face of these definite instructions, Betsey abandoned her intention of spending the winter in England, though she would have preferred it to going back to Baltimore in a position which was intolerable to her proud spirit. In Camberwell people respected her privacy. No one asked curious, probing questions; but in the home town where her marriage had made such a stir her name would be on everyone's lips. What was happening? Was she going to be a Princess? Was it true that Napoleon had threatened to annul her marriage? Had she heard the latest news from France?

She knew just what it would be like; her father bristling and businesslike, reminding her that he had never approved of the match, her mother, worried and fretful, enquiring why she had not let them know

Napoleon had said the marriage was void; General Smith disgruntled and critical because the alliance had not brought him the diplomatic post in Europe for which he longed. But she faced it all at Jerome's bidding. Already in December, though she was unaware of the fact, Napoleon was writing to his brother Joseph a letter which showed which way the wind was blowing:

“MY BROTHER,—I have demanded the hand of the Princess Augusta, the daughter of the Elector of Bavaria, who is a very pretty person, for Eugène Beauharnais. The marriage is settled. I have demanded the hand of another Princess for Jerome. As you have seen him lately, let me know if I can count upon that young man to do as I wish. I have also arranged a plan of marriage for your eldest daughter with a little prince who will one day be a great prince, but we shall have time to talk this over. NAPOLEON.”

Joseph's eldest daughter, Zénaïde, was just four, and the little prince who would one day be a great prince was a year younger. This premature betrothal was shattered by the death of the boy—Charles Napoleon, the eldest son of King Louis of Holland and Queen Hortense—in 1807.

Meanwhile Betsey and her baby—who in the years to come was also to be a suitor for one of King Joseph's daughters—came back to her father's house in Baltimore in December after a weary four weeks' crossing. From France came the news that Jerome was a Prince of the Empire, but there came no word that his *chère Elise* was an Imperial Princess. It was rumoured that he had been raised to the rank of Admiral. Why? . . . Even Betsey could not be unaware that his naval record was a sorry one, and that the reward could not be the acknowledgment of his desertion of his ship. In her

secret soul she knew that these signs of favour meant but one thing: Jerome had grovelled at the feet of the Emperor; for all his fine and flowing speeches, he had thrown her to the wolves, who would tear her marriage to pieces.

She did not admit, even to herself, that this terrible thing could have come to pass. Her desire to be a Princess was almost as urgent now as her wish to be reunited with her husband. Months of anxiety and doubt and separation had dimmed her love, and what she wanted from him now was not so much tenderness and caresses as the crown he could place on her proud, dark head, and the title which would show the *bourgeoisie* of Baltimore that she was the sister of an Emperor. Foolish dreams, but at two and twenty few are wise, and Betsey was the daughter of a self-made merchant and had the mental limitations of her early environment. She knew that none of the women in the Bonaparte circle had her beauty or her charm or her dignity—none of them, indeed, had her unsullied reputation. In the matter of birth they were all more or less drawn from unaristocratic strata of society. Julie Clary, who was Joseph's queen, was a wine merchant's daughter from Marseilles. Christine Boyer had been of humble origin. Murat was the son of a nobody, but that did not prevent him from being made Grand Duke of Berg. Josephine herself had been the mistress of Barras.

From which ever angle Betsey looked at it, she was being treated unjustly, but a curious kink in her make-up prevented her from railing at Napoleon himself. He was Emperor, and with his foolish ambitions she had a sneaking sympathy. In his place she would, she knew, have behaved as he had behaved. His ruthlessness compelled her reluctant admiration.

They had much in common, Napoleon and William Patterson's daughter. It was a pity that he denied her admittance to his family, for her strength of character would have helped to balance Jerome's moral weakness. Had he remained tied to her, the story of Westphalia and the subsequent history of its King might have been written differently, but the shattering of his marriage threw a weak young man anchorless back upon the sea of sensuality. Faced with the folly of following the light of his youthful ideals, he became frivolous and hard. If Paris was worth a mass to Henry IV, Westphalia seemed to Jerome worth the breaking of his marriage vows and the mating with a plump German princess some years his senior. There were other women in the world who could give him the delights which would balance what he had lost.

In October 1806 the Gallican Church finally annulled Betsey's marriage. Jerome, writing to her less frequently but still lovingly enough, heard unmoved of the matrimonial plans which were coming to a head on his behalf. Princess Augusta was drawn in the matrimonial lottery for Eugène. A Würtemberger Princess fell to Jerome. He did not set eyes on her till the wedding-day, but what did it matter—what did anything matter? At three-and-twenty he was a King and related via the Royal Family of Würtemberg to the Czar of Russia himself. The memory of the worthy and hospitable merchants faded out of his consciousness. He was more sophisticated now. But Betsey he could never forget—Betsey he did not want to forget. How could he but remember her on his wedding-day when he set eyes on the wife they had chosen for him—a dowdy, rather kindly-faced woman of twenty-six with red, shining features and clumsy, unco-ordinated move-

ments? Her clothes were four years out of date. Among the fine Parisian ladies she looked a sight, and Jerome had always been sensitive to clothes. But she was a princess. Napoleon beamed on her while he showered upon her gifts of jewels and silver and gold.

It was a little unfortunate perhaps that Jerome had his first meeting with his Royal bride under the cynical eyes of Madame Junot, who had not forgotten the glowing lovely Betsey of the miniature and his passionate vow that he would never forsake her. She left on record a biting portrait of Catherine as she appeared in the eyes of France on the day when Jerome took her to wife, and she painted with a faithful pen the lovely Elizabeth who was left forsaken in Baltimore that Bonaparte ambition might be gratified. Jerome, she said, looked like a man under sentence of death. There was about him nothing of the joyous bridegroom. How could there be?

When he thought of Betsey, however, he was not so foolish as to worry about the quality of the marriage service which had linked them together. He had ceased to care whether she was acknowledged as his wife or not, but when he came into his Kingdom he would make it up to her. He could make her a Princess—and if she came to Westphalia he could still be her lover. He could provide for their son. He knew Betsey well enough to know how she would thrill to the prospect of a title, though he underestimated the stubborn quality of her pride.

It was not in the nature of things that Catherine could expect from her young husband anything more than lip service to the vows he pledged her in the presence of a splendid court, though she was to be to him a loving and faithful wife whose devotion never

failed him in triumph or defeat. The gorgeousness of the wedding festivities, the gallery of Dukes and duchesses who witnessed the ceremony were a sop to his vanity. There was nothing about it that bore any resemblance to the homely festivities in the Patterson's house in Baltimore four years earlier, where the bride had worn a simple muslin frock and the guests had been plain folk enough. Ranged about the altar were the Bonaparte Princes and Princesses, and the nobles of the Empire. All the family were there, dressed in gleaming silks and shimmering brocades—all except Lucien, who had not been lured from Alexandrine's side by the promise of wealth or title or Imperial favour.

But Jerome was of weaker clay. Breeched in satin and cloaked in velvet and ermine, he accepted Catherine for better or worse. Bitter as the pill was, the heavy sugar of Westphalia made it palatable. The demand for her hand had gone to Stuttgart on the 1st of August. On the 12th she was his.

Across the seas came the news of Jerome's royal marriage, and now everyone knew that Betsey Patterson had been forsaken. The humiliation of defeat, the slur upon herself, and her son, and the finality of the blow to her own ambition killed the spark of youth and gaiety in her breast. The mists of illusion were swept from her eyes. Her tenderness was flayed into toughness by the crude blows of Fate, and where once there had been softness and sweetness there were now only hardness and a fierce determination never to submit to the injustice that had been forced upon her, and a wild, flaming ambition to win for her son the rights of which he had been so unjustly and unfairly cheated.

CHAPTER V

BALTIMORE—and the clacking of the neighbours' pitying tongues. . . . Betsey would have preferred the torture chamber to the decree which flung her back to the obscurity of the plebeian American town in which she had been born, when her soul was thirsty for the grandeur of a court. The cold grey waters of the Atlantic which girdled the harbour where her father's ships lay at anchor separated her now from everything on which she had set her heart. Not alone was she parted from her husband, but she was placed for ever beyond the pale of greatness.

Across Europe crowns were being tossed from one Bonaparte head to another. Jerome was a king, strutting upon the stage of Westphalia, and Betsey, who would have made such an incomparable queen, was cast instead for the *rôle* of forsaken mistress. After all her triumphs—after the wonderful wedding which had thrilled America—she was reduced to nothingness. The fact that the Bishop of Baltimore himself had officiated at the ceremony that had linked her to Jerome had not saved her marriage from disruption.

What comfort could she derive from the knowledge that the Pope upheld the indissolubility of their union, or the reflection that in the eyes of God and the citizens of the United States she was Jerome Bonaparte's lawful wife and the King of Würtemberg's daughter a harlot? All that mattered to Betsey, who had spoken

the truth when she told Serrurier that Madame Bonaparte was ambitious, was that in the eyes of Napoleon she was, and always had been, Miss Elizabeth Patterson, whose relations with his young naval brother differed not at all from his relations with countless other young ladies in the various ports of Europe, and the West Indies.

Humiliation and defeat are bitter diet at two and twenty, when youth demands as a right the sweet things of life. The brutality of the blow to her pride and dignity bruised Betsey's soul. It galled her to see Jerome for what he was, weak, self-indulgent, and craven—a young man who had abandoned his wife and child without a pang at the bidding of the brother who could reward such treachery with a crown. The flame of her love for him was smothered, but the flame of her ambition leapt skywards, burning all the more fiercely because she had no other outlet for her tremendous energy.

She had lost Jerome irrevocably. She knew that. There was no use setting her heart on ever winning him back to be her husband, and it seemed to her, as she saw him now with disillusioned eyes, that he was hardly a prize worth fighting for. But the title of Imperial Prince and the legitimacy of her son were quite another matter. She was prepared to battle for them till death, and she entered the lists as a girl of twenty-two. Never in the course of the seventy-two years that followed did she lower her flag or admit defeat. She came near to victory many times in her eventful life. Long after the first Empire, that now seemed immortal, had crumbled to dust—long after Napoleon's troubled, colossal career had ended on St. Helena, she was still fighting for the birthright of her

child. She was to outlive all her husband's family and to see a Second Empire go the way of the First, submerged under a tidal wave of Republican enthusiasm.

The very vigour with which she carried on her combat for justice and the recognition of her son's legitimacy hardened her inevitably as prolonged physical combat hardens the muscles of a boxer's body. The acid of thwarted ambition and outraged pride corroded her young soul. She was magnetized by the bright glare of social success. Time made of the joyous girl who had married Jerome a cold, cynical woman, of whom it was to be said that if she could "charm with her eyes, she could slay with her tongue."

For Napoleon, in spite of the way he had treated her, Betsey had only a grudging admiration. Ambitious herself, she paid tribute to his super-ambition. In his place she would have behaved with equal arrogance and have forced a younger brother to marry to consolidate rank and power. It was Jerome she could not forgive—Jerome, who had written adoringly while he was betraying her—Jerome, who had vowed nothing would induce him to leave her, while he accepted the rank which was the reward for his renunciation—Jerome, who had lifted her to the heights of worldly success and stood aside without making a move while his mighty brother flung her down into the depths.

In after years she admitted that the thing which killed her youth was the sentence which banished her to Baltimore.

"The Emperor hurled me back to what I hated most on earth—my Baltimore obscurity. Even that shock could not destroy the admiration I felt for his genius and his glory. I have ever been an Imperial Bonaparte *quand même*."



MISS PATTERSON

ELIZABETH PATTERSON BONAPARTE

It was all very well to feel an Imperial Bonaparte, but she had to live in South Street with a father who had no use for this particular type of heroine. He reminded her dourly that her headstrong folly in insisting on marrying her Frenchman had brought disgrace upon his family. He had opposed the match, and he had been right. Jerome had been nothing but a fop and a wastrel, and, for all the solemn promises to which he had inscribed his name on their wedding contract, he had done nothing for her or for his son. Betsey chafed under the lash of the parental tongue. There was nothing they could tell her about Jerome and his weakness and his treachery that her own heart had not told her long ago. There were times when she felt that only death could release her from the intolerable burden of her humiliation, but something stronger than herself prevented her seeking this way out with her own hand. She lacked the courage for the fatal step, and there were occasions when she despised herself for it.

“My cowardice and only my cowardice prevented my exchanging Baltimore for the grave,” she confessed afterwards.

She tried to screw up enough pluck to commit suicide, but her nerve failed her when it came to the point.

The atmosphere at home was alienating. Her brief stay in England had unsettled her for ever for America, and the thought that she must spend her life there was a terrible one. But though she realized that she had had her hour as Jerome's wife, she could not and would not accept the inevitable with regard to her child's legitimacy.

It was balm to her to go to Washington and to be received as Madame Bonaparte, a member of the family who would not own her, but at home William Patterson was for ever reminding her of her folly. They

differed furiously about the future. Patterson, who had the prettiest daughter in Maryland, was all for her marrying again and wiping out the dubious slur of the past with a decent marriage settlement with some young man from Baltimore. But Betsey could not forget that she had been the wife of one who was now a king, and to fling her demi-Royal person away on some Maryland merchant prince was unthinkable. She clung tenaciously to the name of Bonaparte—it was the key with which she meant to unlock the golden gates to European society one day.

Meanwhile there passed between Washington and Paris a certain amount of correspondence relative to a proper provision for her and her child. Betsey had already refused an offer of a pension of 12,000 dollars a year for life. . . . In due course, however, the price was raised and she reconsidered her decision.

Jerome wrote occasionally. She replied, giving him news of their child. She sent him a portrait of the baby, and the paternal pulse in him was stirred. Lecamus appeared in Baltimore in 1808 to ask Betsey to send her son to Westphalia. Not unnaturally she refused. From Washington Thureau reported to France that there was a rumour that she was going to marry an Englishman—the son of Admiral Sir Thomas Graves—a rumour which she, however, denied indignantly. Napoleon signified his willingness to make any provision she considered reasonable, adding that he would himself adopt her child with pleasure and bring him up.

Lecamus interviewed Mr. Patterson with a view to obtaining possession of the boy for Jerome, but when he went back to Westphalia he had to report that neither Betsey nor her family would hear of parting with him. In a letter written in the name of little Jerome Napoleon

Patterson, the child informed his father that he could not break the heart of his mamma by leaving her.

The rumour that Betsey was contemplating marriage agitated Jerome unreasonably. The name of the British Secretary at the Legation in Washington was next coupled with hers. It was said that old Patterson was trying to force her into the union. Betsey, however, informed Thureau that she was not contemplating anything of the kind, adding firmly that "she placed herself entirely at the disposition of the French Government."

Napoleon's offer to adopt her son was, Betsey felt, a step in the right direction, but when Jerome heard of it he was angry. He wrote in considerable agitation, using the extravagant language the value of which she was well able to gauge, that the idea of his son being handed over to Napoleon was intolerable to his paternal heart. He would rather lose his States and his life than have the boy in other hands than his own. . . . He went further, for he offered his *chère Elise* an estate at Smackalden near Cassel, and a Princely title for herself and her son with an income of two hundred thousand francs.

On the surface it looked as if Betsey had everything she had ever schemed for. She might shed the dust of Baltimore from her feet and cut a figure in European society as the Princess of Smackalden. If mere worldly success were the pinnacle of her ambition, she could hardly expect to do better. But Betsey weighed the matter carefully and with some of old Patterson's shrewdness. The title was dazzling and the prospect of being a Princess alluring, but the right to bear the name of Bonaparte was the issue about which she cared most. Madame Bonaparte was a member of the imperial family. The Princess of Smackalden might be anybody. She rejected the offer with scorn.

"The Kingdom of Westphalia," she said dryly, "is not large enough to contain two queens."

Napoleon was interested in spite of himself when he heard of this retort, especially as Betsey's letter to him was couched in very different language. She was deeply flattered and honoured, she said, by the Emperor's kind proposal to take her boy, but he was rather young as yet to be torn from his mother's side. She would have to bring him over herself to Europe and she would, of course, accept any domicile suggested by the Emperor. If there were no objection she would like to live in Paris. She played her cards with some skill, for she signed the letter "*Elisa née Patterson*", politically suppressing the surname Bonaparte, while suggesting by the use of the word "*née*" that she was definitely not "*Miss Patterson*" now. They were well matched, Napoleon and Betsey. Had they ever met, she might have had her way with him. Her pertinacity and shrewdness allied to her remarkable beauty would have broken down the barriers of his hostility. Now that she had established personal diplomatic relations with the Emperor, she decided to have her son baptized in the faith of his fathers—a faith for which Mr. Patterson had as much use as the average Ulsterman.

The Bishop of Baltimore, who had married her, christened the four-year-old boy on the 9th May, 1809. The baptismal record described him as Jerome Napoleon Patterson Bonaparte, the legitimate son of Jerome Bonaparte and Elizabeth Patterson, his wife.

According to the formal certificate the sponsors were the Rev. John Carroll and Mary Caton, who signed the register, while other witnesses to the ceremony included the Rev. Mr. Beaton, Rector of St. Peter's;

Elizabeth Caton, Elizabeth Bonaparte, William Patterson, Louisa Caton, and Margharita Patterson. In a French Court of Law years later an advocate pleading the rights of the American Bonapartes, pointed out that young Jerome Napoleon Patterson Bonaparte had been christened in the presence of three English Peeresses, but they did not realize this interesting fact in Baltimore in 1809. The Caton girls were, however, to be the first of the American poachers on the marriage market of the aristocracy of England.

Their uncle, the Bishop, had a connection with the old Catholic families, and their grandfather, Charles Carroll, was one of the richest men in America. Elizabeth Caton, by a curious chance—or was it so curious, considering Bishop Carroll's interest in the mysterious James Ord who had now joined the Jesuit College at Georgetown—was to enter a family directly connected with Mrs. Fitzherbert and the Prince Regent, when she married Lord Stafford. Mary Anne Smythe, who was one of Mrs. Fitzherbert's adopted nieces, became the wife of the Hon. Edward Stafford Jerningham, the brother of Lord Stafford, but though described in the Peerage as the daughter of John Smythe, there were those who said Mrs. Fitzherbert's brother John had never had any children.

Mary Caton was at the time of young Jerome Napoleon Patterson Bonaparte's christening engaged to Betsey's brother, Robert. She married him shortly afterwards. Her second husband was the Marquess of Wellesley. Louisa became the Duchess of Leeds.

Having launched her son on the road to Rome, Betsey dropped his many grand names and called him Bo, a name which presumably was unassociated with tramps a hundred years ago. She returned to her

negotiations with Napoleon, whose offer of financial assistance did not quite come up to Jerome's, but this was unimportant. Betsey wanted only to be acknowledged by Napoleon, and, having quite recovered from her early passion for Jerome, she accepted it.

The explanation she gave for taking a pension from Napoleon and refusing the provision Jerome would have made for her was that she thought it more satisfactory "to be protected under the wing of an Eagle than suspended from the bill of a goose." After that she ruled Jerome out of the scheme of things and concentrated on the Emperor.

Progress was slow enough, for Napoleon was much beset by wars in Europe. In 1810 Betsey had a sop to her wounded pride when she found that she shared her fate with the Empress Josephine herself. If Napoleon could divorce the woman who had shared his throne for so many years for reasons purely political, was it to be wondered at that he had rejected Betsey? She admired him more than ever. In 1811 she spent a season at Washington. Serrurier, whom she had last met at Lisbon, had replaced Thureau there. Jerome began to wonder about her and wrote enquiring for her and for his son. But Betsey had finished with him. Henceforward she would deal only with the Emperor or his agent. Whether Jerome's attempt to communicate with her again had anything to do with her decision or not is uncertain, but in the following year she decided on a bold step. Having combated the legality of the divorce which severed her from Jerome, she now decided to cut the tie with the shears of the American laws, applying to the Courts of Maryland for the dissolution of her marriage. This made a difference to her position with regard to inheriting

property in America, and eliminated any risk of Jerome's claiming her fortune if she pre-deceased him.

She still drew her pension from Napoleon, and bowing her head signed the receipts "Elizabeth Patterson." She saw the day approaching when the education of her son would be the greatest problem of her life. Only the best Europe could provide would be good enough for Bo. While she clung tenaciously to the name of Bonaparte the gates of Europe were closed against her. As "Miss Patterson" she might slip through the barriers into Paris. There were schools there which Baltimore could not touch, and, once in France, who could tell what might happen?

William Patterson opposed her plans for her son as he had opposed the plans for her marriage. The serenity of the domestic atmosphere was disturbed with the thunderous clouds of his disapprobation. Betsey was obstinate—her life was centred about Bo, and her ambition for him was limitless. She was obsessed with the idea of making up to him for what he had lost—of forcing the family of Bonaparte to accept as one of themselves the child they had tried to bastardize. But her father was a man of little patience with such imperial dreams. The Bonaparte business was over and done with, and a bad business enough it had been for Betsey. Baltimore was the hub of his universe. That his daughter should sneer at it and want to go wandering off to France to join the family who had reviled her outraged his sense of the fit and decent. Quarrels and bitterness could not sway Betsey from any course of action on which she had set her heart, but the constant fratch at home and the humiliation of being pitied by friends abroad ate into her soul. At five and twenty,

she was a woman with a grievance against the world, and the troubles of her mind battering on her nerves. She began to develop headaches and rheumatic pains and all the other symptoms with which Nature releases through the body the stress and strain too great for an overcharged nervous system.

Restless and unhappy, she had no sympathy at home. The sympathy of those abroad she did not want. She was too proud to take pleasure in being pitied where she had been envied. Her ill-health was a trouble she could discuss, even if her father did not believe in it. Like a caged bird she longed for freedom and flight from an atmosphere that grew more and more oppressive. When her mother and only sister died, it looked for a little as if she were trapped for life. Her place was at home looking after the men-folk, her father told her austerely, while her soul rebelled at the thought that she must be chained for ever in Baltimore, the housekeeper of her merchant father when she knew that if she had had her rights she would have been a Queen. Nature aided her in her struggle to escape the meshes that seemed to close about her. More and more a prey to ill-health, kind friends urged her to take a change of air. Why not a sea-voyage? Was there no hope she could go to Europe?

They were unaware in Baltimore that Napoleon's star was setting. The fall of the Empire came as a death-blow to Betsey's brightest hopes. Napoleon the invincible had been beaten at last. He was captive on the island of Elba. All the heads he had crowned were crownless. The Bonapartes were no longer the Lord's Anointed. Came the dramatic escape from Elba, the stirring interlude of the Hundred Days and then Waterloo, and Napoleon's Empire was at an end for all time.

Betsey's dreams of a conquest of European society ought to have died, but they were too deeply rooted in her heart. For the first time since her marriage, the gates of France were open to her and she could not resist the temptation of crossing the Atlantic and setting her foot on the soil the Bonapartes had trod so haughtily.

Despite bitter parental opposition she had her own way. She sent her boy to school at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmettsburg, and after an interval of ten years she crossed the ocean again, making the voyage this time in one of the great sailing-vessels that plied between America and England. A young man named Samuel Cunard was negotiating with the British Government for the contract to carry mails between Halifax, Boston, and Bermuda and concentrating on creating a Transatlantic fleet which would one day drive the haphazard ships of the period off the face of the ocean.

Instead of going straight to France, Betsey decided to visit the then fashionable spa at Cheltenham.

Her picturesque story secured her a sympathetic audience everywhere. She was made aware of the fact that she was a very beautiful woman by the attention she attracted wherever she went. Adulation went to her head like a divine draught. Accepted by society almost without making an effort, she was quick to learn how to do the correct thing in the correct way and to shed any of the Baltimore provincialisms which clung to her. She found that the best people did not live in lodgings. She left hers and moved at once into a house, establishing herself next door to Sir Arthur and Lady Brooke Falkener who took her under their wings. She enjoyed her ill-health and revelled in the swift sympathy of her new friends. She wrote to her father of her symptoms. He replied that if she chose to imagine herself ill he

did not believe a word of it. He was so ill-advised as to write to his London agent, Mr. McElhinney, mentioning this new whim of his troublesome daughter's. Mr. McElhinney quoted the letter to American friends, and it came back to Betsey's ears. She wrote furiously and at considerable length to her father to tell him what she thought of his outrageous disloyalty to his own child.

"My misfortune and my declining state of health have excited more interest here than in my own country and have been a passport to the favour of the great. My talents and manners are likely to preserve their good opinion. What you have written of me to Europe will have very bad effects. Either people will wonder that you do not want my health restored or they will consider me a hypocrite and a disobedient child who has bribed medical men to say my life is in danger. There is likewise another effect likely to result from your writing such things of me, which is this. Everyone who knows me has heard that your wealth is enormous, and consequently they think I shall have a large fortune from you. In Europe a handsome woman who is likely to have a fortune may marry well. But if it gets about that her parents are dissatisfied with her they will think she will get nothing by them, and if she has the beauty of Venus and the talents of Minerva no one will marry her. People here are not such fools as to marry poor beauties, however they may admire them."

These were not the sort of sentiments likely to heal the breach between her and her father. She begged him, however unkindly he thought of her, not to do her the injustice of writing critically about her to Europe, as the reputation of his wealth gave her a certain kudos which she valued. She dwelt long on her social

triumphs and flung the names of her new titled friends across the pages blatantly. She was dining with Sir Arthur and Lady Brooke Falkener. She was going to a ball at Lady Condague's. She was going on to another at General Trivin's, which did not sound in the least like a good cure for the chronic disease of the liver with which she assured her father she was afflicted. She warned him against breathing her name to his low friend, Mr. McElhinney.

"Everything you write he will tell, to give himself a consequence in being connected with us. In this country distinctions in society are so much attended to that connections with people who are not known, however honest and respectable they may be, are not tolerated."

No wonder William Patterson felt that Europe was turning his daughter's head.

It was balm to the pride which had been bruised and battered for ten years to be received in Cheltenham as a great lady—to be taken up and chaperoned by Lady Falkener—to hear men rave about her beauty and laugh uproariously at her ready wit. At twenty-nine she was *passée* in Baltimore—at Cheltenham she was in the flower of her youth. The term "old" seemed nonexistent in England, she wrote. Women of mature age were more sought after than chits of sixteen. The only blot on her real happiness was the scarcity of American friends to witness her superb triumphs.

When her almost arrogant letters came back to Baltimore, they animated in William Patterson's breast all sorts of anxieties. He feared greatly that the high society into which she had taken her restless plunge would undermine her morals and lure her down strange paths of vice and folly. She was quick to reassure him.

There was no danger of her ever committing the smallest indiscretion. She would take no short cuts down primrose paths to the society of the great. "Circumspect action alone can preserve those distinctions for which I sighed during ten years," she wrote.

The pleasures of the flesh had little allure for Betsey. The stars by which she had set her course were rank and social success, and she knew enough of society to be aware that the position she sought could only be maintained if her name were unsullied by any scandal which might lend colour to the story that she had been but Jerome's mistress. She was not by temperament a passionate woman, though her beauty could bewitch and beglamour men, and she loved to coquet. She could have married had she chosen, but she was not built that way. She had had her hour as Jerome Bonaparte's wife, and the memory of that hour and the price she had paid for it robbed her of any illusion about the male sex. Her brief experience of married life, and her ten years anguished sighing for the unattainable Imperial moon had left their sad mark upon her. They had distorted her vision of the things that mattered and warped her judgment. She was now little more than a vulgar snob let loose on European society—a social climber determined to scale the ladder to the rung from which the Bonapartes dangled their legs. She had lived so long in Baltimore, inflating her own prestige to a family unappreciative about it, that she could declare unashamedly that she was the most superb and beautiful creature who ever trod the earth. There were enough people to tell her so in Cheltenham, but when she reported these compliments to her father, his stern soul revolted at her obvious folly. He felt it was a terrible thing for a man to have a daughter who

went gallivanting off to Europe when she knew that he had no one to look after him now that her mother and sister were dead. When she wrote of the limitations of Baltimore, he was ashamed of her—ashamed of her social success and all that it implied—ashamed that she dared jeer at his home and his friends.

But in Cheltenham when she spoke of her home, Betsey bottled up her real feelings and recited the creed of all good Americans. Her country was "God's own country" and the greatest on earth.

"*Vive la patrie*," she wrote cynically to her father. "I exaggerate when I descant on its amusements, since whatever may be the great destinies which Baltimore may develop, its pleasures have not yet dawned. Patriotism induces me to draw a veil over the defects of my country, and policy as well as fashion dictate patriotic feelings."

Someone said in Downing Street, during the economic crisis of 1931, "America is a great country because every tourist who ever leaves its shores for Europe insists that it is the only country in the world—while England has to go off the gold standard mainly because every tourist who visits Europe or the United States complains that his country is going to the dogs." Whatever the feelings she expressed about Baltimore, however, in her heart of hearts Betsey hated it. Though they called it the Athens of America, it was but a Main Street of the nineteenth century, and its citizens had the mental limitations of the Middle West.

Among the visitors from Baltimore to London were cousins named Mansfield, who incurred Betsey's wrath by criticising her action in leaving her child.

"All the Americans in Europe except Mrs. Mansfield have been very civil. Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield say I

came away without informing my family, and that my poor child is in great distress. Her mother advised me to come constantly; she never ceases telling me I was a fool to stay in America, and now she has written her dear Molly that it was improper of me to come. Aunt ever was an old hypocrite, and her conduct on this occasion proves that deceit and wickedness will go with her to the other world. She was never easy till she got me married, and ever since she has been advising me to leave America. As to Mansfield, he is only afraid I will write to Baltimore a true account of his entire insignificance in London. I heard what they said of me through a very second-rate sort of person, but in fact their company and mine are very different, which is the reason they do not like to hear of my arrival."

It was not safe to come into conflict with Betsey. The happy *ménage* at the Falkeners' was broken up when a gentleman who was invited to the house to woo Lady Falkener's elderly sister cast amorous glances at the lovely American and left the lady who ought to have been the object of his admiration severely alone. Mr. Patterson wrote with bitterness that he had received his daughter's letters and as far as her request that he should keep them to himself went she could rest assured that he had never shown them to another human being. He was too ashamed that a child of his could have written them.

But Betsey had found her feet in society. Freed at last from the petty tyranny of her father's moralizing, she had found her *métier*. She knew what she wanted, and she had now a good idea of how to set about attaining it. The Falkeners were but stepping stones to higher things. Strong in the consciousness of her own

power and importance, she turned her face towards France, which had so long been closed against her, and in the winter of Waterloo she drove triumphantly into Paris, where no Bonaparte but herself dare tread. It was just ten years since she had married Jerome at Baltimore.

CHAPTER VI

THERE was a moment after Waterloo when Napoleon had thoughts of escaping to America there to eat the "bitter bread of banishment" which was the post-Empire diet of all the Bonapartes. Had he taken this step instead of the one that led to St. Helena he might have continued to play a stirring part in the history of the world. Lucien had spent some time there before settling in England a few years earlier and once Louis had applied for a passport with a view to living peacefully in Philadelphia. After the débâcle however it was Joseph who crossed the Atlantic, migrating when Betsey was trying her wings in Paris and finding her first flight into French society entirely satisfying. He arrived in New York towards the end of 1815, and all his life he was to regret his failure to persuade Napoleon to accompany him. It was the first time in the brief history of the United States that a throneless monarch sought in their Republic, a refuge from the cares of rulership, and Joseph met with a warm welcome which compensated him for the trials of the Atlantic crossing which had been made in the teeth of the British men-of-war lying in wait off the coast of France.

He had found an American brig in the Charente, where a cargo of brandy was being loaded for the States which knew not the twentieth century meaning of the word "dry," and had chartered it after seeing the last of Napoleon. It had passed in safety through the

British squadron, the voyage to New York taking about five weeks. Democratic society was agreeably excited by the news of the presence of the fugitive King of Spain in their midst. Joseph was a guest of honour everywhere. He had already a number of American friends, having come in contact with the leading diplomats of the time when negotiating the Treaty of 1800 for Napoleon.

The ex-Queen Julie did not accompany him into exile. Her health, it was assumed, would not be equal to the strain of the long ocean journey and she proposed to settle near her sister, the Crown-Princess of Sweden. Her daughters, Zénaïde and Charlotte, remained with her but they visited their father in America later. Though attached to Joseph, and still quite loyal to him, Julie and he had gone their several ways for some years. The strength of what had once been a powerful link between them had been weakened long ago. She had sat beside him decorously enough on the thrones of Naples and of Spain, but in both courts Joseph had sought other women for the adventures without which no Bonaparte could support life. There had been an Italian beauty in the early days. In Spain he had found a fascinating marquesa.

Julie had stood by his side when the throne of Spain began to totter. They came close together during the last historic Hundred Days of Napoleon's Empire, but the tie between them was not strong enough to lure her across the Atlantic, and she remained permanently in Europe, under the protection of Sweden. Joseph was to visit her occasionally and to come back to her to die, but their intimate life together was over, and he did not expect her to follow him into exile. The one friend on whom he felt he could have relied to accompany

him wherever he went was Count Miot de Melito, but he had not been able to get in touch with him before making his hurried flight. The Count's son had been seriously wounded at Waterloo, and the necessity of making domestic arrangements for his comfort and care in what was for all the Bonapartists a period of acute crisis had prevented his receiving Joseph's appeal in time. He visited him several years later at Philadelphia.

Meanwhile there was some solace for the ex-King in the enthusiastic welcome he received in New York society. It decided him to settle permanently in the United States, and, taking the name of the Comte de Survilliers, he sent back to France for his library and his pictures and transferred his money to America. He lived for a little while at Manhattan on the banks of the Hudson in the State of New York. Subsequently he bought a large estate near Philadelphia which was known as Point Breeze, and in the heart of a lovely stretch of country, sheltered by woods and threaded through with the river, he built a mansion in which he established himself with a fairly large retinue, though he was to live there in comparative retirement. In this sylvan setting on the banks of the Delaware many secret but abortive plots for rescuing Napoleon were conceived, but there was a grave in St. Helena before any of them came to fruition.

As the years rolled by many of his family followed Joseph's lead and drifted across the Atlantic to the spot where he found such a haven of peace and quietude after the last stormy scenes in Spain. Among his American guests he was to number the sister-in-law of whom he had once written that "when the Head of the Family should acknowledge her" he would be her most devoted brother.

Very condescending he had been in 1804, and very cautious—but now Betsey, whom they had all flouted, was queening it in Paris, where Joseph himself dared not show his face. It was a queer turn in the wheel of fortune that flung at Jerome's discarded wife, when the Bonapartes were down, all the social success for which she had ever hungered. She plucked compliments as her divine right from the Allies who had beaten Napoleon. The Duke of Wellington was one among the many who were to extol her beauty and her wit. Tallyrand was astonished when he met the American who had not been considered good enough to enter the Imperial Family, and made an amused comparison between her regal grace and Queen Catherine's German dowdiness. Napoleon, he declared, had been mad to ignore Betsey, who was the only woman in the whole of the Bonaparte family who came within an inch of looking a queen.

Had she chosen Jerome's discarded wife could even have graced the sacred precincts of the Tuileries, for Louis XVIII expressed a wish to see her there; though why the Bourbon king should have wished to smile on a cast-off Bonaparte bride at a time when he was following Napoleon's autocratic lead about a similar marriage his own nephew had contracted in England, it is difficult to discover. He was insisting with something of the Emperor's obstinacy on the annulment of the tie between Miss Amy Brown of Maidstone and His Royal Highness the Duc de Berri.

When a refugee in England the Duke, who was the son of the Comte d'Artois, had met and fallen in love with Amy Brown. He had married her in a Catholic church in London with the knowledge of all the members of his family, and they had been very happy together.

Amy had borne him two children, daughters, and there had never been the smallest doubt about the validity of their union until the return of Louis XVIII to France had placed the Comte d'Artois and his heirs in the direct line of succession to the throne. With the sudden change in their circumstances the gentle Amy, who had been an incomparable wife to her royal husband while in exile, was considered beyond the pale of a Court. It seemed so important to secure the succession of the Crown of France to impeccable Bourbon stock, that the Duke was ordered to put aside the bourgeois English wife with whom he had lived happily for ten years, and take to himself a princess. The Duke was patriotic. The unfortunate Amy was jettisoned. She remained in England as Madame Brown, and her husband married in due course the daughter of the King of Naples. He came to a violent end in 1819, and both English and Neapolitan duchesses were widowed, but Madame Brown, like Betsey whose circumstances were so similar to her own, lived to a great age. She was ninety-three when she died two years before the American woman. Like Betsey, too, she was to see the hopes of the family into which she had married crushed to earth and her royal relatives sent into exile. She was to see the rise and fall of another Empire, and the birth of the Third Republic. She was, indeed, betrayed much more cruelly than Betsey, but she bore her no resemblance in her patient acceptance of the political situation of which she was a victim. She had no desire to shine in French society. She lived almost in retirement, but her daughters, whose legitimacy was never disputed, received titles and subsequently made brilliant marriages.

Louis XVIII was not given the pleasure of Betsey

Bonaparte's society at the Tuileries, however. Her queer, twisted admiration for Napoleon, deeply as he had wronged her, prompted her to refuse the honour of bowing in a Bourbon Court. She was in receipt of a pension from Napoleon, she said, and she was—reluctant though the family had been to acknowledge her as one of themselves—an 'Imperial Bonaparte *quand même*.' Though to be received by Louis XVIII ought by all the laws to have gratified her social ambition, she refused it as once she had refused the title of Princess of Smackalden. Louis had at one time discharged Napoleon's debt of honour to Betsey, for he paid the final instalments of her pension.

In after years she could say with truth that despite the many social triumphs of that first memorable visit to Paris the most important happening as far as she was concerned was her meeting with Lady Morgan. Sydney Owenson, who had achieved fame with her novel *The Wild Irish Girl*, had just married Sir Charles Morgan and in the spring of 1816 was visiting Paris with her husband to collect some material for the book on France on which she was engaged. She was at the time somewhere in the thirties, but just where it is not easy to ascertain. On her own statement she stood like Betsey Bonaparte upon their threshold, for she gave the date of her birth as 1785. Her biographers, having had access to the records she was careful to conceal, suggest she was some years older. Croker declared the date of her birth was much nearer 1775 than 1785.

She was an interesting woman, and her companionship and friendship were a great boon to Betsey. Irish to her finger-tips, she acclaimed as a compatriot the daughter of a Donegal man. An instant friendship

was born between them—one which, unlike most of Betsey's friendships, was never severed by the edge of her biting wit. They had much in common. They both admired Napoleon's genius and the ideals for which he had stood. They were neither of them attracted by men. They were more independent and self-sufficient than the average woman of their day. Lady Morgan was expansive and given to discussing life and its many problems with a candour unknown in Baltimore. Betsey found herself unburdening her soul of things she would have died before admitting to the world at large. They were both temperamentally mercurial—capable of soaring to the heights of good spirits and of sinking into depths of gloom and despair. Both were inclined to be neurotic.

Sydney Morgan described herself in 1810 as being “inconsiderate and indiscreet; never saved by prudence but often rescued by pride; often on the verge of error, but never passing the line. Committing myself in every way except in my own esteem—without any command over my feelings or my writings—yet full of self-possession as to action and conduct—once reaching the boundary of right even with my feet on the threshold of wrong; capable, like a *manège* horse, of turning sharply back from the post from whence I started, and, in a word—*quitte pour la peur*.”

Had Betsey penned her own portrait with honesty it would have been much the same. “I am now as I generally am, sad and miserable,” wrote Lady Morgan. . . .

“I am incorrigible, and go on tormenting myself about the things which I cannot change. . . . If I didn't I should be more happy.” wrote Betsey.

But she had found the friend for whom she had

yearned. Lady Morgan was sympathetic, easy, kind. . . . She knew everyone in Paris—she introduced Betsey to the literary lions who had drifted across the Channel—she sympathized over the rheumatic pains and over Betsey's treatment at the hands of the Bonapartes. She discussed the education of Bo with intelligence and was full of advice on the subject. Betsey, in a moment of expansiveness, gave vent to her views on the horrors Baltimore society held for a woman who had ruffled it with the great in Europe.

It was good to be admired by all in Paris, and Betsey had admiration in plenty now. Madame de Staël took an interest in the lovely American, who would have graced the Bonaparte circle. Through Lady Morgan, too, she met an Irish poet, whose visit to Washington in 1804 had brought him into contact with Jefferson just after she had married Jerome. It was said that Thomas Moore owed to Sydney Morgan the inspiration from which was born the idea of writing those Irish songs with which his name is permanently associated. She had certainly set the fashion with the ballad of Kate Kearney, written in her youth. To the fact that Moore followed it Ireland owes an incomparable collection of melodies. His friendship with the Morgans endured for many years, and in 1816 when he visited Paris he was made the bearer of a letter from Sydney to her new friend, Madame Bonaparte.

That he was prepared to like Betsey, about whose beauty and intelligence he had heard a good deal, was not surprising, but their meeting was a disappointment to both. They conversed formally but they covered no ground towards friendship. They were entirely antipathetic. Moore wrote that he had failed to make an impression on the lady from Baltimore.

He admitted her great beauty, but he complained that she was completely devoid of all sentiment. Betsey, equally disappointed, wrote explaining that "she did not take with him at all." Perhaps they compared notes about Washington and remembering that "policy as well as fashion dictates patriotic feelings," she had been obliged to defend the land she loathed, thus beginning their association on an unreal basis. Whatever the reason, they were much dissatisfied with each other. Despite their mutual liking for the Morgans, no flower of friendship ever blossomed on the tree of their acquaintance.

With other famous men Betsey made more headway. She captivated Canova. Humboldt was among those who found her society interesting. Nothing succeeds like success. Soon Betsey had a circle of friends.

When Lady Morgan returned to England, however, Betsey was desolate without her. She wrote her long newsy letters spiced with gossip, and spattered with expressions of an admiration so enthusiastic as to sound almost fulsome. She larded her correspondence with fashionable French phrases, but there was no denying the sincerity of her warm admiration for the other woman.

"Dear Lady Morgan, I have been very ill," she wrote once, "and very *triste, tout m'ennuie dans ce monde, et je ne sais pas pourquoi*, unless it is the recollection of all I have suffered. I think the best thing I can do is to return to my dear child in the spring; I love him so entirely that perhaps seeing him may render my feelings less disagreeable. I hate the *séjour* in America, and the climate destroys the little health which has been left me; but any inconveniences are more supportable than being separated from one's children. How

much more we love our children than our husbands—the latter are sometimes so selfish and cruel, and children cannot separate their mothers from their affection.”

She was torn between her duty to Bo and her social ambitions, but the maternal side pulled hardest. She returned to Baltimore during the summer. In her son she saw the instrument with which she could achieve all her dreams. That she loved the boy there is little doubt, though as the years went by her ambition for him outstripped affection. She wanted him to be a success—to take his place in the world—to remember that his father was a king. She subjected him to tedious lectures on the subject of keeping his nose to the grindstone, of hard work.

Mr. Patterson refused to allow Betsey any extra money on which to travel. If she wanted to go over to Europe she must screw together the fare by the most rigid economy, but she never swerved from her determination to give her son the best education possible and the only education of any value was a European one. He was a Bonaparte and the son of a king. He bore a great resemblance to Napoleon himself. If she died for it, he should have his chance to show his worth. It took her a couple of years to save enough to embark upon her plan of campaign, which had for its object the recognition of Bo by the Bonaparte family. It entailed removing him from Emittsburg and sending him to some good school in Europe.

From Baltimore she wrote to Lady Morgan, “I wish I could see and listen to you once more, but this, like all my desires, must be disappointed, and I am condemned to vegetate for ever in a country where I am not happy. My son is very intelligent and good and

very handsome—all these advantages add to the regret I experience at the destiny which compels me to lose life in this region of *ennui*. You have a great deal of imagination, but it can give you no idea of the mode of existence inflicted on us. The men are all merchants; and commerce, though it may fill the purse, clogs the brain; beyond their counting-houses they possess not a single idea,—they never visit except when they wish to marry. The women are all occupied in *les détails de ménage* and nursing children—these are useful occupations but do not render people agreeable to their neighbours. I am condemned to solitude, which I find less insupportable than the dull reunions which I might sometimes frequent in this city. The men, being all bent on marriage, do not attend to me, because they fancy I am not inclined to change the evils of my condition for those they could find me in another. . . .”

And then again she was back on the subject of her son.

“I wish I could return to Europe, but it is impossible—a single woman is exposed to so many disagreeable comments in a foreign country; her life, too, is so solitary, except when in public, which is not half the day; besides, I have at present only eleven hundred pounds a year to spend, which you know makes only twenty-five thousand francs—not enough to support me out of my own family, where I have nothing to spend for eating or carriages, rent, etc. I wish I could send my son to Europe; I should prefer Edinburgh, but I know no one there to whom I could entrust him. Have you a good college in Dublin? I might send my son there in two years, perhaps, as I cannot send him to France and do not wish him educated in England, where his name would not recommend him to favour.”

While she weighed the relative advantages of Edinburgh and Dublin, Betsey made it her business to look up the Comte de Survilliers, who at Philadelphia was forgetting what it had felt like to reign as King in troubled Spain. Though he had abandoned all pretence of royalty, he kept a large suite at Point Breeze, which was now a delightful estate. The house, which had a flat terrace roof overlooking the park and woods, had a marble entrance-hall and was filled with old masters and the treasures he had retrieved—or was it looted?—from his palace in Spain. He was very pleased to make the acquaintance of Betsey, who was an important person in American society. When she came to visit him he found her charming and her son a most attractive boy, a Bonaparte in appearance, quick and intelligent and obviously of a type to make a mark for himself in the world.

In 1817 Joseph Bonaparte had been offered for the third time in his life the honour of wearing a crown, and this time it was no family perquisite belonging to his great brother, but a new and altogether more adventurous one which would take him to central America. Mexico was beginning to stand out on the map of the New World as a potential realm where the Latin races might attain an ascendancy over the English-speaking States which were united under the banner of Stars and Stripes. Joseph Bonaparte had had some experience of kingship, and he had some knowledge of the Spanish people. A deputation of gentlemen came to Point Breeze to hold out tantalizing prospects of a Kingdom of Mexico to the man who had lost two thrones. He was however sufficiently aware of his own limitations in the matter of rulership to refuse to consider the question of embarking on the precarious

business of kingship now that he was close on fifty and had no Napoleon to uphold him.

He had worn two crowns already, he told his callers, while thanking them for the honour they did him, but he could take no step in the direction of a third. He said some charming things about the advantages of Republics in general, and of the particular Republic to whose hospitality he was indebted for a haven of peace and quietude in particular, and with their spokesman, Colonel Behr, the deputation retired.

It was the end of the Mexican dream as far as Joseph was concerned. It had never occupied his imagination very seriously, but for other Bonapartes it was to be reanimated in the future. The incident, unimportant as it was in 1817 when the Comte de Survilliers was living in mild state at Point Breeze, had repercussions later when a younger Bonaparte had stepped into Napoleon's shoes, and Mexico with its promise of dominions over-seas was to lure him into one of the most terrible disasters of the Second Empire. This tragic adventure, never touched Joseph. He did not live to see his nephew don the Imperial mantle, though as he was to sympathize with his dreams and his ambitions in this direction, it is possible that he sowed the first seeds of that interest in Central America which was to prove so fatal to Louis Napoleon's politics.

It was all very far removed from Betsey and her son, in whom she was pleased to see Joseph take a great interest. The Comte de Survilliers had no sons either by his wife or his mistresses. Queen Julie had borne him three daughters, two of whom survived, Zénaïde and Charlotte. As the Corsican tradition to which Madame Mère, like Napoleon, subscribed favoured intermarriages with the clan, it was generally accepted

that these girls would marry among their many male cousins bearing the name of Bonaparte.

This was a point of which Betsey never lost sight for a second. Joseph's obvious liking for Bo suggested to her mind the possibility of a future alliance which would consolidate her son's connection with the family on a basis which could never be disputed. Bo was young yet, but Betsey was far-seeing, and her ambition for him—the most dominant thing in her life. The first thing, however, was to give him the best education possible. Joseph's friendliness and his kindly interest in her proposal to take the boy to Europe, where, he assured her, his mother and sisters would be much interested to hear of her, decided her to put all thought of sending Bo to Dublin or to Edinburgh on one side. It would be wiser to bear in mind the fact that he belonged to the French Imperial family, and on this account she chose Geneva as a more suitable place in which to find him a school. It was a town above all others where the Bonapartists were strong, and the educational establishments there were reputed to be excellent and not too expensive.

In 1819 her plans were complete. Whatever it cost—Bo was to go to Europe and have his chance. He was fourteen now, and his education concerned her very seriously. Overruling her father's objections, which were violent, she left Baltimore on the 1st May, and reached Amsterdam on the 25th June. She applied to the French Chargé d'Affaires in Holland for a permit to travel through France, but this was refused. The official made ample amends for the inconvenience and expense she was obliged to incur by taking a circuitous route to her destination by explaining that her boy bore such a startling resemblance to Napoleon

that it would not be politic or prudent for him to pass through France. Betsey had to hire a private coach for the journey across the continent. It cost her seventy-five guineas.

It was pleasant to be received in Geneva as a lady of rank and importance—to be sought after by the more distinguished residents—to be entertained by Princes and Princesses after the *ennui* of Baltimore. She congratulated herself that she had not chosen Edinburgh or Dublin after all. Having settled her son in at his school, she established herself for a couple of months at a boarding-house some distance out of the town. Here she met a compatriot, John Jacob Astor, whose mission in Geneva was the same as her own. He wanted to place his son at a suitable school. He admired her very much. She was perhaps the most famous American woman of her time. When he moved on to Italy, where he was to make contact with other members of the Bonaparte family—he had come across Joseph at Point Breeze—he remembered Betsey, who was the most interesting of them all. His friendship was a milestone on the road to the goal on which she had set her heart.

The thrifty habits which Betsey was obliged to develop in order to live on in Europe with no allowances from her father bred in her in course of time a shrewdness about business matters unusual in the woman of the nineteenth century. She saved a certain amount of the pension Napoleon had allowed her, and this formed the nucleus of the little fortune she increased by careful investments and rigid economy. She was determined that her son should not be cramped for money if by any means she could lay aside a fortune for him, though she held a good education was the only sort of wealth

worth having since neither political upheavals nor disastrous investments could disperse it. She conferred anxiously with young Bo's tutors, while she burdened the boy himself with strictures on the necessity for applying himself diligently to his work. His intellectual diet was to contain, she demanded, "a tincture of Greek, considerable knowledge of Latin and mathematics, perfect acquaintance with the French and English languages, to be followed by a course of chemistry, before commencing his study of jurisprudence." History, mythology, geography and drawing were not neglected. Riding, fencing and dancing were important accomplishments for a gentleman of position to acquire, and politeness and *usage du monde*, as Betsey described it, formed part of the curriculum.

She had decided views for her son's future. Education was the only thing that mattered, and she was strongly of the opinion that in a world where the value of money changed with the rising or falling of the tide of fortune the only real wealth a man could leave his son was the wealth of the mind. Boys should be trained for some lucrative and respectable profession. She favoured the law for Bo. Legal ability might fit him for a foreign embassy or for a political appointment at home.

"I am not sparing of advice respecting his application to his studies," she wrote back to Baltimore. "I enquire constantly of his preceptors into the mode of tuition. In short, if he should prove to be ignorant or insignificant, the fault will not be mine. I spare neither money nor personal exertions to procure for him every possible advantage and to conscientiously fulfil my maternal duties."

She flung herself into the campaign for her son with ardour and enthusiasm. Her outspoken confession that she was thankful she had only one child "to toil after"

suggests that young Bo was not always amenable to the programme she arranged for him. He had to go to fashionable balls on Saturday evenings, to consort with "the first people in Europe," and his mother never ceased to remind him that, in spite of his exalted birth, he had his own way to make in the world—that he must carve his own track to fortune as his grandfather Patterson and his Uncle Napoleon had done before him.

Bo had none of his mother's dislike of Baltimore. He was greatly attached to his grandfather, and he loved the bustling friendliness of the Baltimore business community. He had no particular desire to shine as a Prince in European society. He wanted only to be an American citizen, and Betsey's ambition for him roused no answering spark in his breast. He was a dutiful son and a loving grandson. He was destined to disappoint Betsey's dearest hopes.

Dreaming and scheming for him, she plied Lady Morgan, who was visiting Italy, with questions about the Bonapartes. The Irishwoman had news of them all. She had made the acquaintance of Pauline Borghese, who was said to bear a striking likeness to her unacknowledged American sister, and she had dined at the Palace Borghese more than once. She wrote a full account of what had happened to Betsey, and probably gave Pauline an equally full account of Jerome's charming ex-wife. Pauline was sufficiently interested to make further enquiries about "Miss Patterson" from American visitors to Rome. When she met Mr. John Jacob Astor there she expressed a wish to make the acquaintance of his now distinguished country-woman. In the spring of 1820, Betsey received a letter from him which filled her with excitement.



PAULINE BONAPARTE, PRINCESS BORGHESE
(From the Statue by Canova)

"Last evening we had the honour of an introduction to the Princess Borghese, who immediately enquired after you and your son. When I informed her that I left you at Geneva, she expressed much regret at your not having made the journey with us. She then said, 'I am very happy to find an opportunity of speaking frankly to you; I wish very much to see Madame Patterson here, and I have spoken to Mr. Russell and Comodore Stewart; both promised to speak or write to Mrs. Patterson, but as yet I have had no account of them or of her. My object is to make some provision for the son of my brother, who is poor and can give him nothing. I am rich and have no child, and find myself in every disposition to do everything for him.' She requested me to write to you without delay in her name to invite you to make her a visit and to bring your son."

Betsey could not but be gratified by Pauline's invitation, but at thirty-five she was so accustomed to weighing every item of expenditure that she could not bring herself to fling away any money on a journey to Rome until she had a little more detail about the Princess. She instituted enquiries about the Borghese household. What was Pauline like?

Was she extravagant? What reliance could be placed on her promise to provide for Bo? Pauline was a very handsome woman, and, as Betsey observed shrewdly, "the fortune of a pretty woman of thirty-seven is a bad object of calculation for nephews."

She appealed to Mr. Astor and to Lady Morgan for advice, and gleaned the information that the Princess was capricious and very luxurious in her tastes. Betsey was torn between her longing to produce her son in Rome and her anxiety lest a stay in an extravagant palace might unsettle him for his studies.

She wrote to Pauline a cautious letter explaining that she was afraid she could not interrupt her son's education for the moment. She intimated delicately that she had no wealth to bequeath to him and that his education was all the fortune she would ever have. Pauline, having read the letter, enquired of the Astors if Betsey had no allowance from Jerome. They told her she had never had a franc. After a long and earnest conversation about the American Bonapartes Mr. Astor wrote post-haste to Betsey, advising her to do nothing rash in the way of rushing off to Rome. From what he could gather, Pauline was a creature of caprice, and, though she might mean to make some provision for young Jerome, it would be wise to have something more definite before unsettling the boy and taking his mind off his studies. Lady Morgan, in whose judgment Betsey had great faith, said bluntly that it was quite within the range of possibility that the Princess Borghese's sudden benevolence was prompted by an ignoble desire to annoy Jerome's present wife, Queen Catherine. The wish to accept the invitation, which seemed to promise the gratification of her ambitions, warred with Betsey's natural instinct of economy. She longed to produce her handsome son in Rome—but the cost of a journey from which nothing might eventuate made her pause. Life was so expensive, even at Geneva, where she made a fine art of economy—and travelling was not a cheap form of amusement. Jerome's education was of paramount importance. She was well pleased with the school at which he was making steady progress. She herself would have liked Rome with its gaiety and more colourful life, but Geneva was the ideal place for sobering riotous youth. The people were respectable. Young men were not exposed to vice or immorality,

and economy was encouraged. The thrifty Genevans were never idle. They were given to looting strangers, to piling on the prices of everything for the tourists, but Betsey had discovered their tricks. She boasted that she was the first traveller to find out what the Genevans really paid.

“They show great respect for my adroitness,” she said, with some satisfaction, “and seem to consider me now worthy of being dealt fairly with in prices. No Jew has ever been able to get a living in Geneva. The French proverb is: ‘It takes four Jews to make a Genevan.’ They are the cleverest people in Europe, excepting the Italians.”

The English, she declared scornfully, had to pay double for everything they ordered and their gullibility in the hands of the foreigners, raised the prices of everything for the tourists abroad. Which suggests that Europe was not very different in 1821 from the Europe of the present day.

Until she was launched socially Betsey had for a time shared a house with a Russian Princess some two miles from Bo’s school. Once established in Geneva, she began to economize and was soon able to find inexpensive lodgings where she could live at a cost of sixty dollars a month. She entered into an arrangement with a woman to cater for her and for her son at a fixed price. Her staff consisted of one maid, who discharged all duties, including waiting. She found Bo’s fees very expensive—they amounted to over \$1,000,—but she could get no reduction. Had there been a way to reduce the cost, while still providing the best tuition possible, she would have found out as soon as anyone, she assured her father, but education was the one thing on which she spent ungrudgingly.

"It provides the means of living to those who are poor," she observed, "and it prevents the rich from resorting to bad company or frivolous occupations to get through time."

She still hesitated to divert his mind from the safe channel of work at a critical age, fearing the possible effect on his character of a prolonged stay in a palace. His head might be turned, she said, by a sudden realisation of the magnificence of the family of which he was the least member. And who should know better than Betsey, who had never known contentment since she had become the connection of an Emperor by marriage, how easily a young head could be turned in an atmosphere of luxury? But she wronged her son, whose outstanding characteristic was his ability to walk with kings without losing the common touch. She might have realized how groundless were her fears had she glanced at one of his letters to his grandfather.

"Since I have been in Europe," he was writing, with a simplicity that must have gone far to compensate old William Patterson for his daughter's high-and-mightiness, "I have dined with Princes and Princesses, but I have not found a dish so to my taste as the roast beef and beefsteaks I ate in South Street."

CHAPTER VII

PAULINE BORGHESE, Napoleon's favourite sister, had always been a gay, impulsive, generous creature, devoid perhaps of morals and modesty, but having many human and lovable qualities. In the heyday of the Empire she had inspired one of Canova's loveliest statues—the famous *Venus Victrix*, which was so perfect that it looked as if sculpture had been moulded on living flesh. She was a worshipper at the shrine of Venus not only in the matter of beauty. The list of her lovers was reputed to rival in length that of the mistresses of Don Juan.

Separated for many years from her husband, the Prince Borghese, she lived in his family palace, while he remained in Florence a figure in the social world—the Morgans had met him there as they passed through to Rome. Pauline was immensely proud of her great beauty, the contemplation of which was a never-ending source of pleasure to her. The spiteful at court, discussing Canova's '*Venus*' had insinuated once that her legs could not be as perfect as the rest of her figure since she had allowed them to be draped when posing for the statue, but Laura D'Abrantès had declared that anyone who knew Pauline at all must be aware that her limbs were as beautifully formed as the rest of her body, because she never at any time deprived her friends of the pleasure of seeing her in

the nude. She received callers of both sexes without any embarrassment in her bath.

Among her numerous love affairs had been a passage with Decrès, who, when Minister of the French Marine, had suffered much because of Jerome's marriage in Baltimore. Pauline had been interested in Betsey not only because she had caused such anxiety to Decrès, but because she was a great beauty and supposed to resemble herself. It was natural she should want to see her double. Living in Rome, she heard much of the American Madame Bonaparte, who was a figure in Geneva and who had been so popular in Paris and in London society. Lady Morgan, visiting the Palazzo Borghese, had sung long and loudly of Betsey's beauty and charm. Mr. Astor had spoken with admiration and respect, and Pauline was curious to see her unknown sister-in-law.

In the summer, however, the Bonaparte family were plunged in mourning for death snatched the first of their members. Elisa, the eldest sister, died of malaria at the age of forty-four, leaving her two children, a fourteen-year-old girl and a six-year-old boy, to the guardianship of her younger brother, Jerome, who was living at Trieste with Queen Catherine. He was virtually a prisoner there, for he was forbidden to leave Austria, and he had been unable to visit his relatives in Rome for many years. Elisa's death probably accounted for the fact that the correspondence about the American Madame Bonaparte lapsed for a little.

Betsey spent the winter in a fever of uncertainty. Her anxiety for Bo's moral welfare warred with her deep-rooted ambition, but, much as she wanted the social triumph of that visit to Rome, she was too con-

scientious to embark on it at a possible cost to her son. Would it benefit him to have his studies interrupted and his thoughts turned from work to pleasure in the atmosphere of a palace? For months she worried the problem restlessly, as a dog worries a bone. An intimate friend of the moment tried to make her see the folly of torturing herself with foolish ambitions and worthless dreams, wasting her nervous energy tilting at windmills. But Betsey was to tilt at windmills all her life. If the story of poor, mad Don Quixote is the story of a man whose brain was hazed by too much mental dieting on knights-errant, the story of Betsey Bonaparte is the story of a woman who lost all sense of proportion by concentrating too deeply on the epic of an Empire. The only difference is that Don Quixote was happy in his imbecility and Betsey was miserable in hers. She knew that she was foolish, but she could not cultivate common sense. It was not a virtue she admired. She deprecated it, indeed, in Miss Edgeworth, who, being a friend of Lady Morgan's, looked her up when she passed through Switzerland about this time.

"She has a great deal of good sense," wrote Betsey of Maria of the Moral Tales to her one real friend, "which is just what I object to, unless accompanied by genius, in my companions."

Her ardent admiration for the author of *The Wild Irish Girl* possibly blinded her to Miss Edgeworth's talent. She wrote unhappily of how much she longed to see Lady Morgan again.

"They are so reasonable and unmoved in this place," she wrote of Genevan society, "their mornings devoted to the exact sciences, their evenings to whist, that in spite of myself I am obliged to read half the day. There have been some English, but I have seen little

of them. They would not like me. I am too natural—*ou naturelle*. . . . I believe the women are cold, formal and affected—just my antipodes, therefore we should not be agreeable to each other; besides, they require a year to become acquainted, and I have too little of life left to waste it in formalities.”

The memory of her friends in Cheltenham had grown a little dim. The only human being whose society she yearned for was the easy, friendly Irishwoman who in Dublin had passed not only into the literature of her time, but also into the broadsheets of the ballad-mongers, one of whom sang under a window in Kildare Street:

“Och, Dublin city, there’s no doubtin’,
 Bates every city upon the say;
 ’Tis there you’ll hear O’Connell spoutin’
 An’ Lady Morgan makin’ tay.
 For ’tis the capital of the finest nation,
 Wid charming pisantry on a fruitful sod
 Fightin’ like devils for conciliation
 An’ hatin’ each other for the love of God.”

There is no record that Betsey ever visited Ireland though Lady Morgan must have given her the opportunity had she cared to avail herself of it. It is possible that in her eager striving to climb the social ladder she was nervous of the backward step which might link her with the Donegal peasants from which her father was sprung. There were Patterson relatives in plenty somewhere in Ireland. One of them, living temporarily in France after the failure of Robert Emmet’s Rebellion of ’98, had written at the time of her marriage to congratulate her and to assure her that if she seemed to be forming an alliance with a family of a high degree her Irish relatives had very much bluer blood in their veins than that of the Bonapartes. History does not record

any *rapprochement* with Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Patterson, however. It was Jerome Bonaparte, oddly enough, and not Betsey, who visited Ireland some years later under the auspices of Lady Morgan.

"I have seen a German countess," Betsey reported in her voluminous correspondence; "that means, seen her every day during three months. She is a practical philosopher of the Epicurean Sect, a person just calculated to make something of life—as unlike me as possible. She has a great deal more sagacity. She tried to *débarrasser* me of what she called *mes idées romanesques et mes grandes passions*—but I am incorrigible and go on tormenting myself with things I cannot change. She had more coarse common-sense with greater knowledge of the world than any person I have ever known. I wish I resembled her, because I should be more happy."

But neither Lady Morgan nor any Epicurean German countess could wean Betsey from her preoccupation with things Imperial.

After weeks of harrowing indecision she decided not to interrupt Bo's education, but sooner than alienate Pauline's belated interest she determined to go to Rome herself and spy out the land. Tentatively she prepared herself for a sojourn in a social circle whose members did not devote their mornings to exact sciences and their evenings to whist. As Rome was gayer than Geneva, she felt obliged to improve her dancing. She had three lessons a week all that winter and went to a ball or party of some sort every night, looking, as her son reported proudly to Baltimore, "not a day older than twenty-five." Among the distinguished visitors who passed through Geneva were the Prince and Princess of Würtemberg, whose niece was Jerome's

second wife. They asked to be presented to the famous Betsey. The Prince was her slave on sight.

“My poor niece!” he exclaimed, contrasting Catherine’s kindly but homely face with the beauty of the woman Jerome had married so romantically in the wild fever of youth. Perhaps he understood something of the effect on Jerome of the sacrifice he had had to make in putting his American wife out of his life. He was anything but a faithful husband to Catherine—but then Catherine was largehearted and loved him with a kindly, tolerant, semi-maternal love. There was no fault of his she could not forgive. The Prince commented on Bo’s likeness to the Emperor. Betsey was pathetically pleased at having such an unmistakably Bonaparte son.

She was still debating with herself whether or no it would be advisable to go to Rome alone, leaving Bo undisturbed at his studies, when Joseph wrote unexpectedly from America and placed any one of his *châteaux* she cared to inhabit at her disposal. There was a charming one in Switzerland, he explained. Joseph’s mansion at Point Breeze had been burnt down in 1820. A guest staying in the house had left to go into Philadelphia for the day and had locked his room before leaving it, forgetting the large wood fire which burnt on the hearth. A spark ignited something and the whole room was in flames with great whirls of smoke rushing through the windows before anyone knew what had happened. There was a delay in getting into the locked room, and, there being no fire extinguishers and fire engines available in the country, the whole house had been razed to the ground and only a few of the pictures and art treasures had been saved. They were in process of erecting a new house, but on entirely different lines,

for Joseph had been made aware of the creeping clutch of age upon his limbs. The present building, in the Italian style, was only one storey in height. There was a unique staircase—so wide and so low that each step was like a little landing, for fatigue told easily upon the Count, who was not very strong at this time.

Joseph's kindly offer of a suitable residence touched Betsey, but, though immensely flattered by the implied recognition of her status in the family, she was far too prudent to forsake her economical mode of life in her Genevan lodgings. The upkeep of a *château* would have played havoc with her carefully ordered budget, and in view of her personal ambitions life on her own frugal scale, whatever its inconveniences, suited her better than a stately home miles from anywhere. Of what use was a *château*, she said, to a woman who could not afford a carriage?

But she thanked Joseph charmingly enough. He was a Bonaparte; he had marriageable daughters. She would not have alienated his interest in herself and her son for anything in the world.

The next move from the Bonaparte family came from a most surprising quarter, for it came from no less a person than Jerome himself. He wrote, having obviously been taken to task by Pauline Borghese after her interview with Mr. Astor, when she had learned, for the first time, apparently, that her brother contributed nothing to his American son's education. Not that Jerome wrote now to offer to make him any allowance. He told Betsey quite simply that he was far too poor to provide even for Queen Catherine's children. His wife was at the time, in fact, just recovering from her third confinement, having given birth to Prince Napoleon, who was to be the Prince "Plon-Plon" of the second

Empire and the bitter enemy of his American half-brother. Treading dangerously into the realms of the past, he added rather humanly that Betsey of all people ought to know him well enough to realize that he would never have saved a sou. This reminder of the bygone days in Baltimore when an eighteen-year-old naval lieutenant had scattered money with such wild extravagance alarmed Betsey afresh for the future of her son. She was for ever anxious lest he should develop on the same reckless lines as his father. She preached economy and prudence until Bo was weary of the subject.

Meanwhile Napoleon had died on St. Helena and the realization that the Bonapartes were not immortal prompted Betsey to change her plans. If death could still for ever that vital, dominant personality, who could say that Pauline and Madame Mère would live for another two years while young Bo finished his education? She decided to accept the Princess Borghese's invitation while there was yet time. The favour of one member of the family might lead to that of another. Madame Mère was immensely wealthy and very old. Like her brother, Cardinal Fesch, who had a large fortune to leave to deserving nieces and nephews, she lived in Rome. It would be well that they should see young Bo before their last wills and testaments were irrevocably signed and sealed. In October she made her arrangements for the journey, haggling about the price of the seats in the coach and boasting that she drove the best bargain in Geneva. She beat down the price to fifteen *louis d'or* for her seat and for Bo's and managed to get her maid taken at half-price on the coachman's box, but even this expenditure worried her economical soul. There were still hotel expenses to be met on the

way—and tips for the maids at the inns, not to mention the three *louis d'or* the coachman had to have as a *pourboire* at the end of the journey. The sensation her arrival created in Rome among the Bonaparte family, however, more than compensated her for the costliness of the journey. Pauline, who had heard through a friend that her sister-in-law and nephew were on their way, wrote at once offering hospitality. Having no idea of their address, she sent a letter to every hotel in Rome welcoming the strangers and begging Betsey to call. Betsey was much too parsimonious to stay at an hotel and had taken cheap rooms in a private house, but a compatriot discovered her address and gave it to Pauline, who at once sent a lady of honour with her carriage to conduct the Americans to the Palace.

No one could be more charming than Betsey when she chose—nor could anyone be more venomous and bitter. She came to the Palace Borghese in due course, and saw and conquered everyone within its walls. Madame Mère, too, wished to receive the daughter-in-law about whom they had all been so arrogant in the past. Betsey waited on her with her son. Everywhere the verdict was the same. The Baltimore Bonapartes were delightful—the mother charming, the son a most attractive youth. They were relatives anyone would be proud to own.

Young Madame Patterson Bonaparte went to the Palazzo Borghese daily. Pauline lavished gifts on her—an elaborate ball gown one day—a pink satin cloak another—a fashionable bonnet the next. She gave her a pair of magnificent earrings, too, and she was equally generous to Bo. The boy stood the test of the visit to his exalted relatives very well. In the extreme artificiality of the surroundings in which they lived his

native simplicity was more effective than any *grandes-manières* and lent him a dignity that focused attention on him. He compared very favourably with his cousins, the Bonapartes thought, with the Murats, for instance, and with Lucien's boys. He scored such a success with Madame Mère, the Princess Borghese, and the family that they decided he must be kept inside it for ever.

They wrote to Joseph in Point Breeze to tell him how much they approved of his American nephew and proposed to him the desirability of marrying his younger daughter to him. They had once thought Charles, Lucien's eldest son, might have been a suitable bridegroom for her, but Joseph wished him to marry Zénaïde, the elder sister. They urgently recommended Bo for Charlotte.

Betsey was consulted. She took everything the Bonapartes said with mental reservations, but the prospect of an alliance for her boy with the Queen of Sweden's niece could not but thrill her. Charlotte would, it was said, be wealthy, and if such a marriage ever took place Bo would be provided for for life. Betsey approved of having him tied up safely in gilt matrimonial chains suitable to his rank before he developed any Baltimore views about the advisability of falling in love and choosing a wife for himself. American folk were very foolish, she held. They did not pay nearly enough attention to the selection of their children's husbands and wives, but in Europe parents arranged these things better. They saw to it that young people married on a more business-like basis. No one married without money on which a family could be raised and a position in society maintained. Such a marriage as the Bonapartes suggested

for her son Betsey eagerly desired. It would cement the bond with the family of the Emperor and establish Bo in European society. It would mean, in short, the realization of all her ambitious dreams.

"Bo feels the propriety of what I please on the subject," she reported triumphantly. "He has no foolish ideas of disposing of himself in the way young people do in America."

At sixteen few young men have strong views about marriage and giving in marriage. She would have been deeply shocked had she realized that sheer homesickness for the other side of the Atlantic was responsible for Bo's quiet acquiescence to these arrangements for his future.

"My grandmother and my aunt and uncle talk of marrying me to my uncle the Count of Survilliers' daughter, who is in the United States," he wrote to his grandfather in Baltimore. "I hope it may take place, for then I would return immediately to America to pass the rest of my life among my relations and friends."

He could confide to William Patterson things he dared not mention to the ambitious and dominant Betsey—that the thought of spending his life in Europe filled him with nausea—that he was eager for his education to be finished that he might hasten back to America, "which I have regretted ever since I left it."

His aunt Pauline fitted him out with a complete new wardrobe—"even to his flannel jacket." She told him she would allow him two thousand francs a year on which to dress until he married. Then she promised the allowance should cease and she would make over to him the capital of forty thousand francs. His grandmother gave him forty guineas to buy a horse. Betsey demanded coldly how he proposed to keep a horse if

he bought one—who was going to pay for forage and stabling? As his kind relatives had not thought of this she told him he had better hire a horse by the month as long as he was in Rome. He obeyed. He was a dutiful son, and he was a prudent young man who saw the advantages of the proposal.

His social success with the Bonapartes pleased his mother immensely. The family were for ever asking him to dine. He rode with them daily on his hired hack. He shared the Bonaparte or Borghese box at the theatre, and he was acknowledged by all as one of the most delightful of the younger generation. Pauline and Madame Mère wrote to Jerome, who had been virtually a prisoner in Austria since the *débâcle*, and told him about his delightful American son. Catherine's relations had allowed her various pensions—her father and the Tsar of Russia, who was a cousin, making contributions which brought their income up to 70,000 or 80,000 francs a year—but Jerome had been able to spend twice that sum at eighteen, when he had scattered his gold about the streets of Baltimore, and they were always in debt. The death of Napoleon in 1821 brought with it, however, the slackening of many of the regulations which kept the family in exile. Jerome had permission to travel and would be able to visit Italy for the first time in years. Madame Mère was anxious to see him, and she hoped to introduce him to his son, of whom she wrote presently to Joseph: "I am amazed at him (Bo); it is hardly possible to find so much *aplomb* and good sense in one of his age. There is no doubt that Charlotte will be happy."

To further the match with Joseph's daughter, it was decided to send the sixteen-year old suitor back to America, as Charlotte was with her father at Point

Breeze. Before Jerome and Catherine arrived in Rome, Bo was already on the high seas. The ex-King of Holland, who, like the rest of his family, liked his American nephew very much, went out of his way to show him some kindness—which was quite an effort for the hypochondriacal Louis. Though the proposal to marry the boy to Charlotte cut across the possibility of an alliance for her with one of his own sons, he supplied an escort to travel with Bo to Leghorn, where, on the 23rd February, before going on board, there was a visit to a tobacco merchant and Betsey's son so far forgot the prudent counsels on which he had been nurtured as to buy 600 cigars. He may have wanted them as presents for his grandfather or his many uncles in Baltimore, but his allowance from his mother did not run to extravagance of this sort. With a sad lapse of grace, and perhaps a touch of the old Jerome in him, he bought them on credit, and the agent at Leghorn in due course sent the bill to Betsey, who was not at all pleased by the incident. She missed him too sorely, however, to be capable of admonishing him very severely on this occasion. Life was blank in Rome without him and he had taken their dog, Le Loup. . . .

"I am very lonesome," she wrote to him, in a letter full of advice on how to take care of his money and mentioning twice the fact that she had paid for those 600 cigars . . . "I shall go to America if there is the least necessity for it. I am very uneasy about you. I blame myself for not going with you to take care of you and shall never forgive myself if you meet with any accident by being alone. I have been unwell again with my indigestion—vomiting in good earnest, but not," she added satirically with a gibe at Pauline's luxurious appointments, "not in a gold basin."

A week after Bo's departure King Jerome and Queen Catherine came to Rome, where there was a touching reunion between Madame Mère and her youngest child. They were disappointed to hear that they had missed the Baltimore boy about whom everyone was so enthusiastic.

Baulked of meeting him in the flesh, however, Jerome wrote to him in America and ever afterwards kept up a loving, paternal correspondence with him; some years later he invited him to Europe. He made no effort, however, to see his first wife.

"I shall not see the King of Westphalia," Betsey herself had declared when she heard of their proposed visit, "nor would he like it himself after the unhandsome way in which he has always conducted himself. I shall hold my tongue, which is all I can possibly do."

Holding her tongue was, however, beyond Betsey's control. Already she had alienated Pauline, who was herself spoilt, and capricious enough and quite unused to outspoken speech. The keen edge of Betsey's biting wit led to scenes.

"All that has been said of her," wrote Betsey of the Princess Borghese, "is not half what she deserves. Neither hope of legacies nor any expectation can make anyone support her whims, which are so extraordinary as to make it impossible not to believe her mad."

Pauline retorted by demanding back the dress she had given as a present at a time when their relations had been sisterly and sweet. She said she wanted to borrow it for an hour or so and Betsey delivered up the treasure. Her fury when it was not returned was boundless, and she gave voice to her protests loudly in Roman society, comparing notes with other friends of Pauline's who had been used in the same way. Pauline relented,

and the gown was restored to Betsey, who hoarded it greedily till the day of her death. Their brief friendship over, Pauline reported to Jerome that his American wife was a pushing social climber who had come to Rome uninvited and whose outrageous appeals to her compassion were alone responsible for her entertainment at the Palazzo Borghese. Life became difficult in the Eternal City, and Betsey, having seen as much as she wanted of its glories and finding it besides "horribly expensive"—her rooms cost her ten guineas a month—decided to return to Geneva. On the way back she paused in Florence and spent some days viewing the art treasures of the city. There in the Pitti Gallery, by a curious freak of Fate, she came face to face with Jerome and his second wife.

It was seventeen years since they had last seen each other—seventeen years since on a bright May morning in the mouth of the Tagus Jerome had held an adored young wife in his arms, telling her of the deathless quality of his love. He had vowed to cling and cleave to her always—he had sworn he would never desert her and the child she bore within her womb—and for all his fine sentiments, he had cast her aside and let her son's name be slurred with the brevet of illegitimacy.

Time had been kind to Betsey. At thirty-seven she was still the beautiful woman who had once been the belle of Baltimore, but with the passing of the years life had written a sorry record on Jerome's handsome, dissipated face. They looked at each other—Betsey's eyes were scornful. No word passed between them. After an endless minute Jerome whispered hurriedly in Catherine's ear, "That is my American wife."

It was the royal couple who left the Gallery hurriedly, leaving the plebeian Betsey in possession. Alone among

the masterpieces, her thoughts were no longer of art but of life and the strange tricks it had played her. She must have derived some satisfaction from the reflection that she had won unaided some of the social laurels Jerome and Napoleon had denied her. Though she had never been a Queen she had consorted with Princes and Princesses, and her son was perhaps to marry the ex-King of Spain's daughter.

But the more she thought of that marriage as the weeks went by the less Betsey dared rely on the hope of its ever taking place. Her experience with Jerome had taught her that the word of a Bonaparte was not necessarily his bond.

"I dare not expect anything that would give me so much pleasure, as it would exactly meet my wishes, and they have ever been woefully disappointed," she wrote unhappily, while she implored her father to help to bring about this marriage which promised such a brilliant future for Bo.

If only the fates would be kind to her and grant her the boon of this wonderful settlement for her son! Madame Mère seemed set upon it. Pauline was apparently doing everything she could to encourage it. Jerome was pleased at the prospect. Joseph, she knew, liked Bo. Betsey could never have conceived that one of her son's most ardent advocates would be the kindly Queen Catherine, who made a personal appeal to Joseph, urging him to give his consent to the marriage of his daughter with her husband's first-born son.

"My dear brother," she wrote, "in addressing you these lines I ask you to give me a new proof of friendship in a subject of the greatest possible importance. The proposed union between Charlotte and Jerome is so essential to the young man that I trust you will

contribute to it as far as you can. This event would make me personally very happy as it would place Jerome in a natural position *vis-à-vis* to myself and my children."

Few women in Catherine's position would have written so generously to further a wealthy marriage for the child of her husband's early romance. Jerome was genuinely glad to hear of his American son through his relatives in Rome, and pleased to find Catherine large-hearted enough to share his interest in the boy he had never seen. They decided to make an effort to contribute to his upkeep even at this late date, and offered to give \$6,000 annually towards it.

But for all the family's approval of the match on which her heart was now set, instinct warned Betsey against relying too much on it. She wrote that she held herself in readiness to cross the Atlantic if her presence were needed to further the match, but her stubborn pride and her deep-rooted love of saving money forbade her to make an expensive voyage to America before her presence was absolutely necessary, lest by racing to her son's side she should appear too eager. She left Geneva, however, for Paris with the intention of going to Liverpool and embarking for New York from there. She implored her father to make exhaustive enquiries into the extent of the fortune Joseph meant to give his daughter, with a special enquiry as to how much of it should be settled on Bo. At the same time she begged him to say nothing of the proposed marriage in Baltimore in case nothing came of it after all. There was no use publishing one's disappointments, she said.

And then, on a fatal morning came a letter from her son, which told her that her premonition had been justified. Her dearest wishes were, as ever, "woefully disappointed."

THE BONAPARTES IN THE NEW WORLD

Just why the negotiations for the marriage broke down she found it difficult to understand since all the family had apparently been so anxious to see it take place. On his arrival in America Bo had duly presented himself at Point Breeze and spent some days there. The next time he went Joseph was away, but the latter's correspondence with his wife on the subject of his daughter's marriage throws a little light on what was for ever dark to Betsey:

Point Breeze.

March 2nd. 1822.

"My dear Julie," he wrote, obviously anxious about the possibility of Zénaïde's proposed marriage being prevented, "I wrote you some days ago telling you of my increasing anxiety over Lucien's silence and yours on the subject of the marriage of Zénaïde.

Write to Desirée (Julie's sister and the wife of Bernadotte) that she is disgracing herself if she stays longer in Paris when her place is with her husband. Has she forgotten that she is the Queen of Sweden? . . . It is your duty to write to her thus. It is hard but true. . . ."

Point Breeze.

March 10th. 1822.

"My dear Julie,

It is late and I have only time to write you two words. . . .

1. If Zénaïde marries Charles, we must marry Lolotte to Louis' son, by proxy if impossible otherwise. In this case I will be with you soon.

2. If the marriage with Charles fails, Zénaïde must marry Louis' son and, if this is indispensable, she must stay with you for some time. In this case Lolotte shall marry either of Murat's two sons—whichever you choose according to his character."

Point Breeze.

April 24th. 1822.

"My dear one,

General Lallemand will bring you this letter. I am asking him to do this. He has spent a few days here with Jerome's

son. Pauline has not retained her kindly sentiments towards him, but Maman recommends him to me and counts on our doing something for him. Personally I count always on the marriage of Louis' son for Charlotte and on Lucien's for Zénaïde. . . ."

Who could have foreseen that in alienating Pauline Betsey was militating against Bo's possible union with Charlotte. Subsequent events proved that Joseph was to have his way about the settlement of his daughters. Zénaïde married Lucien's eldest son, Charles, and joined him in America after their marriage. Charlotte fell in with her father's wishes and years later married Louis' eldest son, Napoleon Louis—the brother of the future Napoleon III and of "the little prince who would one day be a great prince" to whom the Emperor had affianced Zénaïde in babyhood.

To the outraged Betsey wrote a kind friend from Philadelphia, telling her that she often saw Joseph and his daughter in Philadelphia, and that the girl was "almost a dwarf and very ugly," so that Bo would have been wasted on her; but this brought no consolation for shattered hopes to Bo's mother. She had wanted Charlotte for a daughter-in-law solely for her fortune and her valuable connection with the Bonaparte family, and it was gall and wormwood to her that the negotiations for the marriage had failed.

"There is nothing can nor ever will surprise me in that family," she declared furiously when she heard that all was over. "The only way is to act and feel exactly as if they had said nothing—to hold when one touches, but not to take a step to catch anything from them."

As for Joseph, who had so liked Bo, and who had once half approved of the idea of his marrying Charlotte, he

was like the rest of them. There was no Frenchman whose word was less brittle than glass! She abandoned temporarily all idea of returning to America. It was easier to conquer her bitter disappointment away from Baltimore. It infuriated her to think she had interrupted Bo's studies, and that he had been uprooted from Geneva with its solid educational advantages, his future unsettled and his career perhaps ruined. To bring him back to Europe would, however, be costly and there was a good deal of unrest on the continent which made her hesitate to insist on his undertaking the voyage. He was one day to go to Harvard, but she feared that the "tincture" of Greek he had acquired at Geneva would not be sufficient to carry him through the entrance examinations. Worst thought of all, there was a risk that Bo, having had his attention diverted from the safe channel of study into the byways of problematical matrimony, might begin to look longingly at the maidens of Maryland.

"The only thing left us to do," she wrote to her father, "is to try to give him ambition, to prevent him ever making a foolish match, which, by the way, his grandmother gave me to understand would mortally offend her. . . . I wish Bo's education to be particularly attended to—on that no money to be spared; every other kind of saving is a gain and no one can be more disposed to save than I am, but a good education is never too highly paid. Money spent in that way brings a good interest."

Bo was sent to a tutor for eight months and coached for Harvard and he finally entered Cambridge College in February 1823. His dog, Le Loup, had to stay in Baltimore, which worried Betsey almost as if she feared Le Loup would form unaristocratic connections in the



JEROME NAPOLEON BONAPARTE [SON OF JEROME BONAPARTE].—From a bust taken in 1859.

JEROME NAPOLEON PATTERSON BONAPARTE OF BALTIMORE
(*From a Bust, 1859*)

town. She gave detailed instructions about having him well looked after in his owner's absence—he had been in the habit of sleeping on a mattress between blankets with his head on his master's pillow. She was afraid the faces of the black servants in the kitchen at Baltimore would frighten him, because, after all, in Europe he had been used to Princesses' drawing-rooms.

She had reports of Bo's progress regularly. He seemed to be applying himself to his studies diligently. She thanked Providence often that she had not been given her for offspring a born fool. She was pleased at the accounts she had of him from his tutor. His only difficulty concerned itself with the question of religion. The President of Harvard, noticing he did not attend the Church services suddenly requested him to comply with the regulation governing the attendance of the students at religious worship. Bo, having been baptized a Catholic for purely political reasons, had been brought up in the religion to which the Bonapartes adhered, though Betsey herself remained Presbyterian to the end, having, as she explained, a dislike to giving up the "stool her ancestors had sat on." She wished her son to be a Catholic, however, not because she thought he would derive any special spiritual benefit from the Roman Church, but because it was "a religion of Kings—a Royal religion." Bo, however, took his faith seriously, and the thought of attending the divine service of the Protestants distressed him. He wrote requesting his grandfather to communicate with the authorities at Harvard at once. He had been brought up a Catholic and had no wish, he said, to change his creed—"moreover, my grandmother and several of my father's family, being great devotees, would think it a crime if I were to enter into an heretical church."

William Patterson arranged things for him as he wished. His son Robert had died in November 1822, and his estate was the subject of some family contention in Baltimore. He had married the wealthy Mary Caton, whose money had been settled on him in the usual way. His will left her, reasonably enough, absolute mistress of some of the wealth she had brought him, though a portion of it was left to his own people. Mary's land had to be sold to pay the legacies to the Pattersons, which seemed, all things considered, a little unfair, though it was the normal legal position at the time. Miss Nancy Spear wrote of these things to Betsey, whose reply was characteristic:—

“No feelings of romance or false sentiment shall prevent my taking what the law allows me. I shall regret it is not more.”

Aunt Nancy looked after some of her niece's financial affairs. She superintended too Bo's expenditure, an account of which she sent to his mother after his first year at Harvard. Betsey made the terrible discovery that her son had sinned against all her prudent commandments. In his Freshman's year he had outrun the constable with seven-league boots of extravagance. He had spent—he could not think how—two thousand one hundred and fifty dollars. Betsey was furious.

“After reflecting last night upon the two thousand one hundred and fifty dollars, I have come to the resolution of insisting on Bo's spending eleven hundred dollars annually. I will not on any pretext allow one farthing more. It is ample and even more than my fortune authorizes me to allow him. I have economized in every way myself, perhaps more than my position in society allowed, that I might have it in my power to leave him above want, but, although disposed to grant

him every reasonable indulgence after procuring him every advantage, however expensive, of education, I am resolved not to permit him to suppose that I was born only to minister to his extravagant fancies.

I may as well spend my income myself as see it squandered by him, and there is little encouragement for me to endure privations if their result is to be:—

‘This year a reservoir to keep and spare,
The next a fountain spouting through my heir.’

The fact is that, being out of the sphere of my observation, he has profited by the opportunity to spend my money. This experiment shall not, however, be repeated.”

It never was. Jerome Patterson Bonaparte declared he would do without anything sooner than court his mother’s vitriolic abuse. He felt, not unnaturally, that she was unsympathetic and harsh, for he had expressed his penitence for having spent more than he intended through his inexperience in handling money. Betsey sent long lectures across the seas which stung, as they were meant to sting, an undergraduate just feeling his feet. But Bo had other correspondents in Europe who wrote lovingly and kindly, and the letters from the father he had never seen were now more pleasant reading than the epistles to a son on the subject of economy indited by Betsey, who had been wounded in that very tender spot—her purse.

CHAPTER VIII

BETSEY was not the only mother among the Bonapartes who looked longingly at Joseph's Charlotte and saw in her the ideal daughter-in-law, for all that she was not too prepossessing to look upon. The ex-Queen of Naples had marriageable sons and though, since Murat's treachery to Napoleon, she and her children were out of favour with Madame Mère, the Comte de Survilliers was more tolerant. In 1822 Achille Murat, who had once been his Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Naples, came to stay at Point Breeze. The reflection that another suitor had appeared, in the shape of Madame Murat's son, so soon after Bo had been rejected as a candidate for Charlotte's laden hand, maddened Betsey.

"I wish them joy of the union," she said, with some venom. "But until they have been to church it is impossible to be quite certain that the family politics may not change. . . ."

The thought that Madame Mère was unlikely to approve of this new proposal comforted Betsey slightly. She had never met Madame Murat—she declined to refer to her as the "Queen of Naples" or as the "Countess of Lipona," the title by which she was known during her exile in Trieste. Caroline had replaced Murat by marrying General Macdonald, who had been her lover in the old days when he had been the aide-de-camp at the Court of Naples. She was very

anxious for an alliance with the Family, and would have favoured a union with Charlotte for Achille had he been so inclined. He was a steady young man, and he liked America and its ways and free and easy social institutions. He decided to settle there and subsequently bought an estate at Tallahassee, near Florida, the cultivation of which he found pleasant and profitable. He struck a new note in Bonaparte history by entering the United States Postal Department and becoming one of its officials. After a brief appointment in New York he became a postmaster in his own district in Florida. When his thoughts turned to matrimony he never considered a Bonaparte cousin but married instead Miss Catherine Byrd Willis and thus linked the family of the man who had made history in the New World with that of the man who had written such glowing and spirited chapters in the Old. Catherine's father, Byrd Willis, was a naval agent, and she was a great-niece of George Washington.

The Survilliers' estate was now a large and prosperous one, giving employment to the neighbouring village of Bordentown and creating an atmosphere of prosperity in its radius. Joseph behaved in a kingly way to the country about and improved the roads by levelling several dangerous hills at his own cost. He also constructed various bridges, and the Government of the United States were anxious to show their appreciation of his services to their country. A French citizen—and he did not want to change his nationality—he could, however, hold no funded property in the United States. As a recognition of his public works the Legislature of the New York State relieved him of this incapacity and conferred on him the rights of an American citizen without penalizing him by the loss of his title to call

himself a Frenchman. As the one great exception to the prevailing rule he subsequently acquired vast estates in New York State.

Zénaïde and her husband had come to Point Breeze after their marriage. Charles was an earnest, studious young man, with no Imperial ambitions, but with a passion for ornithology. He was Lucien's eldest son—and his birth had cost his father all his rights as a member of Napoleon's family, for it had precipitated the marriage with Alexandrine Joubberthou. There were birds in plenty in the woods around Point Breeze, and Charles occupied his time in studying their habits closely. He found many which had escaped the notice of the naturalist, Wilson, who was the authority on the subject, and the discovery of these omissions suggested to his mind the possibility of cataloguing them more fully. The result of his labours was a valuable work on the Ornithology of North America, which was published in New York in 1826, and a History of the Birds in the United States, published in Philadelphia between 1825 and 1833. Zénaïde bore him a son in 1824—Joseph Lucien Charles Napoleon. It was the first male child in Joseph's line, and his arrival was a great joy. The boy was afterwards Prince Joseph of Canino-Musignano.

Charles met Bo during his stay in America, and visited him at Baltimore. They liked each other and found they had much in common. They were both the prudent sons of extravagant fathers. The Bonaparte colony in the United States was further reinforced when Lucien Murat, came to Point Breeze. He too failed to take Charlotte to church. He had more of the Bonaparte and Murat raffishness than his brother Achille, and Joseph might be excused for thinking twice before

accepting him as the ideal son-in-law. Lucien was not at all anxious to settle down either and possibly Charlotte whom Betsey now described as a "hideous little dwarf and a regular vixen" did not appeal to him. He relieved the boredom of Bordentown drinking and riding and gambling, but failed to make a fortune at cards. He was as careless as Jerome had been in the matter of debts and had equally extravagant tastes. He found Joseph a generous uncle when the inevitable settling-up had to be faced, and he decided to stay in America where he sowed some of the wild oats of his youth. The bourgeois virtues of respectability and sobriety did not come easily to the progeny of the Bonaparte kings and queens.

The fact that the marital negotiations between Point Breeze and Baltimore had broken down, did not sever the friendly relations between Bo and his uncle Joseph. He was still welcomed to Philadelphia. He made the acquaintance of the Murats there. He had never come in contact with them in Europe. While he was at Harvard, however, Bo did not go to Point Breeze as often as he would have done in normal times. Betsey's strictures about his extravagance and selfishness had bitten deep into his soul. She had written him several vitriolic letters on the subject of his criminal expenditure in his Freshman's year. He was hurt and angry at being judged with such severity. He could make an effective retort by economizing on the one extravagance she would have forgiven—travelling expenses to his Uncle Joseph's. He wrote that he was perfectly willing to economize—that he would do his best to live within the eleven hundred dollars his mother allowed him in future, but this would not permit of his going away for vacations. To his grandfather he explained

that he did not think he could go even to Baltimore for holidays with things as they were at present.

"However agreeable it may be for me to go home once a year, I should prefer giving it up and not going home again until I graduate or however advantageous I conceive a college education to be for me, I should prefer giving it up too, rather than bear these continual complaints about my expenses, when I am conscious to myself of doing everything in my power to avoid giving dissatisfaction of any kind. . . . During this week I have received four letters—three from Mamma and one from you, all teeming with reproaches."

He carried out his threat, too. When Charlotte asked him to spend the Spring vacation at Point Breeze, he refused. "It would have cost a good deal of extra money which was doubtless better saved," he wrote home.

Unfortunately for Bo's wish to give nothing but satisfaction to his critical parent, he made an experiment. He joined one or two of the College clubs at Cambridge, and took a keen interest in their executive meetings. He was an Hon. Secretary of one of them. He had a slightly Bonaparte flair for organization, which was pleasantly unleashed away from the domination of his managing mother. On a pleasant evening in July—Betsey had just embarked at Havre and was on her way back to New York—the club assembled for the purpose of choosing a librarian. The formalities were convivial and plenty of punch was provided by the Vice-president to cheer the committee after their arduous labours.

On the following day Bo was called before the Governors and suspended for three months for what was described as a breach of College discipline. He was stunned by the severity of the sentence, which

appeared to him very unjust, and the thought that his mother was due to arrive any day did not relieve his agitation. He knew Betsey well enough to be aware of how she would take the news. He wrote feverishly and in great detail to old Mr. Patterson and stated his case. Perhaps he protested just a little too much. He was an innocent and blameless young man, he assured his grandfather. He had done nothing wrong. The Club was authorized by the College Governors. The notice of the meeting had been placed on the boards for all the authorities to see, and they had not stopped it. It was a most extraordinary occurrence. Such a thing had never happened before. But the President had explained, just too late for the information to be of any use, that the club was one quite definitely not recognized by the College authorities. Bo admitted the punch party, but swore that it had dispersed without riot or commotion of any kind. Undergraduates compelled to explain suspicious circumstances to angry parents and grandparents are forgiven if they slur gracefully over episodes that do not invite too close an enquiry. The fact remained that his studies were held up for three months, and Betsey arrived at the critical moment when the sentence had been passed by the President of the College. She was very annoyed and more than ever anxious lest Bo should forsake the straight track of hard work and duty to wander into pleasant Bonaparte by-roads of indigence. She took him to task furiously, but, since there was nothing to be done about the unfortunate business, she went to Lancaster to spend his three months suspension with him.

As her present visit to America was concerned mainly with her anxiety about her investments and

speculations her conversation revolved more and more about the increasingly fascinating subject of money. Years of concentration on economy had made her miserly, and with middle age she developed all sorts of little eccentricities. She began to show signs too of conspiracy mania. She suspected people of wanting to know all about her business. She had for awhile addressed her letters to 'Bo' as Edward Percival because she had noticed passengers beguiling the weary hours of the long sea voyage by interesting themselves in the correspondence in the mail sacks which were carried rather carelessly on deck. She was obsessed by the idea that her letters were of particular interest. She did not visit Baltimore, much to her father's annoyance, but stayed with her son at Lancaster, where he spent his enforced vacation. She had not entirely abandoned her hope of a Bonaparte marriage for him, and she thought longingly, of Elisa's daughter, Napoléone Bacciochi, who was also a young lady of considerable fortune. She found, however, it was not so easy now to reduce Bo to docility. He was unenthusiastic about the possibility of marrying a cousin in Europe.

After a comparatively short stay in America Betsey, having put her financial house in order, crossed again to France. She had visited Joseph at Point Breeze while in the United States. Perhaps she had not entirely lost hope of securing Charlotte for Bo. She knew it was difficult to support rank without money, and a large fortune could most easily be acquired by a handsome young man through a good match. She noticed that in England and in France romance entered less into marriages than it did in America, that in the Old World it was almost impossible to marry without money. The whole basis of matrimony was money,

which Betsey thought was quite the best basis. For the emotion they called Love she had no use. She had almost forgotten her youthful passion for Jerome. It was all so long ago, and he had deserted her after eighteen months. It was not in the nature of things that Love should figure to her as the main ingredient in a happy marriage.

She landed in Havre in the autumn. She was there when General Lafayette returned from his triumphant visit to the United States, where a grateful Republic had awarded him two thousand dollars and twenty-four thousand acres of land to be chosen in the richest and most fertile part of the country. He had been entertained by Joseph Bonaparte at Point Breeze, and William Patterson had received him in Baltimore and given him a surprising present of some cows, which, Betsey was able to report to her father, had arrived safely in France none the worse for their long voyage. This gift appears to have given Lafayette much pleasure, and he invited her to come and see the fine cattle he had brought back from Maryland. He deserved some recognition for the services he had rendered America in her struggle for independence, and he had been treated with such generosity that all Europe was talking of his good fortune. A ward of his staying at Harrow acquired strong views about the wonders of America from him, and she spoke glowingly of the wonderful country beyond the seas to her neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Trollope, whose financial difficulties were more than they could bear. The Trollopes had children to provide for, and their hopes of inheriting a magnificent fortune had been dashed by the marriage of an elderly gentleman, who produced unexpectedly a son and heir to the fortune that might

have come to Thomas Trollope. But according to Miss Frances Wright there were fortunes to be made in America. It only needed brains and enterprise to develop international commerce. Thomas thought he had the necessary amount of grey matter, and his wife, another Frances, was a creature of enterprise. On the crest of a fine wave of enthusiasm poor Mrs. Trollope set off for Eldorado with her three children, accompanied by Miss Wright, towards the end of 1827. From the moment of arrival to the moment of departure three years later, when all her enthusiasm had been sapped, Frances Trollope suffered agonies in a country which according to her standards, like Thomas Moore's, was barbarous. Penniless and disillusioned, she tried to earn a few pounds with a truthful account of the domestic manners of the Americans and unwittingly produced a book which made her famous and which nearly caused an Anglo-American war when it was published some years later.

If Mrs. Trollope's picture of America as she found it in 1828 is correct, it is easy to understand why Betsey found it intolerable when she went back there, having been spoilt and admired by people brought up in the older traditions of courtesy and refinement. Though Mrs. Trollope paid a certain tribute to New York and to Baltimore, she found the Americans as a whole, crude and boastful, and their manners repellent and squalid. Baltimore had passed the crude stage in 1827, but Betsey Bonaparte had known it before it emerged from provincialism, and, compared with Paris, Rome and Florence, or even the despised Geneva, its standard was far below that to which she had accustomed herself now. She could not bear to think of her son's settling in America. She had educated him to enjoy

European society and to take his place as the member of a family whose name would give him what she called "consequence" wherever he went, though she warned him "no one in Europe would ever give or lend anyone a penny."

Meanwhile the ex-King of Westphalia continued to think of his eldest son, and, now that Bo was twenty, he wrote and asked him his views on matrimony. He would find him a bride, he said, but before going into the matter he would like to know what money he could rely on from his mother. Bo replied simply that Betsey was not wealthy enough to make any settlement on him. He was not personally at all anxious to marry. For one thing he was too young, and for another all his plans had been made with a view to remaining a bachelor. When he weighed the matter, however, he wrote, not to Betsey, who would have given him reams of advice on the subject of marriage, but to William Patterson, in whose shrewd judgment he had great faith. The direct appeal gave old Patterson the opportunity he longed for to oppose Betsey's often expressed views for her son. It was all very well for the boy's father to talk about finding a wife for him, but he had overlooked the fact that Bo was not fitted by education or inclination for the kind of life he would be expected to lead if he were forced to settle in the Bonaparte circle in Europe, and equally it would hardly be fair to bring a European wife over to America and expect her to be happy in surroundings entirely foreign and unfamiliar.

"Your father's family cannot get clear of the notion of what they once were and the prospects they then had," old Patterson declared. "Their fortunes cannot be very considerable; they are living in idleness on

what they have, and when the property they now possess comes to be divided among their children it will scarcely keep them from want, and the next generation will in all probability be beggars. What prospect would you have in marrying into such a family? Your father's family are on the decline and going downhill, and will soon be so reduced and scattered that they will be of no consequence. Should you remain in this country and make good use of your time and your talents you may rise to consequence; but in Europe you would be nothing and must come to nothing with the other branches of your family."

And all the time Betsey was writing to her father with an emphasis which was in itself offensive, warning him that she would never consent to her son's marrying an American woman. He was by reason of his birth far above them all, but she had moments of acute anxiety lest Bo should be caught by one of them. Women in all countries, she declared, had wonderful cunning in their intercourse with men, but they succeeded better in America than anywhere else because the men there were "a century behind them in the knowledge of human nature and the instinct of their true interest." She hoped her guileless son would escape their clutches. "The dread of Bo making an imprudent match is ever on my mind—of all fatal imprudences, it would be the greatest. It is almost the only misfortune from which a person of sense can never recover, and in America there is no attention paid by parents to this subject," she had told her father.

"The next best thing to making a good match, is not to make a bad one" was one of her axioms.

Mr. Patterson resented his daughter's virulent anti-American views and disapproved of her matrimonial

philosophy. It gave him much satisfaction to advise Bo to have nothing to do with his Bonaparte connections from whose ranks Betsey was so anxious her daughter-in-law should be chosen when occasion should arise. The news that Achille Murat had married Miss Byrd Willis demonstrated the fact that Bonapartes were not above succumbing to transatlantic tradition, and choosing wives in the country of their adoption. It intensified Betsey's fears that Bo might marry an American and perhaps as she expressed it "cumber himself for life with a poor wife and clamorous offspring."

Jerome continued to write often and affectionately from Europe and to express the earnest hope that he would one day meet his eldest son. There was a standing invitation to Bo to visit his father when ever he liked. It worried Betsey a good deal. Personal rancour against the man who had deserted her, urged her to prohibit any *rapprochement* between father and son, but her ambition to have Bo acknowledged by the family and for him "to make a good match" was stronger still. After much deliberation she gave her consent to the proposal that Bo should make his father's acquaintance and stay with him for a little in Florence. She remarked bitterly that the expense of the journey would fall on her shoulders, because Jerome would never contribute a penny to the cost of the journey. The visit to Europe was not to take place until Bo had taken his degree.

In June 1825 the Princess Borghese died, with a mirror in her hand. Betsey who was willing enough to consider Pauline who was so like her "The most beautiful woman in the world," was astonished to find that despite the rupture of their friendly relations, her sister-in-law had been generous enough to mention Bo in her will. The legacy was not large—it was only

20,000 francs—but the mere fact that her son was among the other Bonaparte beneficiaries gave him an importance which was gratifying.

Meanwhile Mrs. Robert Patterson astonished everyone by marrying the Marquess of Wellesley, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Betsey, who had hitherto been extremely critical about Mrs. Caton's efforts to settle her daughters in Europe, bowed down in admiration when she heard of Mary's marriage, which linked the Pattersons indirectly with the Duke of Wellington. She was perhaps a little envious about it. From Lady Morgan she gleaned much news about the bridegroom, which she sent in detail to her father. The Marquess was sixty-six years old, and he was so much in debt that the plate on his table had to be hired. His carriage had been seized for debt in the streets of Dublin on one occasion, and it was said that his Lord Lieutenant's salary was always mortgaged in advance. These little drawbacks to perfect happiness were more than compensated for by the glitter of the coronet he placed on the head of Mary Patterson, whose grandfather was the wealthiest man in America.

"I wish something would offer for Bo," Betsey grumbled discontentedly, thinking enviously of her sister-in-law's grand wedding. "Everyone can marry their children greatly except myself."

She spoke with bitterness, for Charlotte Bonaparte had just married her cousin Napoleon Louis, the son of the ex-King of Holland. All hope of securing for Bo the vast fortune with which she was to have been dowered died. She derived some comfort from the fact that it had not been paid to the young bridegroom yet, and declared that it was in fact very much less than most people supposed. It is not a bad idea to reconcile one-self

to the idea that the grapes out of reach are sour. It saves a lot of heartache about the things that might have been.

In the winter of 1826 Bo made a round of visits to his Bonaparte relations, and for the first time met his father and his half-brothers. Jerome had three children by his second wife: Prince Jerome Napoleon, Princess Mathilde and Prince Napoleon. Bo was accepted as one of the family and he fitted into it quite naturally. Jerome and Catherine found him delightful, and he spent two months with them at their country residence, after which he accompanied them to Rome. Jerome explained that he had given a good deal of thought to the position Bo occupied but much as he would like to regularize this he could not do anything without casting a slur on the children of his Queen. Catherine was noble and generous-minded and she would consent to any step possible to justice to the American son, but the Courts of Russia and Würtemberg, from which they drew the income on which they lived, would combat any step which looked like invalidating the second marriage. Bo had too much sense not to see this point. Obviously nothing could be done at this late date. He also observed that as his father lived considerably beyond his means it was extremely unlikely he would ever make any financial provision for him. He accepted the situation with Baltimore philosophy. He seems to have become attached to his half-brothers and Mathilde, who in turn liked him very much. Jerome was anxious that his eldest son should stay with him always, but Bo had imbibed so many lectures on the subject of extravagance and its iniquity that he could not but be shocked at his father's mode of life, and he was incapable of leading the life of idleness prolonged stay in Italy would entail.

Long before he became King of Westphalia Jerome Bonaparte had acquired the habit of living extravagantly, as Pichon had discovered to his cost. With his coronation at the age of two and twenty, his tastes had become exotic and luxurious. It had been said of him in Westphalia that he bathed in red wine, though the exchequer had made an attempt to counterbalance this extravagance by the subsequent sale of the wine when it had served its purpose. The white wine industry had boomed, as Jerome's subjects showed a distinct reluctance to purchase red wines for the duration of his reign. In exile, despite the fact that money was comparatively limited, the household was run on the same extravagant scale. Bo found the atmosphere foreign and uncongenial after the simplicity of Baltimore and the cheeseparings of Betsey. Most of all he was shocked at the laziness and the irregularity of the hours they kept.

Jerome and his family breakfasted, Bo reported, somewhere between twelve and one, dined between six and seven in the evening, and had tea at midnight, so that one seldom got to bed before half-past one in the morning. They entertained very little, but for the greater part of the twenty-four hours, Bo reported, the whole family assembled "in the parlour for the purpose of killing time." Brought up to a sterner way of life, the young American found the atmosphere of the King of Westphalia's household bewildering and not too congenial. No one ever did anything. No one ever read a book. It was almost impossible to study in such surroundings, but Bo tried to improve his mind by examining the antiquities of Rome and observing the customs of the people about him. His father's lavish expenditure on an income that was alleged to be narrow shocked him.

"I spend very little," he reported, "as little as I possibly can, but I feel I am living in a style to which I am not entitled, and I do not wish to become unaccustomed, especially as it would totally unfit me for living in America. . . . I was always aware that America was the only country for me, but now I am more firmly persuaded of it than ever."

Poor Betsey, who had hoped her son would acquire a taste for European society, was about to receive a severe shock, but William Patterson heard with pleasure his grandson's adverse criticism of the European way of life about which his daughter had long since lost her head. He spoke scathingly of her foolishness in wanting to live in such a country when she could, if she chose, live in Baltimore, where people were honest, sober and god-fearing. Her reply to his eulogies about the land of the Stars and Stripes had a sting in it.

"I observe what you say about my partiality for Europe," she wrote caustically. "I am only surprised you should wonder at my resembling every woman who has left America—not excepting Mrs. Gallatin—I never heard of one who wanted to return there. Besides, I think it is quite as rational to go to balls as to get children, which people must do in Baltimore to kill time."

Which perhaps explains why the native white population of the United States beat all known genetic records between 1790 and 1830, when the birth-rate increased at the rate of 237 per cent., doubling itself every 22 years.

"I should prefer a child of mine going to court and dancing every evening in the week in good company, to his or her marrying beggars and bringing children into the world to deplore existence," insisted Betsey,

who in Europe had acquired ultra-modern views. Following Malthus' famous essay which demonstrated the risk of uncontrolled population one day out running the means of subsistence, a London tailor named Francis Place had, already in 1822, started a movement advocating birth-control. He published his doctrines by means of handbills distributed outside his shop in Charing Cross. Writing of this pioneer, Lord Riddell remarks, "They say it takes nine tailors to make a man. It may be said with more truth that one tailor has prevented the making of millions of men and women."

Place's highly controversial views had not yet crossed the Atlantic. When they were published there in 1832 by a Dr. Knowlton, who embodied the new doctrine in his *Fruits of Philosophy*, there was such an outcry that the author was prosecuted and imprisoned.

Meanwhile in Baltimore, where this heretical creed had not yet infected the community, Betsey's outrageous views about the iniquity of bringing too many children into the world infuriated Mr. Patterson, who had been very proud of his prolific Dorcas. His sons had married in Baltimore, but on the occasion of each wedding, instead of congratulations, had come reams of abuse from Betsey. She would die, she said, if a son of hers married and settled in Baltimore to procreate children to whom existence would be but a burden.

She thrilled with pride as Bo continued to impress not only his Bonaparte relations but all with whom he came in contact in a hectic social season at Rome. Everyone thought him so handsome—so charming—so like the Emperor. The Grand Duke of Tuscany received Betsey at court, granting her a special audience.

He was particularly kind and attentive, and her heart was so full of rapture at this signal of the approval of the great that she declared afterwards she was ready to burst into tears. Only the knowledge that such an outlet for her overcharged emotion would ruin her best satin dress steadied her nerves. She had thoughts of introducing Bo to the Grand Duke. Her mind was busy planning a great diplomatic future for her son, when in June he left Florence and returned to America.

Prolonged observation of the mode of life which prevailed in the family in whose ranks Betsey was so anxious to establish him had taught Bo one thing. It was the last life in the world for which he was suited by temperament and education, and when he set foot in the New World in the late summer of 1827 he knew that here and not on the other side of the ocean was his spiritual home. He settled down happily enough to study jurisprudence with a view to holding an official post—not in Europe, but in the country which he now knew was the only one in which he could know content.

CHAPTER IX

QUITE a number of the Bonapartes had drifted across the Atlantic to settle in the New World. Near Philadelphia the Comte de Survilliers saw the new generation springing up about him. His daughter Zénäide he had established in a charming house on the Point Breeze estate, known in the neighbourhood as "The Villa by the Lake." She and Charles and their son, the baby Joseph, had their own household. There was another more private residence on another of the Comte's estates in Jefferson County, New York, where he had built a villa, on a wild corner known as The Wilderness, to accommodate an attractive Quaker girl named Annette Savage. She was his mistress for some years, and in due course she increased the descendants of Charles and Letizia Bonaparte by bearing a daughter to her elderly lover. Joseph was said to have divided his time between Point Breeze, where he enjoyed the society of his daughter and her grandson, and The House in The Wilderness, where he tasted again the joys of illicit domesticity. He was very attached to his little American daughter, for whom he provided generously when Fate called him back to Europe, whither Annette and the child could not accompany him.

Zénäide and Charles, whose pecuniary affairs were complicated by the fact that the bridegroom's father in Rome seemed to have foreclosed on a good portion of the bride's dowry, were thinking of returning to



ACHILLE MURAT, CROWN PRINCE OF NAPLES
(Afterwards Postmaster Tallahassee District, Florida)

Europe to inquire into this delicate matter. They visited Bo in Baltimore and discussed things with him, after which Bo reported that the fortune of Charles' father 'is pretty like my father's—that is to say, equal perhaps to a third of his debts.' . . . Old Mr. Patterson showed Charles and Zénäide some hospitality in South Street. It was lavish, if homely, but the beef steaks and roast beef had a savour of their own. Betsey once remarked that one meal served in her father's house would feed a family of European nobility "for at least a fortnight."

In the Tallahassee region of Florida, Achille Murat was running the postal department with an efficiency which did him credit. He found time too for some literary work and wrote several political sketches on American affairs. He published some *Letters from a Citizen of the United States to one of his friends in Paris* in 1830, and followed it up two years later with a *Moral and Political Sketch of the United States Republic*. There was a further contribution to contemporary thought in the *Exposition of the Principles of Republican Government such as has been perfected in the United States*. Neither these varied excursions into literature nor his postal duties impeded him in the cultivation of his plantations, which were prosperous ones. He visited Point Breeze often, and exchanged with his Uncle Joseph his views on the future chances of the Bonaparte family at home and abroad. There was a certain intimacy between them. Joseph used him as an ambassador later to communicate with Louis Napoleon in London. It was only natural that with so many members of the rising generation about him Joseph's thoughts wandered sometimes to Vienna and the heir to the dynasty. He hoped one day to welcome Napoleon's son as a guest at

Point Breeze, but he could make no move in this direction until the boy reached the years of manhood.

Meanwhile Lucien Murat, who had lived comfortably on his uncle for some years, exhausted his patience by a super-indiscretion. There was a charming high-spirited girl named Caroline Fraser, who sometimes came with her people to Point Breeze. Her father was a British officer who had served during the American Revolution and afterwards settled down in South Carolina, where he married the daughter of an old-established Virginia family. The Frasers were friends of the Comte de Survilliers and were frequent guests at his house. They were not particularly anxious to have his wild young nephew for a son-in-law. When Fraser discovered there was an attachment between Lucien Murat and his daughter he combated all idea of such a marriage, which was, of course, fatal. Lucien's passion throve on opposition, and as Caroline was a girl of character and had that most desirable of all advantages a fortune in her own right, he pressed his suit clandestinely and finally eloped with her.

The Comte de Survilliers could not forgive what he considered a violation of his hospitality. He refused to have anything more to do with the scapegrace Lucien. Undaunted the young couple started their married life in a small house in Bordentown. The Frasers gave their daughter some slaves and "a dear deaf and dumb negress called Jeanette," but that was all. In due course Caroline's fortune evaporated before the sun of her husband's extravagance. His uncle Joseph could no longer be drawn upon. To meet the financial crisis Caroline opened a school in the village, and on the profits supported herself and her husband until that wonderful turn in the wheel of the Bonaparte Family



JOSEPH BONAPARTE

JOSEPH BONAPARTE WHEN COMTE DE SURVILLIERS
(From a drawing made at Bordentown, New Jersey, in 1832)

fortune—the Revolution of 1848. The pupils were unaware that they were being taught by a future Imperial Princess.

There were five children of this American marriage: Caroline, Joachim, Achille and Anna, who were born at Bordentown, and another son Louis born later in Paris. Caroline, the eldest was born when yet another Corsican cousin had come out to Philadelphia—Pierre Bonaparte.

Pierre was, like Zénaïde's husband, a son of Napoleon's brother Lucien by his second marriage. He was one of the black sheep of the younger generation. His career both at home and in America was punctuated with indecorous interludes. He had Republican views which ought to have endeared him to the citizens of the United States, but they found him almost too democratic. He was not very particular about the company he kept. Queer tales were told of him in the taverns in quarters of New York, where decent men did not drink and brawl. He too was careless in the matter of debts, and of all the Bonapartes who visited the New World he left perhaps the most lurid reputation behind. His indiscretions were fresh in the public mind when Louis Napoleon came across the seas in 1837, and was mistaken by many for his dissolute cousin.

When Pierre visited Bordentown he had completed a romantic chapter in his life. He and his brother Louis Lucien had spent some weeks in Corsica shooting mouflons on the mountains where their Bonaparte forbears had lived a life of freedom and adventure. The story ran that they had both fallen in love with a beautiful peasant girl named Maria Cecchi, and their pleasant brotherly relationship was disturbed for a time with a tumult of jealousy and passion. After a

period of uncertainty as to which was to be the favoured Prince for Maria's desirable hand, they came to an agreement to do combat for her; not, however, with fists or guns, though Pierre was free enough with these, but to gamble for her at an adjacent inn. They drew up a formal document that whoever won at cards should marry the maiden. Pierre lost. Abiding by this decision of the Fates, he had left Louis Lucien to make the running with her while he crossed to America to forget the affair. The successful suitor married the lovely Corsican, but the romance lost some of its glowing colour with the passing of the years and the pair subsequently separated. Louis Lucien, who had literary tastes, also visited America, but he lived as his father had lived in America in unspectacular retirement there and received no public ovations. Meanwhile his brother Charles, returning to Europe with Zénaïde, called on Betsey in Florence and gave her news of Bo, who was recuperating from an attack of smallpox. She was relieved to hear he was better and not likely to be marked. Charles was a very civil young man, she wrote to her father, thanking him for the hospitality he had shown the couple, but if he was going to Rome with an idea of getting money out of Lucien it was sheer waste of time. Lucien, she reported, had run through most of his fortune. Joseph Bonaparte had applied for a passport to return to Europe with Charles and Zénaïde and their child, for he sometimes visited his relatives at home, and with old age he thought more longingly of the scenes of his early life. He did not, however, accompany them after all. They settled in Rome near Lucien, who had less money than debts. After the first few years their marriage was not too happy.

Though she stayed on in Europe while Bo remained in Baltimore, Betsey was far from forgetting him. She never for a second lost sight of his career. She had worked herself into the diplomatic circles of society with a view to pulling the necessary strings to procure him an ambassadorial appointment in Europe in the future. She discussed him endlessly, and she was advised to concentrate on having him sent to England as Secretary to the Legation, if this could be managed, and afterwards to try and have him moved to Sweden, where the family connection with Bernadotte would be useful. She wrote to Baltimore, urging her father and Aunt Nancy to persuade General Smith to do everything possible to get Bo the secretaryship in question. It would mean that he would have to live in London—and London was a very expensive place, she stated—but whatever the sacrifice, she would make it. She would economize on anything on earth to give him the income necessary to live as the best people lived in England. Much as she was looking forward to having him with her, she would rather remain in Geneva or Florence than let him go short. She wanted him so much to make a success of life. She hoped most sincerely that he would never marry.

For a long time Bo had every intention of gratifying her by remaining a bachelor. He had no desire to marry, he said many times. . . . But that had been before he met Miss Susan May Williams and was swept off his feet by her, and the simple accident of falling in love altered his whole life and smashed Betsey's ambitions to bits.

Miss Susan, as she was universally called, was a charming girl, who came of New England stock. Her father, Benjamin Williams, had lived for years in

Roxbury, Massachusetts, before coming to Baltimore. She was intensely American in her outlook, and saw eye to eye with Bo about the futility of setting his heart on an European career which might or might not trail off into greatness. She was happy in her home town, and Bo wanted more than anything to settle down in Maryland and perhaps buy a little land there. The diplomatic world in England or Italy held no allure for him. He decided that no Bonaparte princess had ever been born who could compare with "Miss Susan."

All are agreed that Bo chose wisely and well when he decided to marry Miss Williams. She was immensely popular, and she was besides very wealthy. She was a creature, too, of rigid principles, and she had no use for the bombast of the Bonaparte family, who behaved as if they owned the world because one of their number had been a genius. She was not the woman to help Bo to achieve the destiny for which his mother had educated him—but then it was not the sort of destiny he wanted to achieve himself. He was no docile school-boy now, ready to accept the family's views on who he should or should not wed, as he had been years ago when they tried to foist Charlotte upon him as a bride. He knew what he wanted—and he wanted Miss Susan.

It was not in the nature of things that Betsey could be expected to approve of an American daughter-in-law when her heart was set on his making a good match in the European sense of the word, or remaining single.

Well aware that she would raise a violent storm of protest, it was months before he dared tell her he had fallen in love. Meanwhile Grandfather Patterson was

encouraging. In April 1829 Bo wrote to the Comte de Survilliers and hinted to him that he was thinking of marriage with an American lady. It was significant that he asked his uncle rather than his mother for advice on a matter the Bonaparte family thought so important.

Joseph was reassuring. He said that Bo himself must know best where his chance of greatest happiness lay, and, he added that as Mr. Patterson considered the proposed marriage an excellent settlement he deserved some consideration and deference in a matter of the kind. Grandfather Patterson was a man of great common sense. In short, Joseph approved of the proposal. Possibly he prepared his relations in Europe for the coming news from Baltimore, but nobody prepared Betsey, who was on top of the wave of social success in Florence, dreaming of Bo as a future ambassador. She saw herself a woman who had slaved for years to bring up her son, standing within sight of well-earned rewards. She was so wrapped up in her plans for his future. She wanted him so terribly to be Napoleonic.

They did not tell her about Susan Williams until late in 1829. Mr. Patterson undertook the disagreeable task. It would have given him a certain malicious pleasure to see all her high-falutin' plans for making a European fop of his grandson shattered by the young man himself. He was not the type of man to break it kindly. He was as self-righteous as she was egocentric. Bo and Susan were already engaged, and on the eve of their marriage before Betsey was informed of what was about to happen. It came to her as a shock. In her bitter disappointment that her son should take an American wife, she was like a creature demented. She

spat forth her fury on paper and sent volumes of abuse across the ocean. If her son married Miss Williams and settled down to the stodgy life at the other side of the Atlantic, then it was the end of all things for her. She had been so ambitious for him, and she loathed Baltimore and the people and every ideal for which they stood. She could hardly believe that such a terrible blow could have been held in store for her by the Fate which had used her so badly all through the years.

She read and re-read that fatal letter. Rather than Bo should defy her known wishes and marry an American woman, she would have seen him dead at her feet. She knew that her father was backing the boy up, in his rebellion; she could read that much between the lines. And then she realized despairingly that nothing she could say would make any difference to a young man bent on having his own way. How could she prevent the marriage? Her misery was intensified a thousandfold when the Bonaparte family wrote congratulatory letters to her. They were all so pleased about it. She learned that Miss Williams was extremely wealthy. She wrote to her father, rancorously and unhappily. As the woman had money she could not take it on herself to forbid what she would never have advised, she said, her obsession with the subject of wealth being responsible for this concession.

Her prohibitions meant no more to the young couple in Baltimore than Grandfather Patterson's prohibitions had meant anything to Betsey herself a quarter of a century earlier. History was repeating itself—but in what a different setting! She had defied her father to marry into the first family in Europe. Bo was flouting her to marry a nobody. The fact that Miss Susan's

people were highly respected in Baltimore weighed as nothing with Betsey. The very fact that she was American was enough. There was no American woman whose rank could fit her to marry the son of a King.

"He knew that I had always advised him not to marry in Baltimore," she stormed. "He knew I detested living there; therefore neither you nor he could have been surprised at my first letters on the subject. I hope he has not been cheated, which I think very likely, in the settlements. Part of her fortune ought to have been settled on his children in the event of his death before hers. I hope most ardently she will have no children; but as nothing happens which I desire, I do not flatter myself with an accomplishment of my wish on the subject."

But as Betsey was writing the letter the marriage had taken place in Baltimore at the bride's residence in North Charles Street. The Archbishop of Baltimore married them—the see was no longer John Carroll's but Bishop James Whitefields'. Jerome Napoleon Patterson, unlike his father, had groomsmen in plenty. There was a great reception, and all the important people in the city, which was now a large and important one, were present. Old William Patterson was proud of his grandson. There he was, married to a nice girl, who came of respectable people, and whom he had chosen himself instead of one of the Corsican cousins Betsey was so anxious to have as a daughter-in-law. As at another wedding, a French Consul came and lent an official air to the proceedings. There was a "gentleman's punch-drinking party" the day after the wedding. The honeymoon was spent in Baltimore.

From the Bonaparte relations came loving letters of congratulation. Madame Mère, far from objecting,

was delighted to hear the news. All the Bonaparte uncles wrote, Lucien, Joseph and Louis. So did Queens Catherine and Julie. Charlotte, whom Bo might have married, sent a thousand loving messages and a little reproach for his slackness in correspondence for some time past.

Jerome's letter was fatherly and affectionate:

"MY DEAR CHILD,

I hasten to reply to your letter of September announcing your coming marriage. Although I have not been consulted about an event so important for you, I suppose that you have considered the matter with every care, and, although my consent is not necessary, I send you my paternal blessing and best wishes for your happiness. I am easy in my mind about you, since I know that you have the consent of my good brother and that the marriage has been arranged by the good and respectable Mr. Patterson. I learn with happiness all your grandfather has done to ensure your good fortune, and that your future wife is rich and dowered with every good quality. Your happiness, dear child, will nevertheless depend upon yourself. You must put yourself in a natural and definite position, for nothing compensates for a false position. The most natural position for you is to remain frankly and really and without reserve an American citizen. You will certainly find yourself much happier than your brothers and sisters. I am sorry, dear child, you did not write to the Queen. Her kindness to you deserved at least a remembrance at such a time and I wish you to fulfil this duty without delay. Write me often, dear child, giving me all your news, and never doubt the paternal tenderness of

Your affectionate father,

JEROME."

It was obvious that Bo's loving father, who had no wish to see him complicating family life in Europe, accepted this American marriage as the solution of many difficulties. The problem of the legitimacy of

Betsey Patterson's son might rear its head above Catherine's children at some future date, and if the young man were content to remain in America, and assume the status of an ordinary American citizen, the risk of future trouble would be lessened. That the urgent advice to him to become a naturalized citizen of the United States was part of family politics was testified by the fact that the charming paternal letter was sent first to the Comte de Survilliers, open—presumably for his information and approval. Joseph forwarded it as requested with a kind little note.

“I shall be charmed to see you and your wife in the Spring. I beg you to remember me to her, as well as to your mother and grandfather. I think it will be well for you to write to the Queen. Since he begs you to do this, he must consider it advisable, and you must not refuse what he asks, since it is only a simple matter of courtesy. I embrace you.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE UNCLE.”

Loving letters from everyone; only Betsey wrote with savage disapprobation.

“A parent cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear,” she told her father bitterly. “You found you could not make a sow's ear out of a silk purse. . . . When I first heard my son could condescend to marry anyone in Baltimore I nearly went mad. . . . I always told him and you that he never should disgrace himself by marrying an American. You and my son knew that I never wished him to marry in Baltimore, and you hurried it over to prevent my breaking it off.”

She could not reconcile herself to what had happened. It knocked the bottom out of her universe. She had schemed and dreamed to see her son established in a career that would place him high in the social

firmament—and now he was to vegetate in Baltimore. All her life she had saved for him and gone without things she held dear that his education should not be stinted, and that she might lay the foundations of a fortune on which he could keep up the position to which she had determined he should be called. So little had her sacrifice meant to him that he could flout her wishes and marry in a town she loathed.

She could never live in Baltimore. He knew that. His marriage must alienate them always. She had educated him with a view to his living in Europe, and now they would be separated. But she did not care about the separation. She was too bitterly resentful ever to want to see him again. He was her son. She would when she died leave him the money she had saved by cutting down the small luxuries for which young hungers. There would be no cutting off with the conventional shilling. One's money belonged to one's own flesh and blood. No parent could be so unjust as to deprive a child of its financial rights. She had often stressed that point to William Patterson—almost as if she sensed he was in danger of forgetting it. He must at some time have threatened to delete her name from his will for over a period of years in a curiously unloving correspondence she was for ever reiterating that children were entitled to their parents' fortunes—no matter what they did.

It is difficult to understand why Betsey continued to write to a father to whom she could not have been attached. At times their correspondence was just brawling on paper—an exchange of recriminations and reproaches that would have been better left unwritten. She flaunted her fine friends at him and reviled the country that was his paradise. She made no efforts to

conciliate him, but still she wrote. He was immensely wealthy, and one is driven to the conclusion that in her reverence for money she dared not cut adrift from a parent who had it in his power to leave her a wealthy woman. In his relations with his daughter William Patterson was stern and unbending. He disapproved of everything she stood for. His subsequent treatment of her suggests that when he used his influence with his grandson, to whom he was undoubtedly attached, to keep him in America and encouraged him in a matrimonial alliance of which he knew Betsey would never approve he was animated less by a stark sense of duty to the young than by an antagonism against his daughter, of whom he disapproved to the end.

That Betsey's views for her son were foolish cannot be denied. Her ambition to establish Bo as a Bonaparte in European Court circles outstripped any natural maternal concern for his personal happiness. Baltimore enshrined for her so many bitter memories that she could not believe any child of hers could be happy there. In her despair at the knowledge that her high hopes for him had come to naught she flung reproaches and recriminations across the seas in one vituperative letter after another. She had lived she said "in the meanest and most uncomfortable way for years" solely that her son's future might be assured. She had suffered endless privations for him and his ingratitude in ignoring her wishes in such a vital matter as the choosing of his wife stung. The only crumb of comfort she could derive from the affair was the knowledge that her daughter-in-law was wealthy.

To return to Baltimore, however, and to see Bo happy there with an American wife was beyond her. She wrote angrily that she would now live permanently in

Europe, her spiritual home, and she gave minute directions to the faithful Miss Spear about the packing up of her linen and silver and jewels. The household goods were to be sent in stout trunks to Europe. The jewels were to be sent by the first private person coming to Paris and placed personally in the hands of the American Minister there. It would save the duty if they came by hand.

“*Aux coeurs bien nés la patrie est toujours chère*, but that doesn't prevent one preferring Europe to the dullest place on earth,” she declared to Lady Morgan. Her spirits were broken. Life was a load and it would probably drag on for many years. In April 1830 she was still chewing the cud of her bitter resentment in every letter she wrote home. She made her will in a fit of melancholia, leaving everything to her son.

“I would have done that if he had cut my throat and failed in the attempt,” she told her father, adding, “but the money I leave him has been raised on the privation of my comforts—almost on the necessities of life. Had I possessed the means of living comfortably, I should not have felt so cruelly the curse of existence. . . . The miserable economy I was obliged to practise has been a great disadvantage to me. I have always had in mind the duty of providing for my son. I never can forget the treatment I've been made to experience in the conduct of this marriage. It is a recollection which will haunt me through life and prevent my ever knowing an hour's happiness.”

She would live more expensively now, she threatened. She stopped Bo's modest allowance of fifty dollars a month which had been raised on her personal privations, as she said for the hundredth time. She could

not bring herself to write to him personally yet. She did not know that Susan was already pregnant.

Much is forgiven to youth, especially when youth is lovely and lonely and forsaken. At five-and-twenty, Betsey fighting the world for the rights of her son had been an appealing, picturesque figure. At forty-five the fierce glare of personal ambition had dimmed the light of her ideals. Twenty-five years of striving on the social ladder had hardened alike the muscles of her face and of her heart, though her face was still beautiful in middle age. Its contours had never been thickened with a surfeit of luxurious diet, and even now, when she was relieved of the expense of providing for her son and the income available would run to a more comfortable mode of life, she was unable to spend lavishly. The penurious habits of years had woven chains about her soul. She could not stop saving money. Bitter and unforgiving towards her only child, animated by a mania for the society of the *élite* of Europe, she was mean to the point of miserliness. In her fury with her son, she might threaten to spend every penny of her income, but she was in actual fact, incapable of extravagance. She was probably at the time much wealthier than she ever admitted. Her gesture in stopping her son's allowance was not born of stern necessity, but the bogy of poverty had haunted her too long, and the magpie habits of her early years clung about her till death. She belonged to that tragic order of beings who, though wealthy, cannot derive from the spending of money anything like the joy they have had in saving it.

She watched her investments with lynx-like eyes. She had all old Patterson's shrewd business acumen. She was for ever thinking of money and her interest in

stocks and shares was worthy almost of a Hetty Green. When first she started saving, her object in acquiring a fortune had been to leave enough money for her son to support himself in the great station in life to which he belonged through her own folly in marrying a man who had deserted her that he might wield a sceptre. She could think of him only as a Bonaparte, and to live as a Bonaparte would necessitate money; but now she knew that Bo would never move in the exalted circle in which she had prepared a place for him, and still money was an obsession equal only to that of her own Imperial rank.

In 1830 the revolution in Paris which sent Charles X hurrying back to exile in England focused attention again on the family of the Emperor. Over Paris the tricolour fluttered impertinently, and in the streets were hoarse cries of "Vive Napoleon II." The shop windows were littered with prints and pictures of Napoleon and his son, and the coming event of another Imperial interlude cast its shadow before.

Napoleon II did not, however, come to Paris to assist at its birth. It was to lie in the womb of time for another twenty-two years. A victim of ill-health and Austrian diplomacy, the heir to the Empire remained in Vienna, unaware that the way was clear at last to his father's throne. The psychological moment for seizing it passed. Louis Philippe graduated surprisingly from the post of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom to the rulership of France. The Revolution had achieved nothing but a change of dynasty without any alteration in the mode of Government at home, but its reverberations abroad shook the other corners of Europe and had a more significant effect on the destiny of the Bonaparte family. Its repercussions were not felt in

Baltimore, though they had their effect on the community at Point Breeze.

In due course Betsey, who had prayed that her son's wife might be barren, had her wishes "woefully disappointed." There was another Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte in Baltimore. He was born, appropriately enough, considering the Patterson and Bonaparte records in the past, on the day in the year which is permanently associated with "gunpowder, treason and plot." Three days later, Bo, his mind relieved of anxiety about Susan's welfare, was writing joyously to announce the good news to all his Bonaparte relations.

The knowledge that she was a grandmother brought no joy to Betsey. There is no record that she sent any warm message of congratulation to the proud parents. But Jerome wrote charmingly to his son:

"MY DEAR CHILD,

I have heard with great pleasure, from your letter of the 8th of November, that you had the happiness of becoming a father on the 5th of the same month. I hope the dear child will grow up to your satisfaction and be a source of great comfort to you. I send my blessing to him and also to yourself and love to think that one day I may be able to hold him in my arms. Embrace him and your wife tenderly on my behalf.

Adieu, dear child. The Queen sends congratulations and is writing by the same mail. I press you to my heart, and am,

Your affectionate father,

JEROME.

Jerome, Mathilde, and Napoleon embrace you."

Madame Mère heard with intense pleasure of the birth of the American greatgrandson and sent love and blessings. She was eighty-one and a complete invalid. Her brother, Cardinal Fesch, had been in poor health

since the previous winter. The Comte de Survilliers, wrote affectionately from Point Breeze. His wife, Julie, sent her congratulatory message through Louis, who wrote from Florence. He was delighted, he said, to hear the good news of Susan Bonaparte's safe delivery and the arrival of another Jerome Napoleon. Perhaps he was a little envious too, for he commented sadly on the fact that Napoleon Louis and Charlotte had not followed their American cousin's example. They were still without children. Charlotte was Betsey's ideal of a daughter-in-law in every way! Louis Napoleon Bonaparte had gone to stay with his father, accompanying Hortense, unfortunately for everyone, into Italy at a time when it was seething with revolution.

Though the circumstances which had allotted the elder son of an unhappy marriage to the father and the younger to the mother had separated Louis Bonaparte's boys for many years, the brothers were excellent friends. Brought up very differently, they found they thought alike on many subjects. Napoleon Louis the elder son had been asked, he said, to put himself at the head of a rising in France or in Corsica following the Revolution of July 1830, but he had refused, having no wish to flaunt the banner of civil war in any country. The brothers talked long and earnestly about the divine cause of freedom and the family role of the Bonapartes in defending it; while they talked Italy rose in revolt, and, without a word to anyone, the two young men stole off to join the ranks of the rebels. They left a letter to break the news to Hortense and Louis, as well as to Charlotte, whose young husband had not confided to her the scheme afoot. Louis Napoleon nobly took the blame lest Charlotte should be hurt.

"Our name," he wrote in a note to his father, "obliges us to help a suffering nation which calls on us. Contrive that in the eyes of my sister-in-law I may seem to have carried off her husband, my brother, for he cannot bear the thought that he has concealed a single one of his projects from her."

There was consternation in the family at the discovery of that note. Louis was horrified that sons of his should join forces with opposers of the Pope. Charlotte wept bitter tears. Hortense, more practical, set about getting her sons out of the scrape into which their high-spirited Bonapartism had precipitated them. King Jerome wrote furiously to his nephews, commanding them to abandon their foolishness and cease entangling their unfortunate family in European politics of a kind which its older and more respectable members had no wish to meddle. They were almost all living under the protection of the Pope, to whom Lucien owed his title, of Prince of Canino.

Hortense appealed to their commanding General so successfully that the young men were ordered to relinquish their commands and retire to Bologna. They protested indignantly and threatened to join up at once as privates. Jerome warned Hortense that her sons would certainly be shot if they fell into the hands of the Papal troops. Their action in appearing in the ranks of the rebels had once more associated the name of Bonaparte with trouble and unrest. Hortense, terrified for their safety, secured a British passport for "Mrs. Hamilton and her two sons" and made her way in person to Gorli, where they were detained owing to the untimely illness of Napoleon Louis. It was an ordinary complaint: almost an undignified one for a hero—measles, but it proved as fatal as a bullet through

the heart. Its course was complicated by bronchial pneumonia, and before Hortense arrived, her elder son was dead. Charlotte, whose marriage had caused Betsey Patterson such heart-ache, was widowed, free perhaps to take another husband—and Bo had tied himself up in Baltimore.

Betsey was not interested in the development of the political situation in which young Louis Napoleon had entangled himself. She was concerned about her own affairs. Her luggage had arrived at Leghorn in a condition that provoked her ready wrath. Everything had been packed most carelessly. When the boxes were opened at the health offices—the cholera scare was gripping Europe, and the public health departments of all countries were being very efficient and officious—six sheets had been stolen by the officials. Her jewel case, too, had arrived locked. Bo had forgotten to send the key. Probably he had lost it, but she had given it to him when he left Florence. The case had been broken up, and it had cost her two dollars to pay for the necessary repair to the leather—an expenditure which irritated her. She got her jewels eventually and after considerable fuss about inventories.

She thought a good deal about the upheavals in Italy, where the cholera was dislocating local governmental departments and leaving the way clear for odd rebellions and disturbances. These things reacted on the temperature of the stock markets of Europe and affected American securities favourably. Property in Europe was no longer a safe investment, but American real estate seemed to her to be due for a boom. The political situation in Paris, where the name of Napoleon II was still being murmured in the streets and the French were not at all certain that Louis Philippe was

the monarch they wanted at the Tuileries, inspired the Russian residents in Geneva to gamble feverishly in French stocks. Betsey toyed with the temptation and decided against taking any risk with her money. The cholera was expected to reach Geneva any day, but she had no fear that she would be claimed as a victim. Though she had arranged all her affairs in case of her death, she had a premonition, she said, that the plague would pass her by. This premonition was justified, for she escaped the cholera, which was claiming a terrible toll of human life all over Europe. She was to live to be ninety-four.

CHAPTER X

“**I** HAVE had all my emeralds and diamonds, with twenty large pearls and three white topazes, added to several rings and my garnet cross, made into a magnificent ornament for my head,” wrote Betsey to Baltimore. “My solitaire diamond ring and a solitaire which I took out of a pin once belonging to the Princess Borghese I have added to my earrings. My turquoise ring, my diamond garter ring, my emerald ring, my emerald cross, and two pairs of emerald earrings are all in the ornament. The Princess Galitzin says that it is a royal ornament. It is so contrived as to serve for the head, the neck, and the waist—the three white topazes are to be mistaken for diamonds.”

It was 1832. Betsey was forty-seven. She was “dying of *ennui*” at Geneva, devastated by the realization that she was “too old to coquet, and that life without this stimulant was a dull affair.” She had escaped the cholera. She was weary of living—wearied of having lived, though the sands of her life had only run half their course. She had another forty-seven years ahead of her.

During her absence from Italy, Jerome and Catherine had settled themselves in Florence, and she was feeling very aggrieved about it. If Westphalia had been too small a kingdom to hold two queens, Florence was not large enough to hold two wives. To live in a social circle in whose radius she must sometimes meet the lover of her youth was not possible. She exiled herself

voluntarily from Italy sooner than run such a risk, and was now staying with Princess Galitzin, with whom she had certain economic views in common. Had she remained in Florence and met Jerome, the romance of her youth might have blossomed again, for Catherine died within two years.

The Princess was famous for saving, and for keeping up "an elegant appearance on the least possible cost." She wore false precious stones, and advised her American friend to do likewise. When Betsey moaned that she was tired of life, the Princess told her such an attitude was nonsensical and pointed out that a great beauty owed it to herself to look her best and keep cheerful. The headdress was the result of Princess Galitzin's campaign. So was an urgent letter to Baltimore on the subject of white topazes.

"Can you for love or money contrive to send me a string of white topazes? I want to wear it as a necklace and pretend they are diamonds. I want, too, as many as will make a buckle for my belt—no one has them in Europe, and they are found in the Brazils. Send for them if you cannot find them in Baltimore, and do contrive to forward them to me by some private conveyance to save the duties."

For a woman too old to coquet, she was taking a great deal of trouble about her appearance.

"Do not shilly-shally with those white topazes," she urged.

She got them eventually—and wore them as diamonds till the end of her life. Years later, when she was back in Baltimore, American society reporters described her as she sat in a box at the theatre and wrote of her lovely face and exquisite figure, dressed in a black velvet gown and wearing a necklace of magnificent diamonds.

They were as ignorant as the Europeans about white topazes.

The Princess lured her from rigid economy in the matter of dress, however, and when she went to Paris to buy finery and bonnets Betsey replenished her wardrobe on an elaborate scale. She acquired, too, a red silk umbrella, which she carried everywhere, summer or winter. This using of an umbrella whatever the weather appears to have been a prevailing fashion in New York and Washington for a contemporary writer records with astonishment that no one ever seemed to go out without one whether in summer or winter. To find Betsey following any American mode is incredible, even though she modified it by introducing a Parisian *parapluie*, splendid and silken and colourful. It preserved her fine skin from the onslaught of sun and rain alike for forty years. She was never seen without it. But spending money did not make for her happiness. The consciousness that she was a beauty—the Princess was for ever telling her so—compensated her for some of her disappointments, but, alienated from her son and her father and thwarted in the accomplishment of her dearest ambitions, she took little joy in existence in Geneva or anywhere else. She spent the year making a round of visits to the European capitals. She found that wherever she went America was very much on the *tapis*. Mrs. Trollope, whose visit to the United States with Miss Wright had resulted not in the promotion of international commerce, but in complete financial disaster for its organizers, published her book on the “*Domestic Manners of the Americans*.” It created such a sensation that it stirred the Old World as well as the New. Mrs. Trollope, whose outstanding characteristic was utter respectability was described as an indecent

Pauline Pry, whose obscenity shocked the sober citizens of the States she abused. Her descriptions of everyday life "over there" set the tongues of all nations wagging. The book appeared in 1832, at a time when the United States and the development of their republican experiment were arousing a good deal of interest. Mrs. Trollope was enlightening about the conditions of life in this Utopia. She wrote graphically of the treatment of the slaves—a subject of immense interest at a moment when the agitation for the abolition of the slave traffic in the West Indies was occupying the attention of Parliament at Westminster and provoking furious debates. She described the horrors of the Revival movement which had reached New England after sweeping across Europe. Already a hundred years ago the Elmer Ganttrys who are such a feature of modern American fiction had appeared in the flesh, and the doctrine of the divine right of pastors to spiritual wives had a certain following among religious ladies. The way was being paved to Utah.

Hazlitt had once written of America that *The Beggar's Opera* was hooted off the stage there because fortunately they had no such state of manners there as Gay had satirized, and because unfortunately they had no conception of anything they could not view with their own eyes.

"America is singularly and awkwardly situated in this respect. It is a new country with an old language, and, while everything about them is of a day's growth, they are constantly applying to us to know what to think of it and taking their opinions from our books and newspapers with a strange mixture of servility and the spirit of contradiction. . . ."

But they took Frances Trollope's comments in a

spirit not of servility, but of bristling hostility, and no wonder. They were incensed when she described how a young lady seated at dinner between a male and a female guest "was induced by her modesty to intrude on the chair of her female neighbour to avoid the indelicacy of touching the elbow of a man!" And how the same young lady adjusted her stays without any consciousness of indelicacy in the presence of her negro footman.

America, Mrs. Trollope reported further, dubbed Shakespeare obscene. Men prided themselves on "being sufficiently advanced to find it out," and to insist that, if society had to endure the abomination of such plays, they should at least be marked by the age of refinement of which the people Mrs. Trollope met were such fine specimens. But when the lady went to the theatre at Washington she would see neither in the audience nor across the footlight evidence of any refinement. In the middle of a performance she saw a young man vomit violently—not into a golden basin—but sitting unembarrassed by this physical catastrophe in the pit stalls. He did not consider it necessary to retire to cope with what was a somewhat unæsthetic business, nor were his neighbours perturbed when he retched among them. An actor playing the part of physician happened to come on the stage. Struck by such an amusing sight, he detached himself from the cast with a laugh which was echoed uproariously by the audience and remarked that his "services seemed to be required more urgently elsewhere." All of which struck the Englishwoman as being very unrefined. Following on Captain Basil Hall's book on America, in which the picture of life in the West was not much better, Mrs. Trollope's book was discussed everywhere.

At an Embassy dinner party, an ill-advised young Englishman named Dundas asked Betsey if she had read it. She had, but the domestic manners of the Americans was not a subject she cared to discuss in society. She never forgot that *aux coeurs bien nés la patrie est toujours chère*, and, whatever her opinion of it, she kept her criticism for her own people.

“Did you notice Mrs. Trollope says all Americans are vulgarians?” Mr. Dundas enquired.

“Yes,” replied Betsey bitingly. “And I am not surprised! Were the Americans the descendants of the Indians or the Esquimaux I should be astonished, but being the direct descendants of the English it is very natural they should be vulgarians.”

The young man was put in his place, and made aware that Madame Patterson Bonaparte was the daughter of an Irishman and the wife of a Frenchman, and therefore could not be as vulgar as Mr. Dundas, who was of the stock from which the Americans were descended.

From Point Breeze the Comte de Survilliers was conducting an agitated political correspondence on the subject of his nephew, Napoleon II. He appealed to Lafayette to champion the young man’s right to the throne of France in preference to Louis Philippe, but the General wrote in reply that he personally could never vote for another Empire, and pointed out that Napoleon II was as much a Habsburg as a Bonaparte by birth and was in actual fact, by virtue of his education and upbringing in Vienna, nothing better than an Austrian Prince. Joseph wrote to Metternich and to the Emperor of Austria, begging to be given the custody of his nephew, but his appeal was ignored. The prince was dying slowly of tuberculosis, and in 1832 he faded out of life at Schönbrunn.

Betsey Bonaparte does not seem to have been greatly interested in this particular cousin of Bo's, though his death, like his birth, had its reactions on the fortunes of all the Bonapartes, including those of Betsey and her son. In all her correspondence she refers to him only once, and then in connection with the subject which was so vitally important to her—money. During an illness of Madame Mère's in 1823, when it was thought the old lady was dying, the provisions of her will had been made public, and Betsey had learned that the bulk of the money had been "left to Napoleon's son by the Empress Marie Louise." She had been disappointed at the time that Bo's name had not been mentioned, and the Duke of Reichstadt's death was important now mainly because there must be a new will, when very possibly other grandchildren might share the benefits. . . . Not even her anger with Bo could prevent her interesting herself in the possibility of his inheriting money.

"There is nothing like prosperity to cover faults," was one of her aphorisms. "It may be said that money covers more than charity."

In her loneliness she read voraciously—history—novels—the voluminous memoirs of the period. The Duchesse d'Abrantès had written her recollections of Napoleon and the Revolution, the Directorate, the Consulate, the Empire, and the Restoration. Betsey buried herself in these in 1833. She was in Paris at the time. Queer reading they must have made for the woman who thirty years ago had married the youngest of the Bonapartes, about whom the gossipy Laura had much to say. She wrote graphically of her meeting with him on the road from Lisbon in the spring of 1805, when a young man full of confidence in himself, still

thrilling with pride in his lovely young wife, had been on his way to Milan to face Napoleon. . . .

“All the world knows how he married in America, the daughter of a banker,” wrote Madame d’Abrantès. “Her name was Miss Patterson, and she was beautiful as well as rich, and every one knows too that Jerome was far less in the wrong in this affair than he has been represented. The Emperor was then only Consul, and had no rights as head of the family. These belonged to Joseph and to Madame Mère, who could have accorded or refused their consent. It is certain that Jerome’s mother would have permitted him to marry Miss Patterson, and that Joseph had given his consent, but the anger of the Emperor on learning of this marriage of his younger brother was extreme, and at the time of which I am speaking there was very little of the fraternal about him, even in his manner of correction. An order had been sent to Holland, Spain, and Portugal prohibiting the reception of Madame Jerome or anyone representing herself as such. The unfortunate young woman being seven or eight months advanced with child, had attempted to disembark in Holland, Belgium, Italy, and Spain, and then in Portugal, where M. Serrurier, brother of the invalid Marshal, and then our consul-general at Lisbon, was also obliged to refuse her permission to land. Jerome in despair had to send his wife to England, hoping that when he saw the Emperor and spoke to him he could sway him.”

This was not quite accurate, of course, but the picture of Jerome as he had appeared to his old friends in those harrowing days when he had first left Betsey, could not fail to stir and interest the woman he had betrayed, though her youth, like his, had slipped away before she

came to understand that perhaps he had suffered on her account, more than she had realized.

“We asked him to lunch with us, and he accepted. I was struck with the tremendous change in his manner. He was steady, and almost serious. The expression of his face, ordinarily gay and animated, had taken on a certain dreamy sadness which had changed him so much that I had hardly recognized him. He spoke admiringly of the United States, of their customs, their manners, and their people, and I received a very favourable impression during the hour we passed together. He had with him a man whose bearing and manner suggested a person of some distinction. This was Alexander Le Camus who, when Jerome was later King of Westphalia, was created Comte de Fürstenstein. . . .

“We walked in the gardens with Jerome. Before parting Junot, who had a familiar way with one he had known since childhood, spoke to him like a father, advising him not to resist the Emperor. Jerome replied with a noble assurance that his honour was engaged, and that he did not think, seeing that he had had the approval of his mother and his eldest brother, that there was any other course open to him.

““My brother will listen to me,” he told us. “He is just and good. Even admitting that I committed a fault in marrying Miss Patterson without his consent, on whose shoulders does the punishment fall at the moment? . . . On my poor, innocent wife’s. . . . No, no. . . . My brother cannot wish to cast a slur on one of the most respectable families in the United States, while giving at the same time a mortal blow to one as good as she is beautiful.”

“And he drew from his breast a large miniature

framed in gold, which he showed to us. It was a portrait of Madame Jerome Bonaparte. I saw a ravishing face. One thing in particular struck me about it, as it instantly struck Junot: the resemblance between Miss Patterson and the Princess Borghese. I mentioned it to Jerome, who replied that I was not the only person who had made this remark, that he himself and several of the French who had seen her in Baltimore had noticed the likeness. I found the expression of Madame Jerome even more full of fire and animation than that of the Princess Borghese and whispered this to Junot, but he wouldn't hear of it. He was still thinking of his old love. . . ."

Junot remained an admirer of Pauline Bonaparte's to the end.

"'You can judge for yourself,' said Jerome," quoted Madame Junot, "'if it is possible to abandon a being such as I have shown you; for to a face so ravishing are allied all the qualities that make a man love a woman. I wish my brother would consent to see her, for I am sure her triumph would be assured as Christine Boyer's was. . . . For myself I am determined not to give in. Strong in the assurance of being in the right, I will take no action I might afterwards repent.' . . ."

Betsey read on as Laura described how greatly the meeting had moved her, and how her thoughts, after the young man had departed, had fluttered about Lucien and his marriage as well as about Jerome . . . how she had wondered if the younger brother would have the courage and character to stand out against the Emperor; how she had spoken to Junot of what was in her mind. . . .

"'Mon Dieu! that young man is going to join the Emperor at Milan. He is going to find himself in the

middle of all the pomp of the Coronation. He is going to hear the magic words "Majesty" and "Imperial Highness", and I'm afraid even the magic of love will seem weak beside all that glory. I may be wrong, but I fear for that poor young woman, so beautiful, so good, so nobly trusting. I fear that her voice will fade away into the distance, and that he will not hear it. . . . And just when she is on the eve of giving birth to a child . . . five hundred leagues away from all the Imperial pomp and the beautiful princely garments, and the titles of Highness. . . .'

"Junot began to laugh.

"'Ah, I am sure you're mistaken,' he said. . . . But it was he who was mistaken. . . ."

And now Betsey knew just how it had happened, and perhaps she could look back a little pityingly on a young man's folly, and forgive him that he was glamourised by the gilt and glitter of the toy that had been the Empire. . . . When Madame d'Abrantès, who was in Paris, sought her out eagerly in search of more copy, she drew a blank. . . . Betsey refused to give any stories of Jerome or to make any comment on his betrayal.

"She has already said enough ill of him, and more good of my beauty and talents than they deserve," she wrote to her father.

She had not written to him very often of late—not since her bitter estrangement over the marriage of her son. It was nine years since she had seen Baltimore, and she was thinking of revisiting it, as much to look after her investments and financial affairs as to see her own people. Her father wrote austere to reproach her for her long silence and told her that she would be wise to return at once, as the country was in a

great state of uncertainty and distress on account of President Jackson's determination to divorce the Bank of the United States from the Government. The Bank's charter was due to expire in 1836, and in 1829 the President had warned the country that it would not be renewed. Meanwhile there was considerable agitation owing to the controversy on the question of whether the Government funds should remain in the custody of this particular Bank or not. In 1833 the Government had removed something like ten millions from it and deposited the gold in certain other Banks afterwards known as "pet banks." A good deal of commercial distress had followed this unexpected and somewhat arbitrary action.

"There is no saying how it may end," wrote William Patterson, "or that it may not ultimately bring about a revolution. Your presence here is absolutely necessary to look after your affairs and property, and the sooner the better. We will all endeavour to make your situation as comfortable as we can.

"I am, dear Betsey, yours very sincerely, W.P."

The hint was enough. The prodigal mother crossed the ocean and arrived in Baltimore by the earliest possible boat, bringing with her the trunks of finery she had acquired with Princess Galitzin's encouragement. The *toilettes* were perhaps of a kind a little unsuited to Baltimore. There were no less than twelve bonnets, which Betsey declared prudently would last her lifetime; the trunks of dresses were many, for she could never bring herself to part with anything. Her wardrobes were crowded with the garments she had worn on the days which were memorable in her life. She still kept the wedding-dress whose wispiness had so shocked some of the Puritanical guests. The ball-

gown Pauline had given her and snatched back again was there—almost she might have called it a trophy of war. She treasured the pink satin cloak in the brave gaiety of which she had played her part in Rome's resplendent society. The gown she had worn on being presented at the Court of Tuscany endured, a satin monument of a moment of greatness. They hung in the crowded presses of the bedroom in Baltimore, stiff ghosts of vanished glories, in whose gleam and rustle there lurked memories the contemplation of which blinded Betsey to the dullness of Baltimore. Even the ghost of Jerome stalked the cupboards, in the magnificent wedding clothes he had worn that Christmas Eve when he had made her his wife, and somewhere on a peg hung the dress she had worn when she met him at the Pitti Gallery with the woman who had supplanted her on his arm.

What emotions the memory of Jerome aroused in her it is difficult to say with certainty. That she was swift to use the biting edge of her tongue about him proves nothing but the depth of the wound he had inflicted on her pride. She was too loyal to discuss him with the Duchesse d'Abrantès, who probed for stories of the vanished past, although before reading her memoirs she had spoken of him freely with scorn and bitterness. The fact remains that she never put another man in his place, and that she declared that marriage without love was a repugnant idea, almost as if her only experience of it had been prompted by sentiment, which was probably true. At other times, when she was anxious to prove her independence, she declared that love was a non-existent thing, and that any woman who married for anything other than wealth or position was a fool, but this was a reflection of the

disillusioned Betsey who had learned that love could die like any other blossom of spring. There were times, too, when she said that life without a husband was such a lonely and desolate thing for a woman that one might be forgiven for marrying if it were only to provide oneself with a companion for life, since even "quarrelling with a husband would be better than the *ennui* of living alone."

She was not and never had been since her desertion a happy woman, but then her life had been a struggle against many odds to establish herself in the world to which the Bonaparte family would have denied her access. Anguished pride and outraged maternal love were hardly enough to inspire such a prolonged campaign for recognition by the family to whom she owed both her greatness and her grievances. It must have been prompted in some part by her thwarted love of Jerome—by a passionate desire to prove to him the value of the treasure he had lost. Her determination never to see him again does not suggest indifference. She was too proud to play second fiddle to Catherine in any social sphere. Yet had she cared a little less her relations with her child's father might have been cordial and even friendly.

Jerome was widowed, however, in 1834. He lost not only the loving and faithful companion who had stood by him loyally for many years, but also the allowances made to her by the King of Würtemberg and the Tsar. Catherine's royal relatives had been generous enough in supporting their own flesh and blood, but they were not disposed to pension a Bonaparte for life. For a little he was desolate. Catherine had been an unparalleled wife to him, but he was not the man to live alone for long. There were many

who wondered whether after the passage of twenty-one years he would not seek again the woman he had married in Baltimore when they had both been young and foolish and in love.

Had Betsey been in Florence, had the gulf of bitterness between them been bridged, who can say what might have happened? She had proved herself capable of holding any position in society. She had been accepted not only by the Bonapartes but by the stalwarts of the *ancien régime*. She was still beautiful, and she was reputed to be immensely rich.

But Betsey had already left for Baltimore where there was a reconciliation with her son. She met her daughter-in-law Susan, and there is no record of any bitter word of criticism. Young Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte was charming and gentle, a woman with ideals and stern New England principles. She was wealthy, and she made her husband very happy. She was the mother of Betsey's grandson—another Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte; and when the older woman held the baby in her arms she forgot that her foolish dreams for Bo had come to naught. They were all re-animated again and woven about the future of his boy. Here was another Bonaparte. Who could say that the world might not yet ring with his name?

She attended to her business affairs and made her mind easy about her investments. Her father was now eighty-three, and approaching the end of a successful life. The barefoot boy who had come from Ulster

“ . . . with his only shirt in a paper bag
To the shores of Americay.”

was the last man in Baltimore to wear the old-fashioned knee breeches and a queue. He was the wealthiest

magnate in the city he had seen develop from a small straggling, unhealthy town into the Athens of America, and he was a director of the New Ohio Maryland Railway, in which he took an active interest to the end. His sons were established there, honoured residents, raising up fine families to perpetuate the name of Patterson. His turbulent, troublesome Betsey was back under the parental roof after all her frolicking with what they call in America her “brummagem royalty.” Her son—his favourite grandchild—was happily married in Baltimore.

Father and daughter had little in common. Their lives had run on different lines these many years. With old age he had less patience with her whims than ever. He had always been stern and disapproving towards her, since she had defied him to marry a man who had made her the laughing stock of the world and he had never forgiven her for refusing to be his housekeeper in Baltimore on the death of her mother. He cherished his resentment down the years—he had not hesitated to wean her son from all the views she held dear. When he died in 1835 he gave vent to his rancour from the other side of the grave. Of his enormous wealth he left her but a few houses, and in his will he reviled her with a malevolence which redounded to his discredit far more than to hers. Indeed it justified Betsey’s lack of filial devotion, for the man who could lampoon his own child in his last testament was obviously incapable of inspiring love or tenderness—or, indeed, anything but fear and dislike.

“The conduct of my daughter Betsey has through life been so disobedient that in no instance has she ever consulted my opinions or feelings; indeed, she has caused me more anxiety and trouble than all my other children put together, and

her folly and misconduct have occasioned me a train of expense that first and last has cost me much money. Under such circumstances it would not be reasonable, just, or proper that she should inherit and participate in an equal proportion with my other children in an equal division of my estate; considering, however, the weakness of human nature and that she is still my daughter, it is my will and pleasure to provide for her as follows: viz: I give and devise to my said daughter Betsey, first, the house and lot on the East side of South Street, where she was born, and which is now occupied by Mr. Duncan, the shoemaker. Secondly, the houses and lots on the corner of Market Street bridge, now occupied by Mr. Tulley, the chairmaker, and Mr. Priestley, the cabinet maker. Thirdly, the three adjoining new brick houses and the one on the corner of Market and Frederick Streets. Fourthly two new brick houses and lots on Gay Street, near Griffith's bridge; for and during the term of the natural life of my said daughter Betsey; and after her death I give, devise, and bequeath the same to my grandson, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte."

Whatever she had done, such a public vilification of a man's own child was inexcusable. That William Patterson should be capable of it betrayed the atmosphere that must have pervaded the paternal roof from which Betsey had fled to Europe where she could live her own life—and who could blame her? If the light of the ideals she followed was the tawdry gleam of a paper lantern crested with gilt eagles, there was some excuse for her reaction from the paraffin lamps of South Street. The parent, whose will was a living monument to his harshness, was not the man to give sympathy and understanding to a girl whose humiliation had been broadcast to an entire world, and whose child had been slurred with illegitimacy through no fault of hers. Her fight for Bo's rights—her determination to establish him in the family who had tried to spurn him—may have been foolish, but it was animated by an impulse for-



THE MURAT HOUSE, BORDENTOWN, NEW JERSEY

(From a painting by Princess Caroline Murat. By permission of Baron de Chassiron)

givable enough at two and twenty. Her desire to save enough money to enable her son to keep up his mythical rank led her into many maternal errors. She could treat Bo as sternly as she had been treated for what she honestly believed to be his own good. Her father's guiding principle in life had been that "Money and merit are the only sure and certain roads to respectability and consequence." The axiom influenced her in the education of her son. It had certainly left its mark upon her own character.

The terms of her father's will were a blow to her pride from which it took her some time to recover. He had left Bo generous legacies enough, but the houses he left her were the meanest of his properties. At this time Betsey cared much for money, and she felt the public slight and humiliation as old Patterson certainly meant her to feel it. She considered she had been cheated out of her financial rights by a wicked and unjust parent, as once she had been cheated out of her marriage rights by a base and worthless husband. There was some excuse for her bitterness. She stayed on in Baltimore for four years—not because she was reconciled to it, but because time had healed the breach between her and her son, and in her grandson she re-animated all her hopes for the greatness of her posterity. The family went backwards and forwards to Bordentown to stay with the Murats, whose children became great friends with their American cousin, Jerome, who was to play with them later in Paris in the gay adventure of the Second Empire.

In Europe things were happening on many fronts. Madame Mère had died in Rome in 1836. Joseph, Comte de Survilliers, had left Point Breeze, and in London had promised to support his nephew, Louis

Napoleon, who was the only member of the younger generation who saw with clear eyes the star of Bonaparte fortune rising in the East. Achille Murat had forsaken the post office in Florida for a little to interview his cousin on Joseph's behalf. As a result of prolonged deliberation on the possibilities of the future Hortense's son found himself once again in trouble, and in 1837, following another indiscretion—staged this time at Strasburg—he found himself aboard a warship kindly supplied by his Bourgeois Majesty King Louis Philippe, en route, via the Canaries and South America, for the United States where so many of his relatives had found a haven of peace.

In March 1837 he disembarked at Norfolk, Virginia, and made his way to Baltimore. He had sentimental associations with the family of his uncle Jerome, for Bo's dark-eyed half-sister Mathilde filled whatever part of the canvas of his brain which was not occupied with the dream of another Empire. He might have married her, but his uncle thought a bridegroom given to rash political escapades would hardly be a safe husband for his only daughter.

In Baltimore was Mathilde's half-brother. Louis Napoleon visited him on his way to stay with Joseph at Point Breeze. He promised to return for a longer stay at Bo's country estate, and he made the acquaintance of young Jerome, who was to be in the not too distant future of one of his most gallant *franc-tireurs*. At the moment, the dream of an Empire was fading rapidly, and it was his intention to settle down in the New World after paying a round of visits to the relatives who had already established themselves there. He meant to look up both the Murat cousins. Before proceeding to Point Breeze, however, he delayed in

New York for some weeks. The news that another Bonaparte prince was among them unleashed the lavish hospitality with which a democratic community delighted to honour the representatives of the social system they professed to despise.

Every afternoon a pale, contemplative, not unattractive young man drove quietly up Broadway behind a pair of horses, and the onlookers discussed him freely. To many the name of Bonaparte recalled a young wastrel who painted the city with the scarlet of gaiety at one time, and for a little Louis Napoleon basked, undeservedly, in the sun of the black sheep Pierre's lurid reputation, and was mistaken for his cousin who was known to have frequented low haunts in dark quarters of the city.

In actual fact, Louis Napoleon made his appearance only in the most decorous and respectable sections of society. He was seen at the sober meetings convened by a small group of gentlemen who assembled together "for social and intellectual converse" at each other's houses. Among the members was Mr. Gallatin, whose wife, according to Betsey Bonaparte, felt about America exactly as every other woman who had ever had the chance of leaving it. One evening when these earnest citizens assembled for what would nowadays be called their weekly uplift at the house of Chancellor Kent, the host exercised his right to introduce a distinguished stranger visiting the city, and presented Louis Napoleon to his friends. One of the company, Professor Mose—there was a Bishop Wainwright to bear him out—put it on record that the young man made a most favourable impression. He seemed very reserved and quiet, but that was due doubtless to the imperfection of his acquaintance with their language. With

Mr. Gallatin he discussed politics and France, and the company were made aware their guest was still afflicted with the buzzing of Imperial bees in his bonnet. He seemed obsessed, Mr. Gallatin stated, with the extraordinary idea that one day he would be the Emperor of the French.

Louis Napoleon appeared in the younger set in New York society as well as in the soberer circles. There were dinner parties at Delmonico's, at which the rising generation discussed the advantages of democracy. In the fever of an argument someone once declared that the democratic party in every country was scraped from the scum of the uneducated and restless spirits who boiled to the top in time of upheavals. A more reflective student countered with the Napoleonic view that from the time of Cæsar to the present day the most accomplished men of highest intellect were, in every land, the leaders of the popular party, though he did not realize whose authority he was quoting. Louis Napoleon recognized it, however, and was pleased. He enquired whether the speaker had ever heard it stated that Cæsar had been the head of the democratic party in Rome, but was told that the speaker's view was entirely original. Louis Napoleon may have accepted that as bluff, for he begged permission to present him with a book on Cæsar which might interest him.

"My uncle made the same remark that you have made," he explained.

The book, which was delivered in due course, was *Précis des Guerres de César, par Napoléon écrit par M. Marchand à l'Ile de Sainte Helène, sous la Dictée de l'Empereur*. It bore the autograph of the future Napoleon III.

During his short stay in New York—he was unaware

that his visit was to be cut short very soon—Louis Napoleon went over some works where experiments were being made in the development of electro-magnetism and was greatly interested in what he saw there. It made an impression on him at the time, the imprint of which was still upon his mind when he became the Emperor of the French. One of his first acts on his accession to power was to encourage research into the wonderful realm of electricity. He offered a prize, open to competitors from every part of the world, for any improvement on the electro-magnet.

His visit to America left other marks upon Louis Napoleon too. It opened his eyes to the question of Mexico, the crown of which had once been offered to his Uncle Joseph, and he was receptive minded enough to accept the idea that the Latin races might well be represented in the centre of America by some form of Government not necessarily the United States Republic. The Comte de Survilliers came back to Point Breeze in 1837, having been deeply wounded by the suggestion in the English and continental papers that he had been behind the escapade at Strasburg and that he ought at his age to know better. From Bordentown Achille and Lucien Murat made a flying visit to New York. Before accepting their invitation to Philadelphia Louis Napoleon had a good look at the sights of the New World, taking the "Falls of Niagara and Mr. Washington Irving," in his stride. But before he had seen half what he wanted to see there was a letter from Hortense, and the news in it and a doctor's brief superscription on an envelope altered all his plans. His mother was going to have an operation—nothing serious, she said, bravely enough. . . . And on the flap of the envelope two words which spoke volumes.

“*Venez . . . Venez. . . .*”

Though Europe bristled with danger for him, he never hesitated for a second about going to his mother's side. He reached Switzerland in time to see her before she died, and he never crossed the Atlantic again. But his association with his American relatives did not end when he boarded a Liverpool packet and left New York behind him, for years later in the gilded setting of the Tuileries he was able to see them—all the cousins from Bordentown, and Point Breeze and Baltimore who were to come to France to play their parts in the family adventure of his Second Empire.

CHAPTER XI

BETSEY BONAPARTE'S opinion of Baltimore might have been summed up in Pope's couplet:

“Yes, Thank my stars! as early as I knew
This town, I had the sense to hate it too.”

And yet it bore little resemblance now to the place in which she had first seen the light of day. It had grown to the dimensions of a fine city. Its harbour, the securest in the whole of America, with its entrance “little more than a pistol-shot in width,” could contain two thousand sail of merchant ships. It was a town of cathedrals and churches and monuments and red brick Georgian houses. A town of universities and business and banks, proud of its enterprise, proud of its canals, and proud of the latest adventure in transport—the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, with whose inception old William Patterson had been associated.

But it was still, for Betsey, who had seen Paris and Rome and Florence, provincial and impossible, though she found it easier to endure its limitations now that her father was no longer there to scold and taunt and criticize. Deeply as she deplored Bo's depraved American taste in choosing such a domicile, she resigned herself to spending some years near him. He and his family were, after all, her nearest and dearest, and age was taming the fierce fires of social ambition in her

breast. They had been lit but to blaze a trail to greatness for Bo. They had no meaning since they had never provoked an answering spark in him. No climbing on her part could lift him out of the rut in which he had chosen to live his life. She recognized defeat, and if she looked back longingly at the years she had spent hovering about palaces in Europe, she was able to refrain from crossing the ocean for some time. She went for holidays to the fashionable American resorts—to Rockaway Beach or the Virginia Springs. Her eccentric views on hygiene prevented her from taking the waters like the rest of the world. She would not bathe, she declared, in springs where other folk had shed the impurities of the body.

She had long passed her fiftieth birthday. She was, as she had once said, "too old to coquet," but she was still attractive and sought after. Though she could not tread as lively a measure as of old on a ball-room floor, she could hold her men captive with her ready wit and the tales she had to tell of her triumphant, spectacular past. No other American woman had ever passed so picturesquely into European history. Age pencilled few lines on her lovely face, for all that her brow had been so often furrowed with petty cares and foolish worries. What the social life of a new continent could offer was hers, but she missed not so much the titled friends who had amused her in her youth as the intellectual conversation of a type unknown among the people of Baltimore. In a business community man talked of stocks and shares and prices and money—subjects of vital interest enough to Betsey—but they did not satisfy her hungry mind. Fond of literature, she was out of touch with the world of books. She read Lamartine—she had known him in Florence; Chateau-

briand—she had met him too in Italy; Madame de Staël, whose description of Corinna's impressions of life in England, where conversation at Lady Edgerman's was limited to births, marriages, and deaths, provoked her biting comment: "I am so tired of hearing these three events discussed, and my opinion of them has been so long decided that it is a misery to be born, and to be married I have painfully experienced without lessening my dread of death. So you may imagine how little relish I have for the conversation on these *triste* topics, and how gladly I seek refuge from listening to it by retiring to my own apartment."

She disliked, she said, the "squeezings and drippings of Madame de Genlis' brain," but she was an enthusiastic admirer of Sir Walter Scott's *Waverley Novels*, with one of which her name was linked for many years, and with which it is still linked in some works of reference. John Patterson, one of the sons of "Old Mortality" had emigrated, in 1776, and eventually settled in Baltimore. This brief biographical sketch almost applied to William Patterson, who, though he hailed from Donegal, claimed a certain amount of Scotch ancestry. The coincidence gave rise to the story credited by many authorities that Jerome Bonaparte's American wife was Old Mortality's granddaughter. It was a picturesque, if inaccurate footnote to the career of a woman whose family-tree did not feature any outstanding aristocrats, though Sir Bernard Burke, the Ulster King of Arms, whose name is immortalized in the monumental tomes of his *Peerage and Baronetage* and *Landed Gentry*, was to accept her later as 'Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore, a lady of station and fashion in the United States, a sister of Robert Patterson, Esq., the first husband of the Marchioness Wellesley.'

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In 1839, when it seemed to Betsey that she had left the world of station and fashion behind her for ever, Cardinal Fesch died in Rome of a stomach tumour. He had never himself approved of the dissolution of Jerome's American marriage, and in his will he mentioned Bo, who was the fruit of it, as a member of the family, and left him a legacy. Betsey was elated. She could not but be gratified by this further admission of kinship with the clan, and she was sincere when she said she cared less for the money than for the acknowledgement of the connection with the Bonapartes. Bo had to go to Europe to claim the legacy, and Betsey, seizing the opportunity for another voyage, accompanied him.

Across the sea she still felt the lure of the Old World. Despite her increasing years, ocean travel held no terrors for her. She had been backwards and forwards to Europe so often. With each succeeding voyage it was a less adventurous business. She had seen the development of shipping from the days when the Atlantic crossing was a matter of weeks of acute discomfort, but it grew less long and wearisome daily. Men were now discussing the possibility of a new type of vessel which would travel from Southampton to New York in a fortnight. Samuel Cunard's dream of a regular service of Atlantic mail boats was in process of realization. Already on the Clyde the first steamships of what was to be the genesis of the greatest mercantile fleet in the world were being built. They were to be launched the following year.

Mr. Jerome and Madame Patterson Bonaparte crossed to Europe in 1839 by one of the sailing vessels which were so soon to be driven off the face of the ocean by the paddle-boats which heralded a new age in trans-

port. Betsey's queer twisted pride, however, forbade her to go with her son to Italy, lest in Rome or Florence she should come face to face with the husband of her youth. She went instead to Paris. To Lady Morgan she explained why she remained thus alone while Bo was in Italy.

"There lives there (in Italy) the one person I wish not to meet again. . . . And whether persons have been the voluntary or unreflecting cause of having spoilt a destiny, I would sooner avoid their presence."

It would appear that Lady Morgan cherished some sort of romantic dream for re-establishing friendly relations between her American friend and the husband who had once forsaken her. She was at this time, indeed, holding out the hand of friendship to Jerome, who had passed through London recently on his way to Ireland. She had done pioneer work for Betsey in the past with Pauline Borghese, and there is no doubt she would have spoken to Jerome of his charming and delightful American wife had he come to her house on a certain May evening in 1839, when she arranged a party for him. He accepted her invitation and fully meant to attend the festivity, but at the last minute he was prevented from coming by the news of Cardinal Fesch's death. He felt it would not be *convenable* for him to appear in London society on the night when he had learned of this family bereavement. He wrote a note of apology, from Fenton's Hotel where he was staying, and sent it round by hand to his hostess.

"DEAR LADY MORGAN,

I regret very much that I cannot have the pleasure of spending this evening with you; the news of my uncle, Cardinal Fesch's death, which has just reached me, would

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render my presence unseasonable. I shall probably leave here on Friday for the interior of England, and eventually for Ireland: would you be so kind as to send me off, tomorrow, the letter you were so kind as to offer me for Lady Clarke?

I am,

most truly yours,

JEROME BONAPARTE.

Fenton's Hotel,
22nd May 1839."

Lady Clarke was Lady Morgan's younger sister, the wife of an Irish doctor who had been knighted by the Lord-Lieutenant for public services. That the ex-King of Westphalia should make his appearance in Dublin armed with introductions from Betsey's most intimate friend was one of Fate's amusing little tricks. Nor could he enter the Viceregal circle without having his mind swung back to the romance of his youth by the sight of the American Marchioness whom he had known as Mary Caton. She was his son's godmother—the niece of the Bishop who had married him years ago in Baltimore—the widow of Robert Patterson. Lady Clarke, was, like her sister, on intimate terms with the Wellesleys.

Who can tell what might have happened had Jerome dined with Sydney Morgan in London? He was lonely and desolate without Catherine, and his thoughts were already hovering uncertainly about matrimony. He was feeling the pinch of poverty to which the withdrawal of the allowances from Würtemberg and from Russia had exposed him. Not even his legacy from Madame Mère could lift his fortunes out of the blazing bonfire of his debts. He was thinking of mending matters by marrying a wealthy wife. He might have considered wooing Betsey again—but the psychological moment passed. He later found in



PRINCE LUCIEN MURAT

Florence a Marchesa who had wealth and youth and beauty to commend her.

In 1839, Lucien Murat, too, was leaving America for Europe in something of the same wild haste with which Louis Napoleon had crossed the ocean two years before, and on the same errand. The ex-Queen of Naples was dying, and in his anxiety to see her Lucien risked a journey through France, where, as someone had put it, the Bonapartes were still contraband, and proceeded to Italy. Caroline, like her brother Jerome, had spent most of the years of her exile in Trieste, but had moved to Florence when the ban prohibiting her entry into Italy had been removed.

Lucien arrived too late to see her again. The maids and valets were already looting the palace, flinging her dresses and furs and jewels out of the windows in readiness for transport. The scene that met his eyes as he entered the palace was a gruesome one and had its effect on him. After the funeral he left Italy, but he did not dare pass again through France with an inadequate passport and for some reason chose Gibraltar instead as a more suitable spot from which to take a home-going vessel to the United States. He felt he would be safer under the protection of England, but unfortunately M. Murat was not one of the people England had any desire to protect. He found himself under arrest before he realized what had happened, imprisoned in a ship lying at anchor under the Rock. He swore he heard people discuss the idea of shooting him. He spent several days in abject terror, lest each sunrise should be his last. His agony of suspense was relieved when an eagle fluttered over the ship. It must, he felt, be a good omen. Whether it was or not, he was eventually released and returned

to the red brick house in Bordentown, where his faithful Caroline was still teaching the young of Bordentown to read and write. In due course Betsey returned with her son to Baltimore. She had found Paris a changed place. Death, time and absence had left her few friends there, and the friends who had not died had changed in their sentiments towards her, she said a little sadly.

“I know not which is the more distressing—to hear that they have gone to the other world, or that they have forgotten us in this vale of tears and have become strangers to us.”

Madame Benjamin Constant, however, had remembered her with kindness and shown her hospitality, but Betsey lamented that she herself had “grown old and fat and dull—all good reasons for people not to think me an intelligent hearer or listener.” She was in New York in the summer of 1840, attending to her investments and her business affairs and her rents and her tenants. She remained in America nine years—nine years during which many things happened, the sum total of which were to make history for the Bonapartes.

Joseph's daughter Charlotte had died. Jerome's daughter Mathilde married the wealthy Prince Demidoff who had been well-known to Betsey in the days when she had stayed in Florence. It meant the shattering of many golden dreams for Louis Napoleon, who loved her, but he travelled alone all the faster towards the goal on which he had long since set his heart. Mathilde wrote lovingly to her brother in Baltimore. She seemed well pleased with the husband chosen for her by Fate with the co-operation of her father and his. No wifely duties, she said, would ever make her forget the happy days she had spent with Bo in Italy. She hoped he

would write to her oftener than in the past. She was indeed his most affectionate sister. And Jerome too wrote to tell his son about the things that were happening in the family, but there is no record that he mentioned having put the Marchesa Bartolini-Badelli in the place that had once been Betsey's—the place that many held was still hers by right. The bride was fifteen years younger than her elderly suitor. She brought gold in plenty to his empty coffers. The marriage he had proposed to her was morganatic only, but she was content. Betsey would have insisted on being a Queen, and her fight for the legitimacy of her son would have complicated life tryingly for Catherine's sons and for Mathilde herself. Perhaps it was just as well that he did not try to resurrect the romance of his youth. His third wife was never publicly acknowledged by him. She was known as Madame la Marquise. Like Catherine she loved him in spite of his many failings, though she was to pluck little happiness from her union with him. He had never been a faithful husband, and she was to find the position of stepmother to his youngest son, Prince Napoleon (who was later known as Plon-Plon by the irreverent) so difficult that her happiness was to be wrecked by him. For the moment, however, skies were blue. Jerome's debts were paid. Mathilde was established with a wealthy husband, and she seemed very happy.

Joseph Bonaparte came home to spend his remaining years in Europe. On leaving America he had provided handsomely for Annette Savage and his daughter, and had joined Julie at Florence. He had had one apoplectic attack after another, and he died in 1844, leaving all his American estates to Zénaïde's son Prince Joseph de Musignano-Canino, who had been born on them.

The young man came to Point Breeze in due course to claim his property, and the village of Bordentown blazed with illuminations to welcome him. The people had known him as an infant during the years that Charles and Zénaïde had spent there. His stay was a short one, but it was long enough to captivate Lucien Murat's eldest daughter. She was about fifteen at the time, and was the typical product of America, precocious beyond her years, but without any affectations. They became great friends, but Joseph went back to Europe before the flowering of romance, and Caroline was left with thrilling memories of dances in the peach-blossoming orchards, of chestnut feasts in the woods, and of a certain amount of mild love-making among the sycamores and giant oaks of Point Breeze.

They had impromptu concerts at which Prince Joseph demonstrated by his appreciative ear that he had little of the Bonaparte about him. Young Madame Murat played the harp, and a young English lad named Hamilton Beckett who lived near vied with the distinguished guest for the honour of securing Caroline as a partner. The summer wore away. Then Prince Joseph returned to Europe and severed his connection with America by disposing of Point Breeze. Hamilton Beckett's father, who had settled near Bordentown, bought part of it as a speculation, and in due course, following the unalterable law of progress, the glades of oak and sycamore were replaced by a forest of villas on the banks of the Delaware.

The American colony of the Imperial family was depleted further in 1847, when Achille Murat was buried in Florida, after an honourable and praiseworthy career in the States. In Europe there was a death, too which affected the interests of the Baltimore

Bonapartes. Jerome Napoleon, King Jerome's eldest son by Catherine — Prince de Montfort—died. Automatically the younger son Napoleon stepped into the position of his father's heir. The event did not seem important at the moment, for it was not until the following year that the foundations of Louis Philippe's throne began to crumble. Old Jerome had just obtained permission to move back to Paris, and the Orleans King was in process of considering the question of allowing him a pension, when the bleak winds of adverse political opinion drove him out of the Tuileries after a reign of eighteen years. Louis Philippe left Paris with a haste which earned for him the name of *Louis File-Vite*, for he and Queen Amelia scuttled off without dignity in a hackney cab which they picked up near some steps at the other end of the gardens. Prince Napoleon declared himself a Republican. Old Jerome, seeing the prospect of his pension vanishing, was inclined to be fractious about the political upheaval. Louis Napoleon rushed back to France, and, after an arduous campaign at the hustings, qualified for the Presidency of the New Republic. The gates of Paris were flung wide to the exiles who had so long been contraband in Europe. They came hurrying back from all corners of Europe, and when the news crossed the seas a school in Bordentown was shut down. Lucien and Caroline Murat and their children felt Imperial, for all that "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" was the slogan of the day. They had no intention of missing any of the fun of the latest Bonaparte adventure.

The elder son, Joachim, was in New York at the time, studying with a tutor. The family stayed there a day or two at Astor's magnificent hotel, for they had to consider the question of transport. It was now possible

to make the voyage in one of Mr. Cunard's paddle-boats, which were running regularly, but were not very comfortable. They were curious vessels, built with wooden paddle wheels and side-lever engines of Robert Napier's design. Dickens, who, like Thomas Moore and Mrs. Trollope, visited America in the early part of the last century, and who shared Betsey's view of its social amenities, has left on record a vivid picture of what crossing in the *Britannia*, the pioneer Cunard steamship, could be like in rough weather. His experience of it on the outward journey was enough. He took care to return to England under sail, for all that the voyage in 1842 took fifty days. The Murats decided against returning by paddle-boat. They chartered a ship of their own—a sailing vessel named the *St. Nicholas*. It bore them in triumph, if not in comfort, into Havre. It was good-bye for ever to the United States. All the members of Napoleon's family had left the New World now except the Baltimore branch, who belonged there.

Bo's son, Jerome, who had been a great favourite with the cousins at Bordentown, had been educated at private schools, and had gone up to Harvard in due course, but his personal inclination was against the legal profession. Soldiering had the family appeal for him and he left the university to go to West Point as a cadet. He had made his decision to follow a military career when events in Europe focussed attention on the family of the late Emperor of the French.

Above the warm red glow of the rising sun of the new Republic, Betsey Bonaparte could sense the golden haze which veiled but dimly the coming of another Empire. She felt a thrill of pride in the name she bore. She felt an imperial Bonaparte *quand même*. In March 1849 she was writing to Lady Morgan:

"I do feel enchanted at the homage paid by six millions of voices to his memory (Napoleon's) in voting for an Imperial president. *Le prestige du nom* has therefore elected the Prince, who has my best wishes, my most ardent hopes for an Empire. I never could endure universal suffrage until it elected the nephew of an Emperor for the chief of a republic and I shall be charmed with universal suffrage once more if it insists upon their President of France becoming a Monarch. . . . Personally I am disinterested," she added. "It is not my desire ever to return to France. . . ."

But she meant to return to Europe the following year, and hoped to see Lady Morgan again in England.

"I shall emancipate myself *par la grâce de Dieu* about the middle of July next," she planned; "I will either write to you before I leave New York or immediately after my arrival in Liverpool. . . ."

She longed for a little of Lady Morgan's society to compensate her, however tardily, for the weary years she had spent in what she described as "my dull native country, to which I have never owed advantages, pleasures, or happiness. . . . I have given up all correspondence with my friends in Europe during my vegetation in this Baltimore. What could I write about except the fluctuations in the security and consequent prices of American stocks? There is nothing more here worth attention or interest save the money market. Society, friendship, and conversation belong to the older countries, and are not yet cultivated in any part of the United States that I have visited. You ought to thank your stars for your European birth; you may believe me when I assure you that it is only distance from republics that lends enchantment to the view of them. I hope that about the middle of July

next I shall begin to put the Atlantic between the advantages and honours of democracy and myself."

She did not leave America, however, as soon as she had intended, but across the seas she watched with eager, interested eyes the course of events in France, and presently the thrilling blue of the skies of popular favour smiling above the head of the Prince President grew so vivid that the rich red of French Republicanism was mellowed and in the course of two or three years blurred into a good, Imperial purple. In Paris people were persuaded that the form of political diet which suited their curious make-up best was an Empire served on a gilded salver by a Bonaparte. Only one of Napoleon's brothers survived to see the historic day when another Emperor was installed in the Palace of the Tuileries. He had once been the husband of Betsey Patterson.

Jerome was not at all attached to his nephew, Louis Napoleon. He was perturbed rather than elated, until it became apparent that this latest adventure was to be crowned with success. Then he smiled avuncular approval and took his place at the head of the family awaiting the perquisites a President's most august relative had every right to expect. He was careful, however, to keep on the right side of the opposition in case of catastrophe.

The scroll of the future unrolled the gay picture of another Empire. Napoleon III sat in state at the Tuileries, and behind the throne, his dignity slightly ruffled by the fact that no one seemed to remember that he had been a King, Jerome took his stand as Prince Imperial and Heir Apparent, and Marshal of France. The Emperor was unmarried, and the succession to the throne, from which Lucien's descendants

were excluded by Napoleon's ruling, was vested in the person of Uncle Jerome and the heirs of his body.

There were times when the Heir Apparent was irritated by the reflection that all the honour and glory were centred about one who was described by Victor Hugo as a "Fictitious Bonaparte ! Doubtless Beauharnais—Verhuell possibly !" The ghosts of the scandals of another age danced down the corridors of the Tuileries, and in the Palais-Royal, where Jerome was established with Madame La Marquise and his younger son Prince Napoleon, the consensus of opinion was that Louis Napoleon had nothing of the Bonapartes about him.

"I often sought in the face of the Emperor for a trace of the Napoleonic type" wrote Jerome's aide de camp, General de Ricard, echoing the current view ; "I could find none—absolutely none ! There was nothing Napoleonic about him—neither his features, his carriage, nor his gestures. Not only had he nothing of Napoleon about him, but he seemed to me to have nothing French. Even his accent was faintly foreign. His phlegm, which amounted almost to taciturnity, was certainly Dutch."

The general opinion in the Palais-Royal was that the man at the Tuileries, who had been elected on what Betsey described as "*le prestige du nom*," had no right to the name of Bonaparte, and therefore no right to the position in which he had installed himself there. Jerome had a better title to the crown of France if the blood of the Emperor counted for anything, while his sons—both Prince Napoleon and the American Bonaparte—bore strong likenesses to their famous uncle. The fact remained, however, that Josephine's grandson sat on

the Imperial throne, but Jerome could not bring himself to treat him with respect or affection.

Prince Napoleon never bothered even to be courteous. This son of Jerome's was an unpleasant person. A French wag described him as "a good copy of the Emperor, dipped in German grease." A comparatively unimportant younger son until the age of twenty-five, his sudden elevation to the rank of his father's only legitimate son went to his head, coming as it did very close to the time when the Bonaparte's became once again an important family in Europe. He ruled his father with a rod of iron and tried to keep him in order in what was a rather racketty old age. Prince Napoleon was ambitious, domineering and arrogant. There was no love lost between him and the Emperor. It was not to be wondered at that Napoleon III found Jerome's Baltimore son, who wrote charming and cousinly letters full of congratulations and good wishes, a much more agreeable relative than the Heir Apparent's legitimate son, Napoleon, who began to call himself rather confusingly Prince Jerome Napoleon and who gave offence every time he entered the Tuileries. The Emperor had pleasant memories, too, of his meeting with Bo in Baltimore in 1837, and the Murats, who brought the breezy atmosphere of the New World into the stately precincts of the Palace, were enthusiastic when they spoke of their young cousin, Jerome Bonaparte, Junior.

Lucien Murat—he was Prince Lucien now—had come into his own with Louis Napoleon's rise to power. From being the ne'er-do-well of Bordentown, he achieved Ambassadorial rank, and went to Turin in 1849 in a diplomatic capacity, where inhibitions against hard work were less noticeable than in a country where



PRINCESS CAROLINE MURAT, 1852

(From a painting by Benedict Mason. By permission of Baron de Chassiron)

people had not yet learned to dawdle delightfully. He left his American wife in Paris, where, with her two sons and two daughters, she was at first bewildered by the social complications of a *régime* with which she was entirely unfamiliar. She was not as quick as Betsey Patterson had been in absorbing the atmosphere of the Old World, and instead of keeping a sharp eye on her elder daughter with a view to marrying her off to her cousin Louis Napoleon, she allowed her "to dance herself into an engagement" with the Baron de Chassiron. When Lucien, whose stay in Turin was not a very long one, returned, he was faced with the accomplished fact; but, while it was easy enough to promise to marry Baron de Chassiron, there were many difficulties in the way of fulfilling that pledge. The main trouble concerned itself with the difficulty of proving that Caroline had ever been born. The church at New Trenton, in which were the records on which her birth had been inscribed, had been burnt down, and all its registers had been destroyed, a fact which complicated all the formal regulations necessary for matrimony according to the laws of France.

Prince Pierre Bonaparte—this black sheep had been lifted like all his cousins of the first and second generation to princely rank—was able to testify that she had been born during his visit to America. Her mother's sister—another visitor from the New World to the court of the Tuileries—stated that she had been staying in the house in Bordentown at the time, but two witnesses, even so closely connected with the Imperial Court, were not enough. French Law stipulated for four witnesses where no birth certificate was available, and no marriage could take place until these formali-

ties were complied with. Two friends had to be summoned all the way from New Jersey to swear that to their certain knowledge a daughter had been born to Lucien and Caroline Murat in Bordentown, and that they could identify as that daughter the bride-elect, and after immense fuss authority was satisfied and the wedding took place.

In 1851 Susan Bonaparte gave birth to a second son in Baltimore—twenty-one years after the birth of Jerome, who was nearing the completion of his course at West Point. The latter was given a commission with the Mounted Rifles the following year, and his father and mother and his diminutive brother came up from Baltimore to see him pass out with the usual ceremonial. The infant watched the scene from the arms of his nurse, and protested against the boredom of it all when they laid him down in the next room between the items on the programme. A young lady who watched the baby with interest heard Miss Susan's agitated appeal to her husband to help her to soothe her fractious offspring.

"Jerome, Charles Joseph is crying. Can't you take him up? . . ."

The people were strangers to her, but the sight of an infant in such surroundings made an impression on her, and she remembered the incident. Twenty years later her daughter was engaged to the young man whose first acquaintance she made as a wailing baby on the day of Jerome Bonaparte's graduation from West Point.

With the establishment of another Empire all Betsey's old ambitions were re-aroused, and her hopes centred longingly about her two grandsons. Bo wrote charmingly from Baltimore to his cousin Louis Napoleon

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congratulating him on the success with which his efforts had at last been crowned. The Emperor was gratified.

“MY COUSIN” (he wrote, early in 1853)

In spite of the distance between us and our long separation I have never doubted the heartfelt interest with which you have followed the chances of my destiny. Also I have received with great pleasure the letter which brought me your congratulations and good wishes. Thank you for all. The news you gave of your son's call to a military career and of his admission to the Mounted Rifles was hardly less pleasant.

When circumstances permit, I shall, believe me, be delighted to see you again. Till then, my cousin, God keep you,

NAPOLEON.

Written in the Palais des Tuileries
9th February 1853.”

Bo decided to visit his Imperial cousin in Paris early in the following year.

CHAPTER XII

NAPOLÉON III married Mademoiselle Eugénie de Montijo, in 1853, mainly, it was said, because she had told him that the only way to her bedroom was through the Chapel of Notre Dame. In 1854 people were wondering whether the *bon mot*, "*L'Empire, c'est la paix*," had any real meaning, for an obscure question concerning the Turks and the rights of the Greek priests of the Orthodox Church led to an outbreak of war in the Crimea, a part of Europe about the geography of which no one knew very much. Old Jerome had a breathing space of freedom from filial control while Prince Napoleon left Paris with the intention of leading the armies to avenge the disasters of 1812 in a campaign on the shores of the Black Sea. The red gods of adventure called to a young Bonaparte lieutenant in Texas, and he resigned his commission in the American army with a view to entering the service of his cousin the Emperor of France and doing what he could to help in the Crimea.

With his father he crossed to France in 1854. They were received by the utmost cordiality by the entire Bonaparte family. When old Jerome heard of the imminence of their arrival, he flung open the doors of the Palais Royal to receive them. His aide-de-camp was astonished one day by an imperative command relative to the reception of the strangers.

"General, you will take a carriage and go at once to my son's house . . ."

General de Ricard was mildly surprised, thinking the son in question was Prince Napoleon.

"My American children are here," Jerome explained. . . . "You will find them and tell them I expect them here to-morrow. You will supply them with carriages, and offer them accommodation here in the Palace."

He specified which apartments he wished his son and grandson to occupy. General de Ricard, who, like everyone else, had known of the "affaire Patterson" in the past, was astonished at Jerome's eagerness to welcome the son of his early marriage. He carried out his instructions faithfully, however, and on the following day Bo and young Jerome presented themselves at the Palais Royal. Safe in the knowledge that Prince Napoleon was not in Paris, Jerome received his eldest son with warm affection. De Ricard has given an account of a touching reunion.

"My dear child," Jerome said emotionally. . . . "How glad I am to see you again! . . . And this, then, is your splendid son! . . . Ah, dear child, let me embrace you. . . ."

De Ricard tactfully withdrew, leaving the three generations of this curious family together. The Americans, however, declined to establish themselves in the suite set aside for them in the Palace, much to old Jerome's regret. Bo excused himself by saying he did not wish to upset his father's household, but when the aide-de-camp urged that their visit could not disorganize the Palace in any way and that if they chose they could have a private entrance and come in and go out just as they pleased, they were still adamant.

Betsey was in Paris, a queer old figure now, with her red umbrella and her little eccentricities, and as she could not come to the Palace, her son refused its hospitality.

After the departure of the visitors De Ricard was charged with the office of waiting on them personally at their hotel and looking after their comfort in every way. They were to be asked to dine—not once but many times—whenever they liked, in fact. They were to be supplied with a carriage. De Ricard was to see to it that they had horses when they chose to ride. The aide-de-camp made the necessary arrangements. Like everyone else he thought Jerome's American son a great improvement on Prince Napoleon, and, liking Bo personally, he found it a pleasure to see to his comfort. Bo conferred with De Ricard as to the correct procedure for getting his young Jerome into the French Army.

The Princess Mathilde followed her father's lead.

She was living in Paris, and was a great lady of the Empire. Her marriage with Demidoff had come to an end years ago. Its duration, for all that it had promised so much happiness, had been a brief five years. The bridegroom had been altogether too much of a Don Juan, and had held Caucasian views about keeping his wife in order. When she was the centre of the stage at a big reception at the San Donato Palace in Florence, and was obviously the admired of several of the gallants who were present, he strode up to her in a furious temper and slapped her on both cheeks in the presence of the entire gathering. After that they parted, Mathilde's uncle the Tsar arranging the terms of their separation. Demidoff was restrained from going anywhere within a hundred miles of wherever she might be staying, and was ordered to pay her eight

thousand pounds a year for life. As his income ran to something over ninety thousand he got off comparatively lightly. Mathilde had always been fond of Bo, and she was glad to renew in Paris the pleasant family relations into which they had entered years before when they had met in Italy. She was attached to all her American connections, and the Murat girls were for ever in and out of her Palace.

The Emperor and Empress received Bo and his son both at St. Cloud and at the Tuileries. Eugénie, who detested Prince Napoleon, was delighted with them and encouraged Napoleon III to welcome them to Court. On the face of it it seemed ridiculous not to acknowledge these attractive relatives as Bonapartes, and the question was raised as to whether Betsey Patterson's long disputed marriage could not receive, even at this late date, some official acknowledgment. The President of the Council of the Senate and the Minister of Justice were called into conclave, and it was decided to recognize Jerome Napoleon as the legitimate son of his parents, Elizabeth Patterson and Jerome Bonaparte, and a clause was discovered in the Civil Code under which the status of a French citizen could be restored to him.

This, however, went rather farther than old Jerome had ever intended. Much as he liked Bo, he lived in acute fear of Prince Napoleon, who, when he heard that the "*bâtards Américains*" were being received at the Palais Royal while he was absent in the Crimea, protested very vigorously at a state of affairs which might one day affect him seriously. Old Jerome was writing agitatedly to the Emperor:

"Your decrees dispose of my name without my consent. They introduce into my family, without my having ever been

consulted, persons who have never formed any part of it. They make the legitimacy of my children doubtful in the eyes of the French people, and open the way for a scandalous lawsuit being brought against them when the time comes for the succession to my property and rights to be dealt with. They are an attack upon my honour, and on that of my brother the Emperor, for they annul the solemn engagements we entered into with the King of Würtemberg and the Emperor of Russia as a condition to my marriage with Queen Catherine."

It was not easy to soothe the tempest of Prince Napoleon's wrath when he exploded on the subject of his Baltimore brother and nephew. The legal side of the business had not at this time occurred to Napoleon III, but it did not trouble him greatly. That old Jerome, who had made such a fuss of his son, should now write high-handedly saying he would never consent to Bo's residing permanently in Paris seemed rather foolish, and his anxiety about Napoleon's future seemed ridiculous and far-fetched.

And presently after a disgracefully short campaign in the Crimea, Prince Napoleon was back in the Palais Royal giving instructions as to the proper treatment for American invaders. His arrival in Paris was thought by the Imperial family to be directly due to his intense jealousy of Bo, but it did not endear him to the people of France. He himself said jauntily he wanted to see his mistress, the famous Rachel. A rumour, however, preceded him that he had been unnerved by the outbreak of cholera in the ranks and had fled the danger zone. His friends said that he had been unfortunate and had seen service in the most unhealthy part of a barbarous country, and that his health had broken down under the stress of the campaign, which may have been true, but then Napoleons are not expected to break down at the first thunder of guns. When he handed

over his command he lost his prestige in the eyes of the French. His father referred to him tactfully as "the Hero of Alma," but for the populace he was now "Plon-Plon"—a nickname derived from *Craint Plomb*, which stuck to him for life.

General de Ricard was made aware of a new order of things when Jerome sent for him one morning and ordered him to interview his American son. If he had been surprised at the warmth of the first message he had ever had relative to Bo, he was astonished when he found himself deputed to bear an offensive one.

"You will tell him," Jerome instructed, "that I should prefer him not to dine at my table without being asked."

"But, Monseigneur," de Ricard protested, "It is you who asked him to come here. Your Highness must remember sending me personally with the invitation which was to serve for many times."

"Quite possibly. But now I no longer wish it."

De Ricard, who had become attached to the American Bonapartes, looked uncomfortable and made it clear that he would find it extremely painful to be the bearer of such a message to Bo.

"If you will not undertake the message," said the old man testily, "I shall make my wishes known to them in a much more disagreeable way."

The aide-de-camp decided that he had no choice but to do his master's bidding, but he did it reluctantly. He tried to be tactful—to wrap up old Jerome's blunt directions in layers of courteous phrases, but Bo was not dense.

"I understand perfectly, General," he said with dignity. "The Prince wishes me to come in future only when I am specially invited? That is enough. I shall respect his wishes."

He did not visit the Palais Royal again. From the Tuileries Napoleon III wrote to him with reference to a letter he had had from Jerome:

“MY DEAR COUSIN,

I have received your two letters, and I had already had one from my uncle Jerome, who informs me he will never consent to your remaining in France. I have replied that if the laws of France recognize you as his legitimate son, I cannot do otherwise than recognize you as a kinsman, and that if your position in Paris is an embarrassing one you alone are the best judge of that, and that Napoleon, provided he behaves well, can have nothing to fear from family rivalries, etc. You must, without irritating your father, continue to follow the steps you proposed. I will write tomorrow to Fould about the plan on which we agreed.

With all good wishes to Jerome, and assuring you of the sincerity of my friendship,

NAPOLEON.”

A month later a notice in the *Bulletin des Lois* informed the world that M. Jerome Bonaparte of Baltimore had been reinstated in his proper position as a French citizen. All the family approved with one exception—Plon-Plon; but he was looking into the future, and it was obvious there was going to be trouble if Bo were to be accepted as his father’s eldest legitimate son. Eugénie had as yet no child, and the Heirs Apparent to the throne were Jerome and his offspring. It was very important for Plon-Plon to establish himself as the only legitimate son, and he flung himself with venom into an arduous campaign against the Patterson Bonapartes. He was furious with his sister Mathilde, who had entertained them and encouraged them to visit her.

Meanwhile Bo’s son was granted a commission in the Imperial Dragoons, and posted for duty as an

aide-de-camp to General Morris in the Crimea, where he was commanding a cavalry division. In a campaign of which it was to be said that the soldiers "fought like lions but were led by asses" the young man managed to distinguish himself. He was enthusiastic, keen, and courageous, and well worthy of the name he bore. Plon-Plon, hearing of his prowess, grew anxious and wrote to Napoleon III protesting against the young American being allowed to serve as a French Officer and to appear on the field of battle as a Bonaparte. He was not entitled to the name at all, since his grandmother had never been married. It was as if time had moved back forty years, Betsey Patterson's marriage was the subject of so much discussion. To relieve the strain Napoleon III tried to solve the name difficulty by offering his cousin Bo a title, which, while it opened the doors of European society to him for all time would relieve some of the family complications. Betsey's son was given the chance of becoming the Duc de Sartène.

Once in the old days they had tried to prevent Miss Patterson from styling herself Madame Bonaparte by offering her the lure of the title of Princess de Smackalden. The present procedure was prompted by the same mental processes, and it failed to achieve its object. Bo declined to hide the light of his identity under any fine sounding ducal bushel. The name of Mr. Bonaparte was good enough for him, he said, and after wearing it all his life he had no wish to change it. His Imperial relatives began to wish he would stay in America and wear it there. Plon-Plon's bitter campaign against him was making things unpleasant for everyone.

Young Jerome Bonaparte continued to please his

officers in the Crimea. He was promoted a full lieutenant at the end of a year, but the increasingly enthusiastic reports on the progress of his American nephew angered Prince Napoleon more and more. He was determined to force this question of the American "*bâtards*" to an issue now. If he left it there would be trouble later on. He wrote to his Royal relatives in Würtemberg and enlisted their co-operation in his fight for what he maintained were his rights. Lieutenant Jerome Bonaparte survived Inkerman and Balaclava. He was in Sebastopol when it fell. He came back to Paris wearing an English decoration, a Turkish medal, and the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

It was very trying for Plon-Plon. After the war had come to its indeterminate conclusion the King of Würtemberg came to Paris. Plon-Plon unburdened himself of his many grievances to his mother's people and what had been a friendly family matter became unexpectedly a complicated international question. It had developed into a contest the issue of which would concern the legitimacy of the children of the Princess Catherine of Würtemberg. Plon-Plon declared war openly by an application to the Imperial family council for an injunction to restrain Jerome Napoleon Patterson and his son from using the name of Bonaparte, to which they had no real title. They made a legal case of it. Me. Berryer was instructed to represent Betsey and her son while Me. Allou, who was an equally clever counsel, held a brief for Prince Napoleon.

Berryer was swayed by Betsey's beauty and her dominant personality. She was well known in Paris, and with her cause there was nothing but sympathy. That a woman should have to fight for the legitimacy

of her child for fifty years stirred everyone's pity, and the speech Berryer made pleading the rights of her son was impassioned. The family council deliberated the points placed before them by the distinguished legal lights. The verdict was that the descendants of Madame Elizabeth Patterson were entitled to bear the name of Bonaparte, but it was to be understood that this ruling did not carry with it any of the advantages conferred by the 201st and 202nd Articles of the *Code Napoléon*. The Emperor agreed with the findings of the Council, but he had been made to realize that the Patterson problem might complicate life for Jerome's children later on, and he added a note to the legal document to the effect that though he sanctioned the judgment of the Council he must place it on record that he did not consider his American relatives as members of the *famille civile*."

This looked very like taking back with his left hand the substance of the deed he had signed with his right, but the Emperor was weary of the business by this time. There was some excuse for his caustic retort to old Jerome's taunt that he had nothing of the great Napoleon about him. He replied, "You are mistaken. I have his family." Having been received with friendship and affection at the Tuileries, where he was a favourite with Eugénie as well as with her husband, Bo was naturally offended by the edict which declined to acknowledge him as a member even of the *famille civile*, while admitting his right to bear the name of Bonaparte. He wrote at once in protest:

"As I was born legitimate, as I have always been recognized as such by my family and by the laws of every country and by the entire world, it would be the height of cowardice and dishonour to accept a brevet of bastardy. I have not raised

the question. I have no longer any fear of it; and if the family council has given an illegal and unjust verdict, at least it has been stopped by the impossibility of depriving a man of the name which he has borne from his birth to the age of fifty without its ever being contested.

Being the victim of calumnies, intrigues and lies, it only remains for me, Sire, to repeat the wish which I have made known to you in my letter of the 20th March—to go with my son into exile and await the justice which I am convinced Heaven will render me sooner or later.”

The letter breathed the spirit of Betsey. One can almost see her dictating its fine, flowing phrases about exile and justice. Bo was not and never had been in the least anxious to reside permanently in France. Baltimore was his spiritual home, and when he went back there it was not at all in the rule of an exile driven forth from the land of his fathers. His wife was there, American to the tips of her toes, and there was his younger son Charles Joseph to occupy him.

In spite of this interchange of a somewhat acidulated correspondence Bo's relations with Napoleon III remained friendly and were in no way shattered by what had happened. There was no question either of taking his son back to Baltimore. Young Jerome was too keen a soldier and too much of a Bonaparte to wish to bury himself in the United States when things were happening in an Empire which was almost, one might say, family property. He transferred from his regiment, however, to the *Chasseurs D'Afrique*, and was posted to Algiers, where he saw a good deal of active service in that adventurous setting which has since served for a hundred romances. It was said that the Emperor had been so pleased with Jerome's part in the Crimea that he was willing to give him a title and an annuity of £4,000. He was offered the chance



JEROME NAPOLEON BONAPARTE—U. S. ARMY.

LIEUTENANT JEROME NAPOLEON BONAPARTE
(*Of the U.S.A. Mounted Rifles, 1852*)

of the Dukedom of Sartène which his father had refused, with the alternative title of Prince de Montfort. This last would have carried with it an admission of his kinship with the King of Westphalia, who, during the years of his exile had been known as the Comte de Montfort. Had he chosen to accept it, there would certainly have been loud protests from the Palais Royal, for the title which had originally been borne by Jerome's elder son by Queen Catherine. Like every other member of his family, however, Lieutenant Jerome prized the name of Bonaparte above any title an Emperor could offer, and he refused the honours with a touch of Betsey's pride and the gay explanation that he had been born Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, and that he would remain Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte till the day of his death. This story, however, for the authenticity of which Princess Caroline Murat, who was deeply attached to her American cousin, vouches, seems a little incredible. It is difficult to believe that any young officer would fling away the sum of £4,000 a year had it really been offered to him. In Jerome's case it would have been difficult to make this *beau geste*, for his grandmother was in Paris. She would have been furious had he scorned the Emperor's offer of financial assistance, though she would certainly have applauded his pride in refusing the title offered him solely to wean him from his use of the Corsican surname.

Betsey was, not unnaturally, immensely proud of her soldier grandson. She could not help weaving many dreams about his future. There was one child now in the Imperial nursery—little Lulu, the Prince Imperial, born in 1856. There was, therefore, only one life between old Jerome and the heirs of his body

and the throne of France, and the possibility of her descendants wearing a crown in the dim and distant future was never very far from her mind. Her immense pride in her grandson compensated her for much of the bitterness with which her life had been soured. If she had failed to inspire Bo to do Napoleonic things in Europe, the Fates had given her a grandson who looked as if he might follow his great-uncle's career with considerable success. Old Jerome had taken no further notice of him. Plon-Plon saw to that, though de Ricard reported that, to do the old man justice, he felt very keenly the insults he was forced to heap on the head of what he called "his American children." But all Plon-Plon's machinations could not keep his nephew out of the Tuileries, nor prevent him ingratiating himself without any effort with the Princes and Princesses who were grouped about the throne. When she ranged her still lovely eyes about the beauties who thronged Paris, Betsey dreamed of having an Imperial Princess for a grand-daughter-in-law.

Economy and the habit of saving which had grown on her since youth were now a vital part of her make-up. She had the itch to save, as others have the itch to write or paint or act. She was grateful for a peg on which to hang a legitimate excuse for her meanness, and her grandson supplied it. She wanted the money only for him, lest one day he might be called to the throne and find his position a bleak one, hampered by lack of means. Though not herself a member of the Imperial Family, Betsey was visited during her stay in Paris by many of the Princes and Princesses who clustered about Eugénie and her court. The two Murats—Princes they were now—Achille and Joachim—were old friends, while Caroline and Anna loved to

hear her talk of Bordentown and Philadelphia days. She could amuse them always with her ready wit and her apt repartee, though, as they were attached to their uncle Jerome, they found it a little trying when Betsey was caustic about him. She spoke of him gibingly as "the sou, who had slipped in by accident between the two Napoleons"—a pun on French money which gave much amusement.

Her eccentricities were well known, but she was still such a handsome creature that much was forgiven her. She was in the habit of collecting the spare lumps of sugar off the trays on which her tea and coffee was served in the various hotels in which she stayed in Paris. Once when going away she sent her store round to her grandson in her very largest hat-box with a little note explaining how she had collected it all for him. She was generous to him in a spasmodic way, and would give him presents of money occasionally. She was reputed to be immensely wealthy. In 1859, when Jerome was promoted to the rank of Captain, she had sad news from Ireland. She had lost her great friend, Sydney Morgan, and her death left a blank that was never to be filled.

That year the talk of Paris was centred about the wedding of Prince Napoleon. A political alliance had been agreed upon between Victor Emmanuel of Savoy and Napoleon III, and it was consolidated by the marriage of Victor Emmanuel's daughter to the cousin of the Emperor of France. The unfortunate little bride was only fifteen. Plon-Plon was thirty-five, notoriously profligate, universally unpopular, bad-tempered, and anything but a Prince Charming. Some French diplomatists had suggested him once as a possible husband for Princess Mary of Cambridge,

who subsequently married the Duke of Teck, but Lord Palmerston had replied tersely that the proposal that such a man should marry an English Princess had better not be broached to Queen Victoria. Victor Emmanuel was well aware of the character of Prince Napoleon, but he handed over his daughter without a pang. Royal marriages are rarely romantic things. Plon-Plon, to whom the sight of his royal bride must have been a shock—she was plain and earnest and had all the mental and physical angularity of adolescence—declared jauntily that he was pleased with her, explaining, with a coarseness that shocked the Court, that she had the “nose of De Plessis, and the mouth of Nana.” De Plessis and Nana were two of his many mistresses

The Emperor was disturbed to find that the marriage was unpopular in Paris. He was not surprised that it did not contribute to the gaiety of the court circles. Clotilde, obsessed with her own royalty and the desire to do good works, was an alien creature. Eugénie, who tried kindly to initiate the plain, unattractive little girl into the etiquette of the Tuileries, was rebuffed with a haughty “You forget *I* was born in a Court,” which put an end to any possibility of friendly relations. As Plon-Plon detested the Empress—once he refused publicly to propose her health when asked to do so at a formal dinner at which she and the Emperor were present—it did not concern him greatly that Clotilde gave offence. Between his consciousness of his superior relatives on his mother’s side, his present connection with the royal house of Savoy, and his tremendous self-satisfaction at the reflection that he was legitimate and his brother Bo was not, he was more unbearable than ever. Even Mathilde found

him trying. In the spring of 1860 their father's ill-health brought them both to the Château of Villegenis. They were there in June, when, after a lingering illness, old Jerome Bonaparte died at the age of seventy-five, and the career of the youngest of Napoleon's brothers—a career that had been starred with many scandals, not the least of them having been staged during his declining years—came to an end. Prince Napoleon's jealousy had not only wrecked the old man's relations with his eldest son and grandson but ruined the Marchesa's life. He was so concerned with the importance of being his father's only heir that, realizing that Madame la Marquise was of an age when she might yet bear a child, he had organized a most elaborate plot to discredit her. Jerome had an illegitimate son by Madame David, the daughter-in-law of the celebrated Napoleonic painter. The boy was called Jerome David, and his father's relations with him were, for many years, quite friendly. Catherine in her large-hearted way had taken an interest in him. In his last decade however, Jerome had fallen into the clutches of a red-haired siren who was an evil genius in his life. While temporarily estranged from the unfortunate Marchesa, Prince Napoleon unfolded a scandalous story in which he declared the lady was having a liaison with Jerome David. There was a "frame-up." They were discovered together. There was an unpleasant and painful scene, and the Marchesa was put out of the old man's life. There had not been a word of truth in the story, and the affair went near to breaking her heart. Like Catherine she had loved him in spite of his many faults, and she was a pitiful sight at his funeral, a creature obviously broken with grief.

The obsequies of the Emperor's uncle were a state

ceremonial with all the Imperial Family in attendance. Captain Jerome Bonaparte was in Paris. As the deceased's only grandson he ought in the normal order of things to have appeared as one of the chief mourners, but Plon-Plon decreed that the "*bâtards Américains*" had no right to mourn his august father, and a new code of etiquette had to be formulated for the funeral, which was one of the *grands fêtes funebres* of the Empire. His Imperial Highness the Prince Jerome had once been a King. He was the Marshal of France, and the last surviving brother of the first Emperor Napoleon. He was to be laid to rest beside the hero in the splendour of the Invalides, and the Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, escorted by Cuirassiers, Artillery Officers and the Veterans of the Empire were, to follow the cortège from the Palais Royal to the tomb.

But there was no place in the great procession for Captain Jerome Bonaparte. He was ordered to take his place in the Family Tribune where the Imperial Princesses had their seats. All the Princes of the Empire were walking by the bier, and, in relegating the American grandson to a part of the church occupied only by ladies, Prince Napoleon underlined and emphasized very publicly his nephew's negative position in the family.

"I felt dreadfully sorry for him," wrote one of the Princesses who watched him admiringly during the Requiem Mass. "I confess I admired his courage in obeying the order, all the more that I knew that had I been in his place wild horses would not have dragged me there."

Captain Bonaparte did not mind the carefully thought out slight on his dignity in the least. It was in its way an acknowledgment how much his uncle feared him

and his. Plon-Plon, top-heavy with the consciousness of his legitimacy and his royalty and the bastardy and unimportance of every other child of Jerome's except himself and his sister, took his place at the head of the cortège. He was enveloped Napoleonically in a long black cloak, and he looked very Imperial. The cannons boomed from the Champs de Mars. Old Jerome was laid to rest near the brother who had made him a King and unmade his Baltimore marriage. The news of his death was noised across the Atlantic. Bo heard of it in Baltimore. Then the trouble the old man had foreseen began. The question arose as to which of the two surviving sons of the ex-King of Westphalia was the legitimate heir to his rights and his estate. Jerome's will, made in 1852, left everything to Prince Napoleon, but since that date the laws of France had recognized the elder son by the American marriage as legitimate and a French citizen.

Legal seals had been affixed to the Palais Royal on the death of His Imperial Highness, Jerome Bonaparte. They were removed some days later in the presence of legal authorities. This was the first step in the battle between Plon-Plon and his brother Bo.

Betsey entered a formal protest before His Excellency the President of the *Conseil D'Etat* that the seals should have been removed in the absence of herself and her son, and she described herself as the widow of His late Imperial Highness and explained that Bo was the dead Prince's heir. Under her marriage settlement of 1803, drawn up by Mr. Dallas in Baltimore and witnessed by the Mayor of that town, she was entitled to her share in the estate.

It was all too complicated for the ordinary Imperial Family Council. The circumstances of the case were

unprecedented. Plon-Plon was rancorous, but he was safe in the opening round of the fight. He was in possession of the Palais Royal, and Bo would have to come all the way from Baltimore to contest his right—which Bo did.

Matters came to a head early in 1861, and one of the most historic law-suits of the Second Empire was the result.



PRINCE NAPOLEON (" PLON-PLON ")

CHAPTER XIII

THE Patterson Case was heard before the Civil Tribunal, sitting in the *Palais de Justice* at Paris on a crisp February day in 1861. The plaintiffs were described as M. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, landowner, of Baltimore, United States of America, residing at the time at *Rue des Champs Elysées, 1, au Cercle Impérial*; and Madame Elizabeth Patterson, landowner of Baltimore, who represented herself as the divorced wife and widow of His Imperial Highness, the Prince Jerome. The defendant was His Imperial Highness Monseigneur the Prince Jerome Napoleon, residing in Paris at the Palais Royal. The Counsel for the plaintiffs was Me. Berryer, who had once before swayed the Imperial Family Council by his eloquence on behalf of his American clients. He was assisted by Me. Legrand. Me. Allou again held a brief for the Prince Napoleon, assisted by Me. Lacomme. The circumstances were unique, and no one could regard the proceedings as an ordinary law-suit. It had developed into a State trial, in which the legal status of a Royal Prince, who was the husband of the Princess Clotilde, was being assailed by commoners from out of America.

The outstanding facts were stated in court dispassionately enough. His Imperial Highness the Prince Jerome, the Uncle of the Emperor, had died at his residence the Château of Villegenis on the 24th June, 1860. Legal seals had been affixed to his property in the Palais Royal and lifted in due course by the

deceased's legal representatives. Madame Patterson had lodged a formal protest that this proceeding should have been carried through in the absence of herself and her son. She had taken legal steps to protect what she deemed to be her rights as the widow of the deceased prince.

In a subsequent writ it had been claimed by the plaintiffs that M. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte of Baltimore was the eldest son and heir of the deceased, whose youngest son was the Prince Napoleon, and whose daughter was the Princess Mathilde. The two latter children had been born of the union with the Princess Catherine of Würtemberg. M. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte had been born of the former marriage with Miss Elizabeth Patterson, who, as widow, claimed her rights under her marriage settlement of 1803, the terms of this contract having been drawn up by Mr. Dallas of Baltimore, and witnessed by James Calhoun, the Mayor. Her Imperial Highness the Princess Mathilde had renounced her rights of succession to her father's property. The point of dispute, therefore, rested between the rights of M. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte and His Imperial Highness the Prince Napoleon to succeed the deceased.

Me. Berryer stated Betsey's case. Her rights, he said were incontestable and based on an act of marriage about whose validity there could be no possible dispute. The *acte de naissance* of her son Jerome Napoleon Patterson Bonaparte constituted his right to his share in his father's property, which consisted of a certain number of valuable estates and a property situated at Villegenis, near Meudon.

The marriage in question had taken place in Baltimore in the year 1803. It had been solemnized by the

Bishop of Baltimore, and the civil contract had been witnessed according to the laws of Maryland, in which both parties had been domiciled at that time. That the contract had been valid and legal could not possibly be disputed, but, in asking for a formal recognition of the validity of this marriage, M. Jerome Napoleon had no wish to contest the validity of the subsequent marriage into which his father had entered with the Princess Catherine of Würtemberg, and of which the defendant was the lawful issue. This marriage had been dictated by Imperial politics, and had been entered into in good faith, at least on the part of the bride. It must be clearly understood, however, that the quality of the first marriage was such that it could not be annulled. Madame Patterson Bonaparte, therefore, as the deceased's widow, must be judged entitled to her claim on the estate to which her son was the lawful heir, and the defendant must be held responsible for the costs of the case.

Thus Me. Berryer. The defendant's counsel protested that if M. Bonaparte of Baltimore had no wish to contest the validity of the second marriage which had been solemnized with the Princess Catherine in 1807, he was admitting *ipso facto* that the marriage of 1803 did not hold good, which was exactly the point he proposed to make on behalf of his distinguished client, His Imperial Highness the Prince Napoleon. The earlier marriage had been annulled. It was incorrect to say it had ever been contracted in good faith, since it had been solemnized clandestinely and in violation of the French Law, which laid it down that no minor could enter into a contract of marriage without the consent of his or her parents. It was true that the marriage had been solemnized in accordance with the local Statutes of

Maryland, but Jerome Bonaparte had not been more than nineteen years of age at the time, and the Statutes of the *Code Napoléon* did not recognize the right of a French citizen to enter into any matrimonial contract under the age of five-and-twenty. Both Miss Patterson and her father, the late William Patterson of Baltimore, and her uncle, General Smith of Baltimore, had been aware of the French legal position at the time of the marriage. The engagement between the parties had been broken off in October, 1803, when the French Minister to the United States had sent them a communication explaining the articles of the *Code Napoléon* which had hitherto been overlooked. This circumstance disposed of the plea that Miss Patterson had entered into her union with Jerome Bonaparte under any misapprehension as to what she was doing. The terminology of the marriage contract signed in Baltimore betrayed further the fact that both Miss Patterson and her parents were well aware that the validity of the ceremony could quite easily be called into question. He could quote from the document:

“Article I. In case of any difficulty being raised relative to the validity of the said marriage, either in the State of Maryland or the French Republic, the said Jerome Bonaparte engages, at the request of the said Elizabeth Patterson and the said William Patterson, or either of them, to execute any deed necessary to remove the difficulty, and to confer on the said union all the character of a valid and perfect marriage according to the respective laws of the State of Maryland and of the French Republic.”

He did not quote Article IV of the same marriage document, however, which laid it down “that if the

marriage should be annulled either on demand of the said Jerome Bonaparte or that of a member of his family, the said Elizabeth Patterson shall have a right in any case to one-third of the real, personal and mixed property of her future husband," which was one of the articles on which Betsey was basing her claim now, some fifty-eight years later.

It must be understood, Prince Napoleon's legal representative pointed out, that Madame Mère, the mother of the bridegroom, had, following two decrees of the Emperor Napoleon, protested against the marriage, and that officers of the *état-civil* had received official instructions not to transfer to the registers any record of an alleged marriage contracted by Jerome Bonaparte in a foreign country. The second declaration had pronounced the said marriage null and void, and the children of the marriage born or about to be born must be deemed illegitimate and be on this account debarred from making any claim on the paternal property.

Two years after the events to which he had referred the deceased Prince had entered into a marriage with Her Highness the Princess Catherine of Würtemberg. It had been celebrated in France according to the formalities prescribed by the law, and subsequently, on the 2nd January, 1813, Madame Elizabeth Patterson had petitioned and obtained from the Law Courts of Maryland an act annulling the marriage she had contracted with Jerome Bonaparte in 1803.

In view of these facts Their Imperial Highnesses the Prince Napoleon and the Princess Mathilde, on learning that Jerome Patterson not only styled himself by the name of Bonaparte but claimed the benefits of a legitimate son by reason of the marriage of 24th December,

1803, had taken action to establish that the said Jerome Bonaparte could not exercise the rights which belonged exclusively to the legitimate children. After the conclusion of the arguments developed by Me. Berryer and Me. Allou on that occasion the *Conseil de Famille* had decided that if they upheld the right of M. Jerome Napoleon Patterson to use the name of Bonaparte, by which he had always been known, they could not subscribe to the original decree promulgated by Napoleon I that the marriage of 1803 was null and void, and the children born, or about to be born, illegitimate. In view of this fact the *Conseil de Famille* had at first insisted on the nullity of the marriage, but had later authorized Elizabeth Patterson to bear the name of Bonaparte and made the same concession to her son Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte.

There the matter had ended until the removal of the official seals from the residence of His deceased Imperial Highness, the Prince Jerome, when Madame Patterson and her son had intervened to establish their claim to the estate as the widow and eldest legitimate son.

These were but the bare bones of the case, but when Me. Berryer rose to assemble his share of them he used them as a foundation for one of the most dramatic and moving appeals ever heard in a court of law. He spoke of the plaintiff, an elderly woman whose face bore traces of all that she had suffered. He spoke of what she had been—a lovely, high-spirited girl giving herself in marriage to the man who had won her heart.

“She had every social advantage, when, under the guidance of her father, and having fulfilled every possible legal requirement of her country, she bound herself in the indissoluble bonds of Holy Matrimony for life to the brother of the First Consul.”

He spoke of her people—a family second to none in the United States. Her childhood had been spent in the Athens of the West. Among her friends she numbered Lafayette and Jefferson.

“A little time passed, and Mademoiselle Patterson found herself repudiated—abandoned. The hand which a solemn oath had placed in hers was to be given to another. Heartbroken, she withdrew the graces of her youth and beauty to the protection and shade of her father’s house—the inviolable asylum of her humiliation and abandonment.”

Betsey would hardly have recognized the house in South Street in this particular guise, but the picture Berryer painted was more colourful and appealing than the acid sketch she could have given of her girlhood’s home. And then Berryer spoke of her son—of the child who in his cradle—in his mother’s womb almost—had been deprived of his rights. He had been christened by the Bishop who had married Elizabeth Patterson to the man who had betrayed her—christened in the presence of three English peeresses—the Duchess of Leeds, the Marchioness of Wellesley, and Lady Stafford. His mother’s life thenceforward had been one of unimpeachable respectability. She had remained, Berryer maintained with a little legal inaccuracy, in Baltimore, humiliated and wounded unto death, until the decease of His Imperial Highness, her husband, created a legitimate occasion for her to demand her rights. Then and only then had she emerged from her retreat.

“For fifty-five years,” Berryer told the court in a voice heavy with emotion, “she has been sustained by her brave maternal love and the noble pride of a life without a stain. Then she crosses the ocean, and she appears before this august court entreating you to

vindicate her honour and to establish her child in the position due to his birth."

There was no doubt that the picture of a woman fighting for fifty-five years for the legitimacy of her son was a moving one. Betsey was, besides, very beautiful even at the age of seventy-five, and she had carried on her struggle in spite of unprecedented odds. She was no mere nobody from the backwoods, she was a woman who claimed acquaintance with half the aristocrats of Europe. She had been accepted by Madame Mère as a daughter, by the Princess Borghese as a sister, and by every member of Napoleon's family as a kinswoman of whom they might well be proud. To drag up in evidence against her the myth that Madame Mère had ever really objected to her was mere quibbling, Berryer held. She had not only received her in Rome but she had always accepted Bo as one of the dearest of her grandchildren. The Cardinal Fesch had remembered him in his will. These facts could not be disputed, and they were all separate grains of evidence the sum total of which made a formidable weight in the scales of justice in favour of Betsey Bonaparte and her son. Berryer summed up his facts for the court, concluding with an appeal for his clients which almost carried him away on the tide of his own eloquence.

"I have ended, gentlemen. This is my whole case. You will supply arguments which I may have omitted. You will read what I have not read. You will pass judgment on this case as I have entrusted it to you, willing and bound in honour to do justice to a woman shamefully abandoned, betrayed, and replaced by another—a woman who, after sixty years, comes to ask justice from you.

"Your decision will be the one for which I hope,

gentlemen. It is a great guarantee for the citizen—it is a magnificent sight to see the efforts and expedients of arbitrary power fall before the impassive serenity of justice.

“If you execute the Law unjust claims must vanish. That of the Prince Napoleon cannot be entertained by you. Yes . . . that will be your decision and I take pleasure in expecting it.

“I too am an old auxiliary of Justice. . . . I have been long at this bar. I shall not leave it without carrying away with me a feeling of respect for the law and of confidence in the verdict of the judges which an experience of fifty years has confirmed in my heart. . . .”

But Berryer had overstated his case when he took it for granted that before the impassive serenity of the judges present that day the unjust claims of Prince Napoleon would be disposed of without further ado. There was much to be said on both sides, but Prince Napoleon's hand held the stronger suit. He had all the royal cards. He was related through his mother and through his wife with all the ruling houses of Europe, and any decision of the Courts which cast an aspersion upon his birth or upon the honour of the late Queen Catherine would become a matter of international politics in an Empire which wanted peace.

Since the days when a newly-established Emperor had been pleased enough to consider the possibility of making a slight adjustment on the birth certificate of the American cousin for whom he had a very real regard, many things had come to pass. The Crown of France had ceased to be the personal possession of a man who had endured prison and dishonour and years of exile before he clutched at the treasure at last; it was a sacred trust which he must hold in safe keeping for

Napoleon IV. The future of little Lulu was now a more important thing than any other consideration, and the explosion of a bomb on the steps of the Opera a few years earlier had shattered many previous calculations which had been based on the assumption that the barometer of popular favour must always read "Set Fair."

The marriage of Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde had been the outcome of a carefully considered political campaign. Though the war with Austria had come to an end, and Napoleon III was still the *bon frère* of Victor Emmanuel, every one knew that the marriage which cemented the cordial relations between the Tuileries and Turin would never have taken place had Plon-Plon been the youngest son of his father instead of a man who could take his stand with confidence on the steps of the throne. A verdict by the judges in favour of the American plaintiffs would interpose no less than three lives between Victor Emmanuel's son-in-law and the Prince Imperial. It could not fail to complicate diplomatic relations between Italy and France. To establish Jerome Bonaparte of Baltimore as his father's eldest legitimate son and the heir to his privileges would not only bring Betsey Patterson's child into the line of succession but secure it permanently to the Americans in the event of anything happening to the little Prince Imperial. There were the two sons, Jerome and Charles Joseph, the latter still a boy in Maryland, the former a popular officer in the Imperial Army who had already endeared himself both to the Court and the rank and file of his regiment, but no one had any real wish to expose France to the risk of anything quite so experimental as an American Emperor.

Bearing all these things in mind, the dice were loaded against Betsey and her son in their action against the

Prince Napoleon. With the justice of her claim there was every sympathy, but the difficulties in the way of acknowledging it were too great. In any case, what might have appeared at one time a slur on the manner of Bo's birth had long ago been washed away by a very fountain of Imperial favour. No one really considered him illegitimate in the ordinary sense of the word. He was a wealthy man, too, to whom the verdict which gave old Jerome's fortune to another would make comparatively little financial difference. He was established in life—a respected citizen and a popular figure both in Paris and his own town of Baltimore, and no adverse decision in a French Law Court could rob him of his prestige in the eyes of the world.

The figure of a mother fighting for close on sixty years for the birthright of her child was tragic and moving enough, and Berryer's eloquent appeal on her behalf could not fail to stir the sympathy of all who heard it, but the complicated political setting in which Betsey had to make this last appeal militated against the verdict being the one her counsel demanded of the judges as a right. The possibility of a compromise which could have established Bo's legitimacy while removing him from the direct line of succession as Lucien's children had always been removed was not entered into. The issue before the court was the simple one of whether the marriage of 1803 could be considered legal and valid in every sense of the word or not.

The points were deliberated carefully, and the evidence for and against Betsey passed backwards and forward through the mills of rhetoric, while Allou cited the equally historic case of Amy Brown, whose marriage to the Duc de Berri, though performed in England according to the rites of the Catholic Church, had not

been considered valid by Louis XVIII, nor, for that matter, by the ecclesiastical dignatories, who had not hesitated to annul it to free the husband to marry the King of Naples' daughter. And when everything that could be said on the subject had been said in the austere atmosphere of the Palais de Justice on that February day, fifty-eight years after the Bishop of Baltimore had married Betsey Patterson to Jerome Bonaparte, the verdict of the court was that the marriage of 1803 was as null and as void as Napoleon had pronounced it half a century earlier, and that the offspring of the marriage must therefore be accounted illegitimate according to the laws of France which the justices sat administering on the 15th of February 1861. Judgment was duly entered in favour of His Imperial Highness the Prince Napoleon, and the plaintiffs, Madame Elizabeth Patterson-Bonaparte and her son were ordered to pay the heavy legal costs.

So ended Betsey's last fight for her son's name. She had gained nothing by her action in taking proceedings to establish him as the heir to his father's estate and rights. She had indeed, instead of establishing on a solid basis the concessions granted her by the *Conseil de Famille* five years earlier, lost all she had gained in 1856, when there had been some sort of acknowledgment, however lefthanded, of the legitimacy the present verdict left in dispute.

There was, it was generally agreed, no defending the judgment of the French Courts on moral or ethical grounds, though politically there might have been some excuse for it. The sympathy of the world was with the woman who for more than fifty years had never lowered the flag of battle for her son's birthright, but sympathy did little to assuage the bitterness of defeat. Betsey felt

her failure at the age of seventy-six every bit as acutely as she had felt her humiliation as a girl of two and twenty. She went back to America resenting with an intensity which sapped all the sweetness from life the conspiracies of which she had been a victim for over half a century.

Bo crossed the Atlantic with her and settled down in Baltimore—the sober, ordinary American citizen he had always been at heart. He ceased to concern himself with the glittering bauble that was his cousin's Empire. In any case, his wife was wholly American—this, indeed, had been the great link that had drawn them together. The son who had been born to them so late in life was an impressionable boy of ten at the time, and something of his parents' disillusion with Europe and its alleged advantages can be read in the career of this the youngest of the American Bonapartes, who was never to develop the Corsican flair for fighting which had taken his brother across the seas, but who was to be one of the stalwarts of statesmanship in the United States.

In France the verdict made no difference to the position of Captain Jerone Bonaparte, nor did he feel it incumbent upon him to resign his commission in his cousin's army by way of protest against the injustices of which his grandmother and his father had been victims. His popularity in the Tuileries remained undimmed. He was still, whether he willed it or no, "Prince Jerome" in the eyes of the Court. Plon-Plon's protests on the subject were ignored. Despite the injunction of the Court that the Baltimore family must bracket the name of Patterson with that of Bonaparte, there was no fuss when he ignored the ruling and signed himself with a flourish by the name he had borne since birth—the name he preferred to any title in the world: Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte.

CHAPTER XIV

“OLD people have faults of their own,” observes Stevenson in his lovely brief for the defence of youth. “They tend to become cowardly, niggardly and suspicious . . .”

And all these things was Betsey Bonaparte when the pack of seven-and-seventy years had bowed her once shapely shoulders. Time, though it had not touched her beauty, had aged her heart. The mental changes inseparable from ossifying arteries—the narrowness and rigidity of outlook, the loss of enthusiasm, the dread of new adventure, and the restriction of all enterprise, characterised the lonely, embittered woman who sought the solitude of the fifth story in a Baltimore lodging-house in which to brood upon past injuries.

The tendency to persecution mania which had come upon her in middle age intensified as the years piled up behind her. Looking backwards into the mirror of her queer and twisted life, her vision was distorted by the reflection of her many wrongs. Ever since she had married Jerome on the sparkling crest of romance she seemed to have been marked down by a malign fate for one fell blow after another. She saw herself deserted with the child she bore within her womb, sacrificed relentlessly on the altar of the ambition of the First Consul of France. She saw herself fighting for the rights of her son, stinting herself of the small pleasures which should have been the prerogatives of her youth, that she might purchase for him the right of entry in to the

world to which he belonged as a Bonaparte by birth. She saw her high hopes for him shattered when he took an American wife and turned his back on the European career, the foundations of which she had laid for him with such pride. She saw her stern, self-righteous parent undermining her influence with her only child, and reaching out malevolently to strike at her from beyond the grave. And now, as a crowning humiliation, when she was too aged in body and in mind to face the issue philosophically, she saw all the favours she had won for her son by sheer dogged determination swept away by the verdict which gave to Prince Napoleon the birthright that was Bo's.

It was hardly to be wondered at that when she shifted her gaze from the past and peered into the future she looked, not for peace and contentment, but for further conspiracies by which she might yet be robbed. All her marital rights had been reft from her, but her money—her precious, carefully hoarded money—remained, and there was a risk that it might be made the basis of a new plot against her. There were times, too, when she felt that her very life could hardly be considered safe in a world which had used her with such unfairness. Her mental outlook was so warped by her prolonged contemplation of bygone injustices that even the innocent folk about her figured as potential enemies who might one day stab her in the back.

It was not as if she could forget Prince Napoleon, for, in the course of the many voyages he made with Princess Clotilde in the years that followed, he came to America. His visit created a certain amount of sensation. President Lincoln received him at the White House, and it was thought in Washington that his arrival must have a political significance, for at the time

the struggle between the North and South was at its height. He impressed contemporary statesmen and the generals of the opposing camps with the views he expressed on the importance of liberty, and when he left he spoke eloquently of America and its hospitality and its institutions, and predicted the coming abolition of slavery. He did not bring his Royal bride to visit his brother in Baltimore.

It was a bitter blow for Betsey that this man, who stood in the place she held was the birthright of her son, should glean a harvest of acclamation even in America. She brooded unhappily on her many misfortunes. She was for ever on her guard against fancied insults. She saw injuries and slights where none was intended. She knew not the meaning of spiritual peace, for her mind was ever in a ferment of suspicion.

All her faculties were alert enough when she brought them to bear upon business matters. She watched her investments with unremitting vigilance and kept her ever increasing fortune in securities realizable at thirty days' notice. There was one eventuality for which she wished to be prepared—it was her last pathetic illusion—the last golden dream which blurred for her the grey for the future. It was centred about her grandson Jerome, whose career in France could thrill her old heart with pride. Near the steps of the throne—a favourite with the Emperor and Empress, who had little use for Cousin Plon-Plon, he seemed to be in a position to achieve any ambition on which he set his soul. He might marry an Imperial Princess—he was in the eyes of the Court of the Tuileries a Prince, though the title left him unmoved.

She never realised that he gravitated naturally towards a transatlantic section of society in the city

of the Seine. She was hardly aware of the fact that with the steady conquest of the Atlantic there had grown to birth a new order of travellers, of whom she herself might be said to be the pioneer. The day of the tripper and the globe-trotter had arrived. American women had discovered Europe. Already they were developing the habit of flitting from city to city with as little thought as the average Parisian crossed the street, learning to absorb in the space of an hour or two the atmosphere of Europe with the rapidity for which they have since become famous.

Evolution in shipping was growing apace. Mr. Cunard's paddle-boats were being superseded by his new screw-steamers, which could accomplish the journey from New York to Liverpool in less than nine days. At the Court of the Tuileries there was an American flavour, with its Murat Princesses from Philadelphia and its Patterson "Prince" from Baltimore, and the Fraser and Byrd Willis friends and relatives who came to live near Princess Lucien Murat. In due course there visited Paris a wealthy young widow named Mrs. Newbolt Edgar. She had been a Miss Caroline Le Roy Appleton, and she was a grand-daughter of Daniel Webster, who had often been a guest of Joseph Bonaparte at Point Breeze. Jerome Bonaparte met her, and Betsey's dream of a Royal or Imperial match for him was doomed. This blow, however, did not fall for some years yet.

There visited Paris, too, Annette Savage's daughter by Joseph Bonaparte. She was a Mrs. Benton now, and her husband accompanied her to Europe. Napoleon III accepted them as he accepted all the Bonapartes legitimate or illegitimate. They came to the Tuileries, mixed for a little with a strange gallery of Imperial relations,

and afterwards returned to America, having shared in all the glory of their cousin's Empire. Napoleon granted Mrs. Benton a pension—the money Joseph settled on her mother seems to have evaporated in the course of thirty years. The payments were made with praiseworthy regularity until 1870, when the coffers of France were no longer a family concern.

In Baltimore Betsey took an immense pleasure in hearing all the news of Jerome's progress in the Imperial army. The gossip details about the court and all the gay frivols of Paris were food and drink to her. It was an interest she had in common with her younger grandson, Charles Joseph, who watched his brother's career with intense pride, though he had no ambition to follow his lead under the Eagles of France. The boy, who was ten years old when the verdict of the Paris courts denied his father his rights as the legitimate son of old King Jerome, had no particular reverence for the Bonaparte side of the family tree. He was influenced rather by his mother's New England traditions. His reaction from all things French was perhaps understandable, but it was manifest already in his schooldays. He was swift to challenge the statement that he was French.

"I am an American boy," was his war-cry, but this did not prevent his following the career of his soldier brother with an eagerness which he shared with his grandmother.

Betsey, who was never able to regard it as anything but a great misfortune to have been born in Baltimore, paid little attention to American affairs until they reached a point where they became inextricably involved in French politics, when Napoleon III, ignoring the promulgations of James Monroe on the subject of

any future colonization of the Western Hemisphere by European powers, put his finger in the scalding pie of Mexican intrigues.

It was in the year 1861, when the discussion about the *Procès Patterson* had died down and the Imperial Court was fluttering about Eugénie at Biarritz, that the seeds of an adventure sown forty-four years earlier, when the Comte de Survilliers had been living by the banks of the Delaware, began to germinate. That the fatal name of Mexico was ever written across the record of the Second Empire was due directly to the American interludes in the history of a Corsican family.

Though Joseph had been wise enough to put all temptation to wear a third crown behind him, the invitation to rulership which courted the intrusion of a Bonaparte into the wilds of Central America was not without its effect. Louis Napoleon as a young man had been impressed on hearing of it. His own visit to the United States in 1837, brief as it had been, had also drawn his attention to the desirability of establishing a great Latin State in the middle of the New World. In the lonely fortress of Ham, where he had had much time for meditation on his return to Europe, he had toyed with this dream, though he had thought of it then in terms of Nicaragua. He had almost forgotten it when a Mexican *émigré* turned up at Biarritz one fatal summer day and endeared himself to the Spanish Empress. His name was Jose Hidalgo, and, though harmless enough in himself, he acted as the carrier of the microbe which struck the Empire with an epidemic of Mexican fever. He spoke feelingly of the land he had left behind—of the vast tract of wild and lovely country that had once been the Empire of Montezuma and Guatemotzin, and of the chaos and disorder which were carrying the

people there—Latin in origin and Spanish in ideals, religion and traditions—to the brink of racial destruction. He hinted that the powers whose nationals were most numerous in Mexico ought to intervene to change what might be a world catastrophe into a great European triumph. The psychological moment for such interference was at hand.

Eugénie was easily stirred to sympathy on behalf of her fellow-Spaniards across the sea. The interests of the Catholic Church, which appeared to be threatened too, had a strong appeal for her. When Hidalgo pleaded the cause of law and order she was sufficiently swayed by his eloquence to promise to enlist her husband's sympathy on behalf of Mexico. She remembered that Napoleon had spoken many times of how in Ham he had thought of the central tract of the great American continent, with a mind bent on constructing there at some future date a Latin Empire to hold in check the growing ambition of the United States. It was easy enough to reanimate that dream, and soon the idea of translating it into action became one of the planks of the Imperial policy of Napoleon III.

A European Empire in Mexico. . . . It was a pleasing thought, and the courts of the Old World were searched for a suitable candidate to wear this new but romantic crown. . . . If France were to interfere in the cause of her fellow-Latins in Central America, it would be but fair that she should reap some decent diplomatic advantage thereby. Chivalry must have its reward. There was little to be gained by promoting to the dignity of an Emperor petty princelings like the Dukes of Parma or Modena, whose names were suggested in the normal course of things. When the question of an Austrian Archduke came up for consideration, however, and the

idea of making Maximilian an Emperor presented itself, it was haloed with desirability. Here was a candidate who came of Imperial stock, and who was properly fitted out with influential connections. He had a wife who was a Belgian princess, a kinswoman of Queen Victoria's, and he had a brother who was Emperor of Austria. It seemed to Napoleon, who had pledged himself in the past to further the cause of an Italy freed from the Alps to the Adriatic, that to help Maximilian to a crown would be a step in the right direction towards persuading Francis Joseph at some future date to cede Venice to Italy.

From the tangled web of international politics were unravelled the threads from which was woven the fabric of the Mexican Empire, which delighted everyone except the Mexicans, who had ideas of their own on the subject of rulership and short ways with strangers likely to stand in the way of their accomplishment. Too late it was realized that there would be no help in times of trouble from the neighbouring United States where the Monroe Doctrine, which laid it down that any attempt on the part of European Powers to extend their system to any part of the Western Hemisphere would be regarded as a distinct danger to American peace and safety, was regarded as an important article of faith. When the Mexicans advertised the fact that they preferred republics to monarchies, the great neighbouring Republic of the United States could not but sympathize with their aims, and presently there was an insistent and unpleasant pressure on the political pulse of Paris which caused Napoleon some anxiety.

The American Minister was offensive to the point of hostility. He made it clear that neither he nor his nation recognized Maximilian as Emperor at all, which

was awkward for everybody, but particularly for Napoleon, who had pledged himself to assist in maintaining him there with French soldiers and French funds and French advice for a period of six years, or at least until Maximilian could raise a loyal Mexican army. It became apparent that there was very little hope of a Mexican army. American said ominous things about the possibility of war if the French did not evacuate Mexico without delay, and at home people were growing restive at the absence of good regiments in a torrid, fever-ridden climate. . . .

They had made Maximilian an Emperor in July 1863. In January 1866, Napoleon was beginning to realize the hopelessness of keeping his troops in Mexico much longer. He wrote to warn Maximilian of how he was situated.

“The impossibility of obtaining fresh subsidies from the *Corps Législatif* for the upkeep of the army in Mexico, and your Majesty’s admission that you are not in a position to contribute to it yourself, force me to set a definite term to French occupation. . . .”

A few days later he sent forth the edict recalling his troops. They were weary of Mexico in Paris. Its name had such a sinister sound that it was considered bad form to mention it at all at the Tuileries. Presently the evacuation which seemed such a betrayal became an accomplished fact, and Maximilian was left alone with an empire perched precariously on the edge of a republican volcano whose violent explosion was to swirl the luckless European invaders into the sea of destruction, and whose reverberations were to undermine the foundations of the throne of France.

Napoleon himself had had little choice in the matter. United States feeling had proved too strong for him.

THE BONAPARTES IN THE NEW WORLD

The President had sent a Special Envoy to France to lodge a formal protest against the presence of the Emperor's troops in Mexico. At a time when the expense of maintaining an army at the other side of the Atlantic was creating a good deal of criticism at home, the last thing any one wanted was a war with America.

Unaware of the relentless political pressure which had prompted the withdrawal of the French, the Empress Charlotte came hurrying back to Europe to beg Napoleon not to desert her husband. There was a terrible scene in the Tuileries, when her reason gave way under the burden of her cruel anxiety and the bitterness of knowing that her mission had failed. She terminated her audience with Napoleon shrieking that her greatest humiliation was that she, a granddaughter of Louis Philippe, had stooped to ask a favour from an upstart Bonaparte adventurer. It was very painful for Napoleon and Eugénie, but what followed was worse. Demented Charlotte sought an audience with the Pope to pray him to interfere or to urge the Catholic Powers to interfere in Mexico, and there in the Vatican she was engulfed in the rising tide of madness which made of her a babbling lunatic clinging frenziedly to the furniture, terrified to forsake the protection of the Papal roof to face the assassins her poor dazed brain saw lurking in wait for her outside. Instead of a promise of forthcoming assistance the mail from Europe brought Maximilian the news that his wife had had to be removed to an asylum, and all too soon the adventure of the Mexican Empire ended at Queretaro. . . . The bullet-ridden corpse of yet another ill-fated Archduke came back to Vienna to lie beside the equally ill-fated King of Rome in the Habsburg family vault, and under the muffled notes of the funeral music, distant but yet distinct, the

death-knell of the Empire of Napoleon III could be discerned.

The Emperor of France had enemies enough, and the number of them increased from year to year as poets glutted themselves on Victor Hugo's savage denunciations of a President who had dared to step into an Emperor's shoes to trample under them the Republican principles to which he had once attached his standard. He had written in rage in 1852:

“No—kill him not: the scathing pillory,
Graced sometimes should be by an Emperor!”

He was about to see his prophecy fulfilled. Not only the poets and the ever increasing body of republicans, but the journalists, who fed the populace with easily digested mental food, began to rail against the man who had failed in Mexico. The gay frivolities of the Court of the Tuileries, where glorious names reminiscent of the First Empire were borne by light-hearted young people, incapable of greatness, irritated rather than interested the people of Paris. Insults to the mediocre Emperor and his priest-ridden Spanish Empress were no longer whispered in Republican coteries or in the salons of the *Intelligentiza*. They were shrilled with increasing noisiness from street corners and blazoned freely in the Press. As the Court danced riotously down the track of the 'sixties, ignoring the indications of coming trouble, criticism could be heard on the lips of officers who ought to have known better.

In 1869 Achille Murat was challenging General de Gallifet to a duel to teach him to speak more respectfully about the Imperial Family, though the General had served brilliantly in Mexico and had long been a court favourite. The affair arose out of some slighting remark

and Achille, who had some opinion of himself as a duellist, made the *beau geste*, sending his cousin Jerome Bonaparte, who was now a Colonel and his friend Antoine d'Espelleta to challenge him. When the usual formalities had been complied with the Murat family were greatly troubled for Achille's safety. De Gallifet was notoriously expert with his sword, and the younger man had only fought one duel. This had been a ludicrous affair with the famous Rochefort, who had insulted him at the theatre. The matter had been fought out in the forest of Saint Germain; the Emperor and other members of the Court had witnessed the contest, which had ended when Rochefort, driven against a wall before Achille's onslaught, had received an incapacitating wound "where the toe of a boot is the more usual weapon," as a polite Princess expressed it.

The duel with de Gallifet was a more important affair, because, though trivial in itself, it paved the way for a more serious challenge the following year, when another Imperial Prince, equally resentful of criticism of his cousin, and twice as hot-headed and ruthless as Achille, shot a journalist and involved the whole Imperial Family in a scandal of considerable dimensions. D'Espelletta was a swordsman of considerable ability, and he stayed up all night coaching Achille, lest on the morrow he should be slain by the General, whose fine record at Puebla seemed in danger of being forgotten. On the following day Colonel Jerome, acting as Achille's other second, saw him win his duel. De Gallifet was wounded in the thigh. He limped uncomfortably for a fortnight. The challenger escaped unhurt and established himself as a dueller of note. It was considered advisable to post him to the adventurous quarters of the *Chasseurs*

d'Afrique, to take the edge off his recklessness, and with his wife and child—he had married a Russian Princess from Mingrelia—he found himself in Algiers.

All the American Murats were popular at the Tuileries. The elder son, Joachim, served like Achilles in the Imperial Army and became the Emperor's aide-de-camp. There was a First Empire flavour about his marriage, for his wife, Maley Berthier, Princess de Wagram, was a daughter of General Berthier, Prince of Wagram and Neufchâtel. Anna Murat was the Empress Eugénie's inseparable companion, being more like a daughter to her than a husband's cousin. Princess Lucien Murat, who had borne her children in bourgeois obscurity in Bordentown, never became very Imperial. She had a habit of worrying the Empress if Anna had a cold, advising proper treatment and care. She chose her daughter's frocks, too, which was trying, for the Frasers' Philadelphia taste was not at all suited to Paris.

"Keep an eye on the dresses Mama is sending me," Anna would write anxiously to her elder sister. "Let them be pretty, for if they are in the style of those I have just received they might as well not be sent."

Anna became the Duchesse de Mouchy in 1865. She accompanied the Empress to Suez for the state opening of the Canal in 1869, a journey Eugénie undertook without Napoleon, who was at the time a sick man. She was warned that it would be wise to abandon all thought of attending the function, as there was much republican discontent in Paris and the Emperor's obvious ill-health was provoking discussion as to what would happen were he to die. She, however, had no fear for the future of the dynasty, whose safety seemed to be assured in the person of the Prince Imperial.



PRINCESS ANNA MURAT (DUCHESS DE MOUCHY)
(By permission of Baron de Chassiron)

The prospect of being present at the state opening of the Canal—the creation of a Frenchman—which was to revolutionize the traffic to the East was too alluring to be resisted.

They had a delightful trip through the Mediterranean—visits to Athens and Constantinople, where the Bosphorus twinkled with a million lights in honour of an Empress while the Sultan entertained her royally and orientally. On to Alexandria, past Algiers, where Anna's brother Achille was serving, and then, on the 17th November, the Imperial yacht *L'Aigle* sailed in triumph through the gates of Suez, heading a procession in which the Crown Prince of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria followed her through the Canal. There was a thundering of cannon and the thrilling sound of a thousand cheering throats, while the military bands played the stirring music of France. It was a wonderful experience. There was a gala performance of Verdi's new opera *Aïda*. It was hardly to be wondered that Eugénie forgot the troubles in Paris. In this setting of triumph and glory it was so fatally easy to get the illusion that an Empire was an indestructible thing. . . . But before twelve months had run their course Napoleon's Empire had been wiped off the map of Europe, and a new Empire, over which the Crown Prince of Prussia, who now paid Eugénie homage, was to rule, had been created out of the miscellany of the petty principalities of Germany. Eugénie was back in Paris in December, telling her weary and ailing husband of the wonderful things she had seen in the East.

The following month Prince Pierre Bonaparte, who had painted New York red in his youth and still had an inexhaustible supply of scarlet with which to mark his roystering track through life, had an altercation

with some journalists in connection with an article which lampooned the family of which he himself was rather a sorry member. Like Achille Murat he felt called upon to defend the honour of the Emperor, despite the fact that Napoleon had never taken him to his bosom or accepted him with any enthusiasm as a member of the family. Pierre's private life was a little too indecorous even for the Second Empire. He had recently, much to the Emperor's annoyance, regularized the position of his mistress, Justine Ruffin, a milliner's assistant of humble origin. He was as independent in the matter of matrimony as Lucien had been in 1803, and Napoleon III in this particular instance was as squeamish about the moral issue as Napoleon I. Her belated marriage made Justine an Imperial Princess, and her offspring became Prince Roland and Princess Jeanne, though they were not welcomed at Court. This slight on himself and his family did not prevent Pierre's resenting the article a writer named de Grousset had contributed to one of Rochefort's papers. There was a row. De Grousset sent his seconds in the approved fashion to challenge Pierre.

Until the evening when he had presented himself at Pierre Bonaparte's door in the company of a friend named Ulrich de Fonvielle, Victor Noir was completely unimportant. He was a pale earnest young man of twenty, who carried a sword-stick with a swagger. He had it in his hand when with de Fonvielle he crossed the threshold of Prince Pierre's house to demand an interview. Three men locked within four walls forgot there was such a thing as reticence. Feeling ran high. Noir used his sword-stick on the face of a Bonaparte Prince who had the manners of a boor at the best of times and the rough and ready method of

handling a gun associated with brigands. He fired at once, and the young man staggered dying into the street outside.

That evening Prince Pierre was arrested, and the whole business brought the Imperial family, of which he was a member, however unworthy, into disrepute at a moment when they could ill afford such a loss of prestige. The scandal created endless and adverse comment. The Republicans raised Victor Noir to the ranks of the Martyrs of Freedom. The papers controlled by Rochefort surrounded their news columns with a heavy border of mourning. There was a spectacular *Fête Funebre* which made an effective emotional appeal to the general public. An unremarkable young man in life, Pierre's victim lay in state in death in the little room on the fifth floor of the house in which he lodged in Neuilly. Over twenty thousand people trooped up to see him, muttering prayers for the dead and curses on the living. All the Republicans in Paris massed together for the funeral procession, and over a hundred thousand people thronged the streets of Paris on a desolate, sleeting January day to follow the bier, which was drawn by the Revolutionary enthusiasts, who took the horses from between the shafts in the presence of the multitude. Rochefort from his seat on the box rehearsed a funeral oration, which, however, he was too exhausted to deliver when at last he reached Père Lachaise. But eloquent speeches could hardly have inflamed the mob to greater fervour. The air throbbed with revolutionary cries and the stirring strains of the *Marseillaise*. It was thought expedient to send a regiment of hussars cantering up the Place de la Concorde to check what might otherwise have been a swift rush of the populace on the Tuileries.

Pierre Bonaparte's trial at Tours a couple of months later was one of the sensations of that sensational year 1870. He pleaded not guilty to the charge of murder, stating that he had only fired in self-defence. There were no eye-witnesses to the tragedy—it was de Fonvielle's word against that of Pierre. A doctor was called who testified that he had seen the mark Noir's cane had left on the Prince's face—and the sword-stick itself had been found in his rooms, for Noir had dropped it when he staggered out to die in the street. De Fonvielle's revolver case had also been found there, which lent colour to Pierre's story that he had been unfairly attacked, and had had to fire to save his life. De Fonvielle swore that the Prince had flown into one of his famous passions and fired without warning, but no one could prove anything, and Pierre, being the cousin of the Emperor, was acquitted but charged with the responsibility of providing twenty thousand francs as compensation to Noir's parents.

The affair was disastrous for the Imperial Family. Pierre agreed to exile himself from the Empire in whose coffin he had driven more nails than he realized. He thought of settling down in decorous quietude in London, where his brother Louis Lucien was leading a blameless life, devoting himself mainly to literary studies. Louis however lived mostly in England. He had long since separated from the Corsican beauty, Maria Cecchi, for whom he had once gambled with Pierre. He seems to have been under no misapprehension about Pierre's guilt, and he wrote in horror to dissuade him from choosing London as a place of exile.

“If any misfortune happened to you here,” he wrote, slurring delicately over Pierre's rather murderous record—he had already killed a brigand or two in

Corsica, and there had been an unexplained corpse in Greece—"they would hang you, and this would unsettle my life entirely, because, as the brother of a hanged man, I should be expelled from my Club."

Pierre had had his fill of killing, however, and he did not complicate Louis Lucien's life by appearing in any more sensational trials.

The air of the Empire was troubled with many clouds, and the meteorological outlook was already stormy, when Colonel Jerome Bonaparte was summoned to Baltimore by the news that his father was seriously ill there. He was back in Maryland in May, a prey to grave anxiety. The nature of Bo's disease left little ground for hope. If anything could have comforted Betsey in what she considered the most tragic of all misfortunes—that a parent should outlive a child—it would be the reflection that, since he had to die, he was to die of the Corsican cancer. His grandfather Charles Bonaparte, his Uncle Napoleon, his Uncle Lucien, and his aunt Queen Caroline of Naples had all been victims of the same disease. That so many members of a family should be smitten with this terrible scourge would seem to cut across the more or less established theory that cancer is not hereditary. Uncle Fesch had also died of cancer, and Pauline's internal trouble was suspected of having a similar origin. With the exception of the Baltimore Bonapartes, all the members of Napoleon's family appear to have had malignant growths in the region of the stomach, a fact, however, which modern medical science would account for without contradicting the view that the disease is neither hereditary nor contagious. It has been noticed that small and occasionally harmless internal growths of the polypus order do occasionally

become malignant in the course of time. A tendency to polipi in the internal organs occasionally runs in families, and it was therefore possible that more than one person belonging to the same family might develop cancer from the same cause. It is obvious an explanation of the Bonaparte medical sheet, though it would not account for Bo's disease, which was a cancerous tumour of the throat and the side of the face.

On his return to Baltimore Colonel Bonaparte had photographs taken, which he sent to Paris *via* Princess Caroline Murat for consultation with the specialists of the Empire. She was deeply attached to her uncle and concerned to do anything in her power to help, but it was too late. In June Jerome Napoleon Patterson Bonaparte, about whose birthright there had been so many fierce fights in the course of his sixty-five years, passed away in the Baltimore home where he had spent so many happy years with Miss Susan. If he had failed to accomplish the great things Betsey had dreamed of for him, he had never regretted either his marriage or his choice of an American residence. He had cared more for country life and agricultural pursuits than for the grandeur of Courts, and he had cultivated large tracts of land to make an estate which was one of the most attractive in Maryland. He had devoted a good deal of study to the subjects of farming and fertilization which interested him more than legal or political affairs.

His youngest son was almost grown to manhood. He had entered Harvard the previous year to qualify in due course for a legal career, but he was American body and soul and shared his father's inhibition against carving out a career in Europe. All Betsey's Imperial dreams had, therefore, to revolve round Jerome. At

the age of eighty-six she had not lost sight of her old ambitions and she could still interest herself in the affairs of France, to which she belonged by right of her marriage, let the world say what it would about its validity. She still concerned herself with European politics. The Republican reduction of humanity to a common factor of equality in America disturbed her Imperial dignity to the end. When during the previous year, the much disputed Negro suffrage had passed on to the Statute books her scorn had been boundless. Congress had passed a resolution declaring that "the rights of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or any State on account of race, colour, or previous servitude." When Betsey heard of it she said drily that now they had baboons in the Senate and monkeys in the House to carry Republican principles to their logical ends. In the affairs of such a nation she could not be expected to take an interest merely because, by an unfortunate accident of birth, she had first seen the light of day in Baltimore.

For all her keen scrutiny of European affairs she never realized that in France the wave of Republicanism was reaching alarming dimensions, or that the Imperial Throne was growing a little less secure from day to day.

A day or two after Bo's funeral—in June 1870.—a Spanish Queen formally abdicated a crown which had actually been torn from her head two years earlier. From among the petty German princelings bred to the profession of rulership, Leopold of Hohenzollern presented himself as a possible candidate for the vacancy at Madrid. He was the last person Napoleon wished to see at the head of his Eugénie's beloved Spain. His

objection necessitated a good deal of correspondence, the tone of which was inclined to grow a little more antagonistic from day to day, between French and Prussian statesmen. From a dispute which in June had the dimensions of a molehill, grew the mountainous affair which darkly overshadowed France in July. Jerome Bonaparte was recalled hurriedly from Baltimore and ordered to rejoin his regiment. He sailed at once for Europe, but already matters at home had reached a dangerous crisis. Like a bolt from the blue on the 15th July came the declaration of war which was the only possible answer to Bismarck, whose legions were eager to march on France, and who had falsified the famous Ems telegram to precipitate the hostilities for which he had long been preparing. Napoleon, a suffering man grievously burdened with ill-health, unnerved by the news that he was again committed to war, broke down and wept in the Princess Mathilde's arms. He was suffering tortures from a stone in the bladder, and he was not physically fit to undertake an arduous campaign, but things had got out of hand somehow, and since Prussia was ready to fight France, something had to be done about it. When Jerome Bonaparte, who had come with all speed from the other side of the Atlantic, arrived at last in the capital Napoleon had left St. Cloud to embark on the sorry campaign which was to end the romance of his Empire.

CHAPTER XV

IT was one of those fatal wars pursued with an eye on posterity—a war to ensure the peaceful possession of the Crown to the Prince Imperial at a future date. Napoleon, ill and weary, hoped to abdicate in favour of his son as soon as the boy should be eighteen. It meant holding out at the Tuileries for another four years.

Once committed to the war by the Cabinet, patriotic fever broke out in Paris, and as the temperature rose crowds swarmed along the Boulevards in a state of intense excitement. They raised cries of “*Vive Napoléon*” and optimistic ones of “*À Berlin*”, and there was an illusion of public approval of this last fatal step almost as if the armies were already victorious.

“*À Berlin ! . . . À Berlin ! . . .*”

Heartening cries. . . . They were but the echoes of the shouts across the frontier where the Prussians were marching on Metz—“*Nach Paris ! . . .*”

Napoleon’s lamentable state of health unfitted him for the post of Generalissimo, but, being a Napoleon, he could not ignore the Corsican convention that a Bonaparte must lead his armies into battle. Princess Mathilde came to see him before he left for the front—the man she might have married had King Jerome been less prejudiced against his nephew and less dazzled by the dimensions of Demidoff’s fortune in the old debt-ridden days in Florence. It seemed to her, as

it seemed to many, that he was a stricken man—that already he had received his fatal wound. His face was ashen, his eyelids puffed and swollen. His shoulders were bowed under the burden of ill-health and his many cares. Even his legs seemed a little unsteady. She begged him to reconsider his decision to take his place at the head of the army.

“You’re not in a fit state,” she told him bluntly. “You can’t sit astride a horse. You’ll never be able to stand the shaking of a carriage, even. . . . And when there’s fighting how will you get on?”

He found her concern for him touching, but there was no inducing him to follow her advice. He told her she exaggerated. She thought his voice wavered as he spoke, but for a man who had to live up to the Napoleonic standard there could be no rest. He embarked on the adventure which was to end in disaster with courage if not with confidence.

The Prince Imperial, a sensitive youth of fourteen, was offered by the Empress Eugénie, who was to act as Regent, as a burnt offering on the altar of the Empire. Young as he was to look upon carnage and suffering, she sent him with his father into the firing-line. The heir to the throne had to play an heroic role in the eyes of France, possibly because people had demonstrated disquietingly within the last year or two that they were extremely uninterested in this embryo Napoleon IV. Prince Joachim Murat accompanied the Emperor and his son. Achille came posting back from Algiers, where he had to leave his wife and child. On his arrival from Baltimore Colonel Jerome Bonaparte took over the Empress’s Dragoon Guards at the *Ecole Militaire* in the Champ de Mars. Prince Plon-Plon, disapproving, as many disapproved, of the war into

which they had been plunged so unexpectedly, took his stand by the dynasty and joined the Emperor later. General Trochu—it was an unfortunate choice—was appointed Governor of Paris, and put in command of all the troops left to defend the capital.

It was not a great or a glorious campaign. Its duration was unheroically brief. It was long enough for the fourteen-year-old Prince Imperial to learn a little of what warfare meant. He was initiated into the family trade of soldiering at Saarbruck. He stood the nerve-racking ordeal like a Bonaparte. The Emperor wrote with pathetic pride in him.

“Louis has just received the baptism of fire. His coolness was admirable. He looked as if he were walking up the Bois de Boulogne and was not in the least degree excited. We were in the van. The balls and bullets fell at our feet. . . . Louis has kept a ball that fell near him. . . . Some of the soldiers wept on seeing how calm he remained. . . .”

The letter brought joy to Eugénie. It was to bring bitterness too, for she allowed herself to be persuaded against her better judgment into having the communication published as piece of propaganda to stir the patriotism of Paris. The Republican party poured ridicule on this advertisement of the reactions of the youngest of the Bonapartes to battle and mocked the presence of mind and the coolness in danger which were alleged to prove young Lulu worthy of the name he bore. Some of the articles which appeared were offensive in the extreme, and Eugénie was deeply humiliated by them. The child himself was not spared the knowledge of what they were saying about him in the capital, and this lampooning in the public Press seems to have bitten deep into his adolescent soul. He cut out one of the

most gibing references to "the ball of Saarbruck," and, instead of forgetting all about it when the fuss had died down, kept it for years. Eugénie was stabbed by the sight of it nine years later when they sent her back the pocket book he had carried when he fell at the hands of the Zulus.

This affair, however, showed the Emperor clearly enough that there was less danger to his dynasty at the hands of the Prussians than there was among his own people in Paris. At the first hint of disaster he deemed it advisable to return to the Tuileries.

"Moral authority is no longer in the army. It returns to the public powers located in the capital," he stated. "This is so true that Napoleon I himself, although he was absolute master and encompassed with an incomparable prestige, felt that after the reverses the greatest danger that menaced the established order of things was not from the enemy but in Paris: and he hastened thither after the disasters of Moscow and Waterloo."

The Empress Regent was notified of his serious view of his position and his proposal to retreat. It seemed to her that such an inglorious end after such a brief campaign would ruin the prestige of the Crown for all time and react fatally on the future of her son. She could not bear the thought of an undignified return to the Tuileries and, bewildered by the increasing noise of the Republicans, wrote agitatedly begging Napoleon to reconsider his decision. He would never reach the palace alive, she declared—it is difficult to decide whether the hyperbole was deliberate or not—if he dared to show his nose in Paris with such a sorry record behind him.

Prince Napoleon also advised the retreat on the

capital. That was enough for Eugénie. He had a reputation for liking to keep well out of the firing line.

. . . His nick-name—Plon-Plon—was a reminder of his unheroic reputation, and even de Morny had said of him once, "If a bullet is ever found inside Prince Napoleon, it will be one he swallowed."

She wrote almost hysterically urging her son's father forward to victory. Perhaps she thought his ill-health was undermining his normal decisiveness—that his disease, which was torturous enough at this time, was sapping his strength of will as well as of body. The blame for pressing him to advance when all his instinct was for retreat is not entirely hers. Her Ministers were equally insistent on the unwisdom of the Emperor's falling back on the capital at this early date.

"If you leave the army," wrote the agitated Regent, "all Paris will say that you fled the dangers of war. Do not forget that Prince Napoleon has never lived down the rash act he committed in returning from the Crimea."

But the friends of the Imperial Family were swift to see the folly of this attitude. Jerome Bonaparte came hurrying round from the Champs de Mars to the Tuileries to beg her to modify the Ministerial strictures against the proposed return of the Emperor. It seemed to him she could hardly be aware that she was playing into the hands of the Republicans, to whose advantage it was that Napoleon should go forward to disaster. He swore to her that she was mistaken about the temper of the people—that the Emperor would be in no danger if he came back now that he would answer for his cousin's safety with his own life. More, he offered to her to carry her despatches in person to the front and to accompany Napoleon to the Tuileries.

The influence of Trochu was weightier than that of a hot-headed American colonel, and Jerome, so far from accomplishing anything by his interference, found his regiment removed from the guard of the Tuileries, while Trochu surrounded the palace with his own troops. He considered this new move sinister, for Trochu's politics were not above suspicion, and if there were any trouble the Empress would be practically imprisoned in the Tuileries. He pointed this out to her in an interview, the tone of which was agitated, and begged her to insist that his own regiment should be recalled. She was able to laugh at his fears. Her trust in Trochu was implicit, and it seemed to her that Jerome was making a ridiculous fuss about nothing. He left her presence with a troubled heart and a presentiment of coming danger which was shared by his cousin Caroline Murat, then living in the Avenue Montaigne.

Napoleon himself described the march on Sedan as a dynastic march. It was a disastrous one. Pressed forward against his better judgment, tortured by a peculiar painful disease agonisingly aggravated by the fact that he had to remain on horseback all day, he saw the prestige of France, his throne, his dynasty and all the glory he had ever reaped during his reign as an Emperor swept away. He wooed death in vain. This gift of Fate was denied him, as once it had been denied to another Emperor at Waterloo. He could have continued the fight and prolonged the useless slaughter of his soldiers against odds with which they could not compete, but he was not Napoleonic enough for that. He surrendered his sword to the King of Prussia. The seal of Sedan was set upon the record of his reign.

In the first days of September the news came through

to Paris. Trochu swung over to the Republicans, who declared they had no further use for an Emperor, and almost before she realized what was happening, Eugénie, who had often, with pitying arrogance, wondered how Louis Phillipe would have been so lost to dignity and self-respect as to scuttle out of the capital in a cab at the first hint of disaster, found herself leaving Paris in this incredible way herself.

“Ah, they won’t see us slipping away in a cab. It’s too ridiculous—too ignominious. . . . We’d rather be murdered on the steps of the Throne.”

She remembered bitterly enough the words she herself had used many times as she made her way to the same clump of trees behind which were the steps where Louis Philippe found a waiting cab. After a lapse of twenty-two years it was still a spot where a hackney might be hired. A passing gamin shrilled out “*C’est l’Impératrice!*” and in a panic she hurled herself into the first vehicle she saw—“a burlesque Boadicea slinking off in a hackney cab minus the necessary handkerchiefs for a cold in her head,” as one of her enemies put it cruelly. At a loss for sanctuary she sought assistance from her dentist. He was an American named Thomas Evans, who had had a useful practice among the Imperial Princesses who had been born in Philadelphia. She noted miserably, as she drove to his house, how the great gilt eagles were already being torn from the gates of the Tuileries. Considerably startled by the turn of events, Evans agreed to help her to reach Calais. When he had driven her northwards they found Sir John Burgoyne’s yacht *The Gazelle* lying in the harbour, from which that night she set sail for England. The Channel crossing was wild and stormy, and there was desolation everywhere. . . .

Napoleon was writing to her unhappily . . .

“MY DEAR EUGÉNIE,

I find it impossible to tell you what I have suffered—what I am suffering. We made our march contrary to all principles of commonsense; this led us to a catastrophe. It is complete. I would have preferred death to being a witness of such a disastrous capitulation, but in the circumstances it was the only thing to do to avoid the butchery of 60,000 men.

And yet, if only my torments were concentrated here! . . . But I think of you and of our son, and of our unhappy country. . . . May God guard it! . . . What is happening in Paris?

I have just seen the King. There were tears in his eyes as he spoke of the sorrow I must experience. He has placed at my disposal one of his castles, near Hesse-Cassel. But what does it matter where I go? . . . I am in despair. . . .

Adieu. . . . My most tender embraces.

NAPOLEON.”

When Eugénie landed at Hastings the Emperor was marching into the Castle of Wilhelmshöhe. It had once been Napoleonshöhe, the residence of Jerome Bonaparte in the far-off days when he had been the King of Westphalia. Shades of the First Empire stalked the grounds and walked the corridors. The Emperor found a picture of Hortense in one of the rooms. Here Jerome had bathed in good red wine and indulged in a thousand follies. The Murats, who accompanied the Emperor into captivity, could pick up traces of the story of the Baltimore cousins. From here Lecamus had gone back to America to beg Betsey to yield up her son to the father who could make him a Prince. The air was heavy with melancholy. Achille tried to relieve the tension by searching the library for something to read. He found the *Three Musketeers*—its author was dying in France, those about him sparing him the knowledge that the Empire in which he had been such a popular

playwright was doomed. Despite Dumas' fame Napoleon had, astoundingly enough, never even heard of D'Artagnan and his comrades. He met this fascinating company now for the first time, and Achille blessed the fertile genius who had created such a wonderful anodyne to dull the edge of disaster and disgrace. It took the Emperor's mind off Sedan, if only for a little.

The rest of the Murat family had posted to England to join the Empress. Old Prince Lucien had arrived first, Princess Caroline following with her son Guy. Then came the Duchesse de Mouchy to comfort the stricken Eugénie who telegraphed to her:

"Send your maid with all I need. I have not even a pocket handkerchief." Colonel Bonaparte was there helping to arrange things for the unhappy fugitives. The Prince Imperial had been sent to join his mother.

The question of a suitable residence was solved by a gentleman named Mr. Strode, who, when Eugénie had almost decided on taking the Sassoon's house, Ashley Park, near Walton-on-Thames, placed Camden House, Chislehurst, at the disposal of the exiles. It was a house with curious Napoleonic association. Mr. Strode had been the guardian of Louis Napoleon's famous mistress, Miss Howard, and this mansion in Kent had once been the residence of Miss Emily Rowles, who would have accepted a young Bonaparte's honourable proposal of marriage had she remained in ignorance of Miss Howard's relations with him. Learning that, like most Frenchmen, he had his *du Barry*, she had been a little shocked, and, not realizing that she was refusing the future Emperor of France, had decided against being his wife.

Into Chislehurst, where memories of Louis Napoleon's rakish younger days were thus conjured up unex-

pectedly, poured the fugitives from Paris. Colonel Jerome waited long enough to see Eugénie comfortably established. Then he returned to France, and was there when the gates were closed on 11th September and the siege began. He had trouble with his regiment. The men were inclined to mutiny sooner than serve under a Bonaparte now. They took exception to their Colonel and threatened to lay down their arms. Jerome's reply was to take up his and to bring Texas tactics to bear upon the situation. He said tersely that he would shoot every man who refused to fight, and, as he looked as if he were capable of carrying out his threat, the mutineers changed their minds. He actually won their admiration by the incident, for they were loyal enough to him afterwards, and he commanded them until the end of the campaign, when the army was no longer an Emperor's.

The siege of Paris was a grim affair for those who were shut within the walls of the city while the Prussians battered at the gates. Food ran short. Hard black bread was issued to men and officers alike. A loaf consisted of seventy-five grammes of wheat; fifteen grammes of barley or peas; sixty grammes of rice; ninety grammes of oats, thirty grammes of chopped straw mixed with starch; and thirty grammes of bran. Butter had soared to thirty-five francs a pound, and was uneatable even at that. Dogs and cats became luxurious items on the menu of the starving city. They were sold at twenty francs each, and sometimes cost even more. Rats, crows, and sparrows were bought eagerly at four francs apiece, and the soldiers scrabbled in the gutters or in the spouts for rats and mice. Jerome was agreeably surprised to find that these despised animals were delicious fare for a hungry man.

"Rats are far more delicate than young chickens," he declared later.

The animals in the *Jardins d'Acclimatisation* were eaten to keep the wolf and the Prussians from the door. The wild boar was sold for a thousand francs. The bears went for eight hundred francs a head. Arsène Houssaye, the writer, fed exotically on peacocks, for he bought most of them. Bismarck, marvelling at the defence, thought the Parisians must be eating their children, as they were able to hold out so long.

The New Year dawned before the capital fell, in spite of the Communist chaos within the barriers and the thundering Uhlans without. There were curses on the name of Bonaparte, and the family of the late Emperor were proscribed as being a definite danger to the cause of Liberty and Freedom. Colonel Jerome Bonaparte, bearing the fatal Corsican surname to which Plon-Plon had denied him the title, was a marked man. He had to remain in Paris till the siege was raised and the Prussians swarmed into the starving city. Bismarck's dream of a united German Empire was realized and the King of Prussia declared its Emperor. Of Trochu's continuation of the War that ought to have ended at Sedan with the surrender of the Emperor Bismarck spoke scathingly.

"If M. Trochu were a German General I would shoot him this evening. You have not the right—in the face of God—in the face of humanity—for mere military vainglory—to expose to the horrors of famine a city of two millions."

Colonel Bonaparte escaped to England with his life. He had resigned his commission, having no desire to continue his military career in an army no longer owing allegiance to an Emperor or in defence of the

Third Republic of France, of which M. Thiers was the first President. He sought out the exiles scattered in London and in Chislehurst and told them of the past few months. He saw the Empress Eugénie at Camden Place. She had come back from a heartbreaking visit to the captives at Wilhelmshöhe. She had found Napoleon strangely altered. His hair was white. The disease which had made the last campaign a round of torture gripped him still more agonisingly. He was aged and bowed—a broken man. In March he was released to seek once again the sanctuary England had never denied him. Joachim and Achille Murat came with him to Chislehurst, where a few Imperial trappings were hung about to give Miss Rowles' home some slight resemblance to the Tuileries. Prince Napoleon had visited him at Wilhelmshöhe, but, because Eugénie felt so strongly about this cousin who had always seemed to her an evil genius in the family, he had refused to see him. It was Joachim Murat who accompanied him when he visited Queen Victoria.

In the quiet Kentish setting in which the fading stars of a dead Empire were twinkling feebly there was no place for Betsey Bonaparte's grandson, and in the spring of 1871 he returned to America—a hero whose name was intimately associated with all the thrilling happenings in Europe. News of his coming was noised abroad. The Le Roy Appletons heard of it and they came to New York to meet him as he stepped ashore.

The interview that followed was an intimate family affair. It concerned Mrs. Newbolt Edgar and her affection for the Imperial Colonel whose heart and hand and illustrious name still interested her, for all that an Empire had crumbled. Jerome, who had



JEROME NAPOLEON BONAPARTE
As a Captain in the Chasseurs d'Afrique
(*From a popular American sketch, 1859*)

undoubtedly paid her a good deal of attention in Paris, was still attached to her, and though he could not make her a Princess as he might have done twelve months ago he was ready to marry her. His career as a soldier of the Emperor was over, and he was ready to settle down in the New World.

That Jerome should follow so closely in his father's footsteps as to take to himself an American wife distressed Betsey very much. She refused to recognize the fact that the sun of the Bonapartes had set at Sedan, and it seemed to her that her grandson was imperilling his future chance of occupying the Throne of France by turning his back on the Imperial Princesses with whom he had consorted so freely for the past eighteen years, to marry a common or garden American citizen. For her association with Daniel Webster had no glamour. Reporters who interviewed her—and they were never tired of interviewing the extraordinary old woman whose romantic marriage had linked Baltimore so strangely with the epic of two Empires—recorded that she was much displeased with her grandson, who had, she considered, “injured his prospects of a Throne by marrying an American lady.”

Within the past twenty years, while Jerome had carved out his career in Europe, Betsey had inevitably seen more of her younger grandson Charles Joseph. Equally inevitably, she had become attached to him in her old age, though from the beginning she must have realized that from this particular Bonaparte she could hope for no realization of any Imperial dreams. He represented young America, and for France and its glory he had never had any use. He was a student at Harvard, being destined, as once Bo had been destined, for a legal career. Unlike Bo, he was to

achieve his destiny. The estate in Baltimore, on which Jerome Napoleon Patterson Bonaparte had carried out such extensive improvements in the course of the years, had been left equally to his two sons. Betsey appears to have been moved to buy out Jerome's share, that the younger grandson might inherit the place as it stood, so that it should not be broken up. Such an action, considering her known meanness, would seem to suggest either that she favoured Charles Joseph outrageously or that she was anxious to cut the roots of any ties that might bind Jerome, in whom the Bonaparte streak seemed to be more highly developed than in anyone else, to Baltimore, for if he remained in America none of the things she hoped for him could ever come to pass.

She was living at this time on the fifth floor of a lodging-house on the corner of Lexington and St. Paul Streets. She had forgotten the Cheltenham dictum, which had once impressed her greatly, that the best people do not live in lodgings. It had long ceased to matter. She amused herself by dwelling chiefly on the glories of the past.

She committed to paper some of her recollections of the great with whom she had associated in Europe in the course of her erratic wanderings. She would have written with a pen dipped in acid, for she retained to the end her swift, gibing tongue, and her path through life had been strewn with people who had offended her in one way or another. Sometimes her literary efforts were more ambitious and more imaginative. There was a story that she was engaged on an immense dramatic work, the scene of which was laid in Hell, and the chief actors in which were her father and the husband who had deserted her. In the torrid atmos-

phere of a peculiarly horrible Hades, they told in the *Dialogues of the Dead* the story of the lovely Elizabeth Patterson—the silken purse out of which no one on earth could have made a sow's ear.

Though in youth and middle life Betsey had been neurotic enough, trailing into correspondence and conversation the ill-health which was the peg on which she hung the excuse for her wanderings, in old age her vanity took a very different form. So far from being hypochondriacal she was immensely proud of her physique—of her energy and longevity. The thought of being an invalid was unendurable. Her beauty, which the cold touch of Time had not blighted, was still a source of secret satisfaction to her. Like Pauline, whom she had resembled in feature, she never tired of looking in the mirror at the face the first sight of which had made Jerome Bonaparte her slave. She would compare it with Gilbert Stuart's portrait of her, which, though unfinished, she always declared was the best picture any one had ever done of her.

She was a remarkably healthy old lady, and she was verging on eighty-eight before she could be induced to engage a nurse-companion to look after her. She still lived so meagrely and economically that she could not endure the thought of increasing her expenditure or enlarging her household until it was absolutely necessary. She fell ill, however, that year, and a Baltimore doctor was called in to attend a very fractious and recalcitrant patient. He found her condition serious, and lowered his voice to a tone of gravity when he spoke of her slender chance of recovery. It came to Betsey's sharp ears that they expected her to die at any moment, and she was furious. She sat up in bed in a rage and hurled abuse at the head

of the medical attendant who dared to say she was near the end of life's journey. She was going to live to be a hundred, she said in a voice that carried conviction. But when she was better her thoughts revolved for a little about the awe-inspiring subject of death, and she was moved to make preparations for the proper disposal of her bones. She bought herself a plot in Greenmount Cemetery, for she did not wish to be buried in a crowded family vault. She had ploughed a lonely furrow in life. She wanted to lie alone in death.

When news came through from Chislehurst that Napoleon III had succumbed to the disease which had been responsible for some of the catastrophes in that last sad campaign Betsey brightened. Though, in her twisted way, she had retained in spite of everything a certain admiration for the great Napoleon to whose ambition she owed her wrecked and broken life, she was bitter about the other Emperor who had refused to acknowledge her son's legitimacy. Not all his kindness to Bo and Jerome could obliterate that dark stain from his name. They asked her if she were not sorry for the tragic news of his decease in exile. She replied with considerable emphasis that she was not.

"He refused to acknowledge my son," she said.

Such a man had deserved misfortune. Still, her interest in his family was inflamed afresh. With the passing of the Emperor her grandson moved a step nearer the Throne. She grew expansive about the rights of her heirs to the Dynasty. There was only one life between them and the Napoleonic heritage—the frail life of the Prince Imperial, who was already for the Bonapartists Napoleon IV.

There were those in Baltimore too who saw in the gallant person of Colonel Bonaparte, who lived in an imposing house in North Charles Street, a future figure in French politics. He was now a citizen of the great American Republic—but Louis Napoleon had started off on his imperial adventures flaunting the banners of “Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.” If the blood of a Beauharnais could urge a young man to follow the star of glory right into the precincts of the Tuileries, who could say that the blood of the Pattersons might not stir an American to some equally spectacular *coup d’état* in the years ahead?

Betsey’s views on the present situation were eagerly sought and as eagerly rushed into print. Reporters, impressed with her conviction that her heirs would one day inherit a throne in France, went round to North Charles Street to interview Colonel and Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte. They wrote admiringly of the elegance of their establishment—of the drab cloth liveries of the lackeys with their splendid scarlet facings, and of the silver eagle of the empire which surmounted the carriage drawn up at the door, but from Colonel Bonaparte they could glean little on the prospect of his problematical elevation to an Emperor’s crown. Perhaps he had lived in Paris too long to have many illusions about the future of the family in France. He had not forgotten the siege of Paris, and he knew his Uncle Plon-Plon well enough to realize that the Baltimore branch of the family would stand little chance against him.

“Colonel Bonaparte refused to make any statement,” wrote a disappointed reporter, “but he would not be averse from receiving any distinction the French people might wish to confer on him and, in fact, still hopes

for a Restoration of the Empire and the elevation of the Bonaparte family to the Throne. He is personally so fond of the dead Emperor and the Empress Eugénie and their son that no prospect inimical to their interest however offered, would be accepted."

Baltimore had to be satisfied with numbering among her citizens such an intimate friend of an Empress.

"His friends hoped for a co-regency with the Empress for the Prince Imperial," wrote the gentlemen of the Press. "But he expressed no views."

The newspapers expressed many. The interviews, meagre as was their supply of information, were amplified with roughly-sketched portraits of the beautiful Madame Bonaparte, "with her smooth, fair skin and her lovely bright eyes, still undimmed." . . . Colonel Bonaparte was etched in: "smiling, handsome, and possessed of no ordinary intelligence," and Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte, the granddaughter of that stout old Republican, Daniel Webster, had a column or two to herself. . . .

"The air of her manners was one of quiet royalty, and her appearance remarkably prepossessing. She was attired in a heavy silk morning robe. . . ."

But the Baltimore Bonapartes were permanently removed from the limelight of the European stage. For all Betsey's dreams, only one of her race was to achieve fame, and his glory was to belong to the New World and not to France. Charles Joseph Bonaparte entered the Harvard Law School after his graduation in 1872. Two years later he was admitted to the Bar and came back to Baltimore to practise there. In the following year he married Miss Ellen Channing Day, of Hartford, Connecticut. The young lady's mother had seen him for the first time twenty-one years earlier, when from the arms of his nurse he had watched his brother's gradua-

tion at West Point. The marriage was a very happy one, and there is no record of any violent objections from Betsey, but the bridegroom seems to have accepted as gospel at least one of his grandmother's famous aphorisms:

“People who are to live in America should never leave it.”

Betsey, who had hoped to give France an Emperor, succeeded instead in giving the country she despised a statesman of considerable ability—a Mr. Bonaparte with no Imperial pretensions of any kind, who never submitted his loyalty to the Stars and Stripes to the test of a visit to Europe, where so many glowing memories of his Napoleonic connections were enshrined.

CHAPTER XVI

“**T**HERE is nothing so certain as death,” mourned a sententious caller, visiting the lonely old lady who in her Lexington Street lodgings seemed untouched by the passing of the years.

“Except taxes,” snapped Betsey, who had her grievances to the end.

Her last dream—that she might live to be a hundred—was not, however, to be realized, though she was a great-grandmother before she died. Colonel Bonaparte’s daughter was born in 1873. His son—the present Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte—was born in Paris during a visit to Europe some five years later.

At the age of ninety-two Betsey’s great vitality began to ooze out. For the two remaining years of her life she was practically an invalid. In February 1879 when the Prince Imperial, whose military career begun at the age of fourteen on the Franco-Prussian front and since been completed at Woolwich, was volunteering for service as a British officer and preparing to go to Zululand, Betsey celebrated her ninety-fourth birthday. She spent it in bed. Her doctors knew that this illness would be her last. She seemed resigned, and she was no longer actively interested in the affairs of the great world outside. She who for years now had been truculent and resentful of illness was content to lie still upon the pillows. She was ready to admit that she felt the finger of the one disease for which there was no cure

laying its clutch about her. It was the disease of which she died—old age. Early in April it ended her passage through a world in which she had rarely known happiness, though she was reluctant enough to leave it. Lonely and eccentric in life, she lay alone in death in the grave she had chosen for herself in Greenmount Cemetery, and with her passing the connection of her family with France ended.

Her fortune which she had acquired laboriously for the son who had, after all, pre-deceased her, ran into something like a million and a half. It says much for her amazing aptitude for business that she had accumulated it entirely through her own efforts, by careful living and shrewd investments. The possession of it had given her that curious pleasure the hoarding of gold has for the miserly, though the spending of a dollar had cost her mental pain. She left her money equally to both grandsons, but it was to Charles Joseph, who loved America as much as she had loathed it, and not to Jerome, who had played a historic part in the Empire, that she left her personal treasures. She willed him the Gilbert Stuart portraits of herself and King Jerome, his grandfather, all the pictures she had ever cared about, her portraits by Massot and Kinson; the manuscripts of her memoirs, the writing of which had made bleak patches of existence in Baltimore endurable; her Diaries, and her famous *Dialogues of the Dead*.

“Her diaries, if ever given to the public, will have the effect of cayenne,” someone wrote, “but her *magnum opus*—The *Dialogues of the Dead*—discretion will probably forbid ever seeing the light of day.”

The diaries were never published. *Dialogues of the Dead* remains among the unprinted dramas of the last

century, possibly because Charles Joseph Bonaparte's legal knowledge made him aware of the danger of pouring forth through the presses of the world his grandmother's biting comments on the many famous people with whom she had come into contact in the course of her varied if unhappy career. Some of her letters—mainly those to her father—were published after her death, but it is not entirely fair to Betsey to accept as her only likeness the self-portrait she penned in her amazing correspondence with old William Patterson. She revealed the most unpleasing side of herself in that rancorous exchange of letters with her home. That it was an important side of her curious make up there can be no doubt—the social-climbing, foolish, vulgar side which typified her reaction against her father's bleakness of outlook and his self-righteousness and harshness. It is only just, however, to remember that, as she herself pointed out many times, few American women of her generation came to Europe and remained unbeglamoured by the atmosphere of the older world. American society was comparatively raw and crude, if the contemporary records of the many writers who visited it bear any relation to truth. Its social amenities were sadly limited. There was a side of Betsey which starved in Baltimore—the Betsey who was at her best with Lady Morgan and the friends who cared for art and literature and life—the friends who belonged to the pageant of the historic period through which Europe had just passed when she visited it in 1815.

Her method of freeing herself from the trammels of American provincialism had its foolish and ridiculous side, but few of her generation were wiser. Mrs. Monroe was guilty of a thousand follies when, after prolonged periods in London and Paris, she came to Washington

as the President's wife—James Monroe's administration coincided with the restoration of the official residence and its birth as White House. Her European exclusiveness almost wrecked a government. In her determination to leaven the stolidity of American democracy with a little of the *décor* of the diplomatic circles of Europe she gave endless offence. No one was permitted to enter her presence unless attired in the nearest approach possible to Court dress—knee breeches and silken hose. She never returned calls. Her levées were terrifyingly grand affairs. She insisted on French cooking, French clothes, and French manners, and it cost the state a hundred dollars a night to illuminate her drawing-room with wax candles in the style she deemed proper. The careful compiling of the list of invitations for her daughter's wedding was the cause of a minor social war. All of which was typical of the period in which Betsey Bonaparte lived. It explains, perhaps, much of her hankering after European society.

In the forties, when Betsey was back in Baltimore near her son, American women of all kinds were trying to apply a little French polish to the plain deal of their homely domestic manners. Mrs. Moffatt satirized the prevailing vulgarity in her absurd farce *Fashion, Or Life In New York*—a production which was revived at the Kingsway a few years ago. It was written in 1845, and produced in New York the same year. Its heroine, the magnificent 'Mrs. Tiffany, a Lady who imagines herself fashionable,' peppered her conversation with mispronounced French phrases as plentifully as Betsey scattered them throughout her correspondence. The bogus "Count Jolimaître, a fashionable European importation", was a *persona grata*, for he knew that an armchair should be called a *fauteuil*—Mrs. Tiffany

called it a *fotool*. The bluff Mr. Tiffany was the typical American man of his day, having no use for manners and no patience with his wife's efforts to acquire them for him as well as for herself. It was all very ludicrous and snobbish and provincial, but it typified a phase in the birth of a nation.

Betsey passed through it inevitably, but the names of the friends to whose society she gravitated naturally when in Europe are a guarantee that she could not have been entirely the *bornée* woman her passion for social climbing would seem to suggest. Canova, Sismondi, Humboldt, the Morgans, Countess Guicclioi, Lamartine, Chateaubriand (to mention but a few) would have had no use for her had she been the pushing, rank-obsessed tripper of her correspondence with her father. She was so anxious to impress William Patterson with the social success which set the seal of European approval on the act of independence he never forgave that she could not let him forget it. In her anxiety to justify her escape from the parental roof, which earned for her his undying rancour, she reiterated *ad nauseum* her petty triumphs. She thought it would have impressed him that alone and unaided she had conquered the Bonapartes and won for herself and her child the right of entry to the Courts of Europe. She knew him well enough to realize he would never have appreciated—as Sydney Morgan had appreciated—the long, chatty letters which were rich with views on contemporary politics and philosophy. What interest would he have had in the discussion of the literary circles whose conversation Betsey missed so sorely in the obscurity of Baltimore?

But despite her many weaknesses and limitations Betsey Bonaparte was one of the most remarkable women who

stepped into the Imperial circle, and, had the Fates treated her a little less harshly, she might have played in the record of two Empires a more historic part. Her life was one prolonged struggle against injustice and defeat, and it is not to be wondered at that she had the defects of those very qualities which enabled her to put up such an incomparable fight for the birthright of her son. In a different setting, and following the light of a greater star than that of Imperial glory, she might have achieved much. It was her tragedy that her path crossed that of Napoleon at a time when the prospect of consolidating his Empire with Royal alliances was a vital part of his political policy.

Two months after they had laid her in Greenmount Cemetery, in a city whose population had mounted in her lifetime from a few thousand inhabitants to nearly a quarter of a million, there was tragic news from Itelezi. The direct line of the Second Empire, like the direct line of the First, ended with the death, in the flower of youth, of a Prince Imperial. The young man who was for the faithful of the Empire Napoleon IV fell at the hands of the Zulus, defending for Queen Victoria that part of Southern Africa which had been wrested by England from Holland, the country over which his grandfather had reigned.

They brought his poor battered body back to Chislehurst, whither there trooped to grieve and weep and pray with the stricken Eugénie the tattered remnants of what had once been the Imperial Family. The younger Murats were there *en masse*—old Prince Lucien had died in Paris some months earlier and his American wife had followed him in February. All the *ci-devant* Princes of an Empire whose last hope had been centred in the youth whose life had been flung away in a far

country because a few shillings had been saved in the purchase of his saddlery assembled sadly about a Kentish graveside. Only the line of Betsey Bonaparte was unrepresented. Her old bones would have turned in their grave could she have realized that before the grass had had time to grow above her head in Greenmount Cemetery her descendants had accepted the inevitable and placed themselves peacefully beyond the pale of the Imperial Family.

In an obituary notice there was a line of explanation of the absence of the Baltimore cousins.

“Prince Charles Joseph Bonaparte-Patterson wrote to the *Baltimore Sun* saying that, not being a member of the official family, he and his brother would not attend the funeral of the Prince Imperial.”

It was Mr. Bonaparte's only elevation to the dignity of an Imperial title.

After the Requiem service they read the will the Prince Imperial had drawn up in February before leaving for South Africa. It was a pathetic document enough. . . .

“I wish that my body be placed beside that of my father, to wait until it is carried with his to the spot where that of the founder of our House rests among the French people whom we too have loved so well. . . .

“I shall die with sentiments of deep gratitude to the Queen of England and all the Royal Family, and to the country where I have received for the past eight years such cordial hospitality. . . .

“It is unnecessary for me to recommend my mother to neglect nothing to defend the memory of my great-uncle and my father. . . . I beg her to remember all he would have wished for the House of Bonaparte and the Imperial Cause. The duty of our house towards our country will not be extinguished with my death: the task of continuing the work of

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Napoleon I and Napoleon III will be incumbent on the eldest son of Prince Napoleon, and I hope my dearly-loved mother, by helping him to do this with all her power, will give us others who will be no more this last and supreme proof of her devotion."

It was a rather self-conscious last will and testament for a young man of two-and-twenty. There were those who said he was not its author—that it had been dictated to him on a crisp February day when spring was piercing the veil of winter in the gardens of Camden Place. There was a good deal of controversy when they read the official-looking document, signed "NAPOLEON" with such a brave flourish, when the July flowers had been gathered in profusion to heap upon his tomb. The wording of the testament ruled out Prince Napoleon as an heir to the dynasty, indicating instead Prince Victor Napoleon as the future Napoleon V and commending him to the Empress Eugénie's special care. It was considered improbable that this was the Prince Imperial's own idea; it was suggested that it must have been prompted by the Empress, whose dislike of Plon-Plon was deep and bitter. Prince Napoleon had quarrelled with his son and was alienated from him at the time, but this hardly justified the twenty-two-year-old Prince Imperial in overlooking the fact that he existed and had always been the heir-presumptive. Whatever prompted the phraseology of that curious document, one thing was clear. The American Bonapartes were definitely outside the pale of the Imperial Family, though the heirs to the Empire were now beyond dispute the heirs of the body of Napoleon's youngest brother Jerome.

Had old Betsey been alive she would have combatted with her limitless energy any suggestion that Prince Napoleon or his son should take precedence

before her grandsons, but neither Colonel Bonaparte nor his brother were greatly interested in the matter. They had no inclination to take up the debatable point with the Empress Eugénie, and their careers never crossed the track of the Imperial Family again.

Time made of Colonel Jerome Bonaparte an ordinary American citizen. Sufficiently wealthy to come to Europe when he chose, he lived mostly in Washington and in Newport. He died at Pride's Crossing, Mass., in 1893, leaving two children—Louise Eugénie, who subsequently married Count Moltke-Huitfeld of Denmark, and a son, the only male survivor of Betsey Patterson's line in 1932. The present Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte lives in New York with his wife, who was formerly a Mrs. Strabegh. They have no children.

The career of Betsey's younger grandson covers a chapter in modern American politics. Charles Joseph Bonaparte made a name for himself at the Maryland Bar and developed a Napoleonic enthusiasm for abolishing abuses. Baltimore was a fertile field in which to cultivate it, and Mr. C. J. Bonaparte's name became identified with an organization known as the Baltimore Reform League. The purging of the Civil Service occupied his attention so seriously that he contributed several articles on the subject to current periodicals and published some pamphlets advocating stringent reforms. The Maryland Civil Service Reform League gave birth eventually to a National Civil Service Reform League, and Bonaparte's connection with it brought him into direct contact with the then Civil Service Commissioner, Theodore Roosevelt.

It was not wholly unnatural that when Roosevelt went to White House he remembered Bonaparte, who was described rather caustically by a political opponent



MRS. JEROME NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

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as "a professional reformer." He invited him to enter the Government, and Betsey's grandson became secretary to the United States Navy in 1905, thus picking up links with his grandfather's naval career and his Patterson ancestor's interest in ships and shipping. In the following year he picked up links with a Corsican ancestor, Charles Bonaparte, who had also followed the legal profession, for he became Attorney-General when Moody retired.

The accident of Betsey Bonaparte's marriage having been performed by Bishop Carroll so that its validity should be placed beyond dispute gave America one of its most fervent Catholic families. Bonaparte was associated with all the religious movements in Baltimore, and was appointed trustee of the Roman Catholic Cathedral there and of the Catholic University at Washington. He was the head of the Charity Organization Society and a recognized pillar of all the movements for the suppression of vice in Maryland.

In politics he was a progressive but during the late War when Wilson's policy of determined neutrality kept America out of the European fracas he supported the Republican Party in the hope that a united front might bring about the fall of the Government and help to launch American ships of war. He was Bonaparte enough to agitate for action and he saw the rise of an American Expeditionary Force which eventually set out to support the Third Republic of France—the Republic that had come to life on the dead body of the Empire of his cousin Napoleon III in 1870.

Charles Joseph Bonaparte died in 1921, at Bella Vista, outside Baltimore. He was the most distinguished member of his particular branch of world-famous family but he never came near the Corsican pattern of

greatness. Born to wealth, he never felt the goads of obscurity or poverty urging him onwards. Few of his race, indeed, ever felt these spurs after Napoleon had established the First Empire for he laid the foundations of their fortunes on a basis so secure that not even the upheaval of the throne could shatter them entirely. Napoleon's personal fortune amounted to over two hundred million francs. Madame Mère and Cardinal Fesch were both immensely wealthy. Joseph Bonaparte salvaged a considerable sum from the wreck of Spain. The Bonaparte sisters were so adequately provided for that Elisa left eight million francs, Pauline two million, and Caroline a sum not far short of this. The poverty of Jerome and Lucien was a relative matter. Their incomes did not run into millions but they spent in tens of thousands. Napoleon III filled the family coffers further during the Second Empire, pensioning all his kinsfolk, legitimate or illegitimate, generously. He left the Empress Eugénie a large fortune.

The only descendants of Charles and Letizia Bonaparte of Ajaccio who came near to penury were the family of Prince Pierre, whose pension ceased on the downfall of the Empire. His wife had to ply for a time her old trade of milliner setting up a hat-shop in Bond Street, much to the annoyance of the Empress Eugénie. Their children had however in the Corsican surname a negotiable security which could be traded in the marriage market. It brought Prince Roland the largest fortune in Europe with the hand of Marie Blanc, the daughter of François Blanc the genius who inspired the Casino at Monte Carlo.

Of the other members of the Imperial Family born in America, Joseph, the son of Charles and Zenaïde, left no heirs. His track through life was unimportant.

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The Murat Princesses settled in England. Princess Caroline, on the death of her husband the Baron de Chassiron, remarried. From her marriage with Mr. Garden there were two daughters, now Mrs. Gaussen and Mrs. Fielden. Her son Guy de Chassiron died in 1932. The present Baron de Chassiron, his grandson, is a lieutenant in the Royal Engineers.

The Murat Princes both had sons and grandsons. Prince Joachim had a son of the same name who married a descendant of Ney's. Their five sons, Joachim, Alexandre, Charles, Paul and Jerome all served with distinction in the Great War. Their records though honourable were not a bit more remarkable than those of thousands of other officers and men. Achille Murat died a tragic death by his own hand on his wife's estates in Mingrelia. His son, Napoleon Murat, was the only Prince of any Royal House, past or present, to be wounded in the Russo-Japanese War. Volunteering for active service, he placed his services at the disposal of the Tsar immediately on the outbreak of hostilities, and served in the Daghestan Cavalry as a Captain, until his career was checked by a wound. In 1908 he achieved a certain international fame when he challenged a pair of Russian officers to a duel. They were connections of his on the Mingrelian side—two brothers, Ivan and Paul Plehn. There was a good deal of excitement in Paris at the news that this Prince Napoleon Murat, a descendant of the famous Joachim of Naples and Napoleon's sister Caroline, had inherited some of his father's propensity for duelling, and was going to fight two officers the same day.

The affair took place in St. Petersburg and was staged on the Polo Ground. The conditions were three pistol shots and twenty paces. Prince Murat began with

Lieutenant Ivan Plehn, while Paul stood watching, smoking a cigarette. The combat was brief but effective. Murat's first shot caught his opponent in the thigh, and before Paul had finished his cigarette the wounded man had been carried off the field. The second encounter was almost equally brief, though it cost young Napoleon Murat two shots—the first of which struck Paul Plehn's epaulette, the next striking the liver. The second casualty was carried away in a stretcher, and Napoleon Murat had achieved a reputation. There was a Napoleonic dash about the business which created a good deal of interest in London and Paris, but Napoleonic dash, though a picturesque quality, is many leagues removed from Napoleonic greatness—a quality none of the twentieth century Bonapartes have manifested in any degree worth mention.

Few of the present-day descendants of Charles and Letizia Bonaparte of Ajaccio bear the Corsican surname their second son immortalized, but for all that their descendants are numerous. They survive in many countries. The name of Bonaparte is borne only by Mr. Bonaparte of New York, the great grandson of Betsey Patterson, for King Jerome's descendants by Queen Catherine, having allied themselves with Royalty, have shed the bourgeois patronym. The head of the family in 1932—the son of Prince Victor Napoleon and grandson of Plon-Plon and the Princess Clotilde—is known only as the Prince Napoleon. Plon-Plon's second son, who is still alive, likewise exists as a Prince rather than as a Bonaparte. He is Prince Louis Napoleon, and his record is written in the annals of the Russian Cavalry, in which he served as a General. Before the war he was Governor of the Caucasus. He has never married. The present Prince Napoleon, who lives in

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Belgium, was born there in 1914, He has not had time to achieve great things in any walk in life.

But if the name of Bonaparte figures less and less in the *Who's Whos* of the world, it does not mean that the Bonaparte blood no longer flows in living veins, any more than the ending of Napoleon's dynasty with the death of the King of Rome, a hundred years ago, meant that the line of the Emperor himself had ended. If the only legitimate *Aiglon* died in a Habsburg Cage in 1832, there were other fledglings born outside the Imperial nest, who left posterity who survive in 1932. Napoleon's first-born, the Comte Léon, had three sons by a humble mistress, whose liaison with him was subsequently regularized by marriage, and who within the bonds of wedlock bore him a daughter Charlotte, who is still alive. She became Madame Mesnard-Léon.

There is a grave in the Cemetery of Père Lachaise where the epilogue to the Romance of Napoleon and Éléonore de La Plaigne—a romance which changed history with its evidence of the Emperor's ability to achieve paternity, and which paved the way to the divorce of Josephine and the marriage of Marie Louise—is inscribed with an economy of words by the chisel of a monumental mason. The first entry records simply the passing of the mother of Comte Léon. . . .

“Éléonore Denuelle De La Plaigne
Comtesse De Luxbourg
Décédée le 30 Janvier 1868
A L'Age De 79 Ans”

The second skips a generation, for Napoleon's first-born was buried in a pauper's grave at Pontoise, and

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the tombstone gives briefly the name of Léon's youngest son. . . .

“Le Comte Léon-Fernand-Léon
1861-1918.”

The third epitaph is that of Napoleon's great-grandson—a youth who gave his life for France in 1917.

“Mesnard-Léon
Daniel-Napoléon-Jean-Fernand
Du 17^e Régiment de Chasseurs à Cheval
Mort Pour La France”

Napoleon-Mesnard-Léon was the son of Comte Léon's daughter Charlotte. His army career was brief, for he only joined his regiment in 1916, and was killed by a German shell on 17th July 1917. In that short space of time he won the *Croix-de-Guerre* and the *Médaille Militaire*. He was buried in the military cemetery at Reims, but in 1921, with the centenary of Napoleon's death and the focusing of public attention on the posterity of the great Emperor, the soldier's resting-place was disturbed, and the body was brought to Paris to be interred near that of his great-grandmother Éléonore de la Plaigne in Père Lachaise.

Madame Charlotte Mesnard-Léon Napoleon's granddaughter, had one other child besides this son—a daughter named Léone, who in 1921 married an engineer of a family so respectable that M. Alberic Cahuet, who has investigated this interesting branch of the Napoleonic tree, hesitates to give the bridegroom's name. He mentions him only as M. R., though the Princess George of Greece—the daughter of Prince Roland Bonaparte and Marie Blanc—was, he declares, one of

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the witnesses of the wedding. From this union a daughter, Colette, was born in 1922, and this little ten-year-old French girl brings the illegitimate line of the first Emperor of the French to the fifth generation.

Comte Léon's other sons also married and left issue. The elder Charles spent most of his life in Venezuela, and died there, at Caracas, where a monument commemorates his services to the land of his adoption. He inherited some of his father's interest in railways—Comte Léon is said to have conceived the project of the Northern Railway of France and to have been the inspiring genius of the Paris *Ceinture* line, though other more practical minds actually carried out these schemes. Charles Léon's career concerned itself with the development of railway engineering in South America. Of the other sons neither Fernand, who lies in Père Lachaise, nor Gaston, who drifted into trade, achieved either fame or fortune. The latter left many children and grandchildren who perpetuate the name of Léon in the humbler walks of commerce in small French towns. They are the direct descendants of the Emperor of the French, but they have failed to produce any evidence of the characteristics of Napoleonic greatness.

The workings of the curious chemistry of heredity may yet produce from some of the many Bonaparte descendants a new Man of Destiny in some modern walk of life. Physically Napoleon has been reproduced faithfully through one of the illegitimate lines. There came to London before the War a Dutch actor named Juan Buonaparte who was, all who knew him declare, a reincarnation of Napoleon himself. He had the Emperor's deep set eyes, his features, his stature and physique as well as his deep stomach voice and his hands and feet. He appeared in *A Royal Divorce* and in

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some French plays, as well as in a Dutch play, *The Abandoned Post*. He is said to have been a "nephew of Napoleon's brother who married an American lady," which would place him as a descendant of Jerome's, though through what line it is difficult to discover. He cannot belong to the Patterson branch. The Spanish sounding name, Juan Buonaparte, would seem to suggest that he was the offshoot of one of Joseph Bonaparte's *liaisons*, since Joseph too had American connections, but, whoever he was, the Bonaparte streak in him took the form of a perfect physical likeness to Napoleon I. It might as easily have taken the form of a perfect mental likeness. In another Bonaparte descendant—in England, Ireland, Italy, France, Corsica, Spain, Russia, or America, where the strain still survives—it may yet create a modern Man of Destiny who will inherit not the Emperor's face or figure but the immensity of his genius—a genius which might conjure out of the chaos of the post-War era of Revolution a solution of the social problems of another century.

THE END

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